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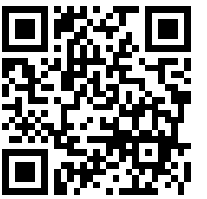

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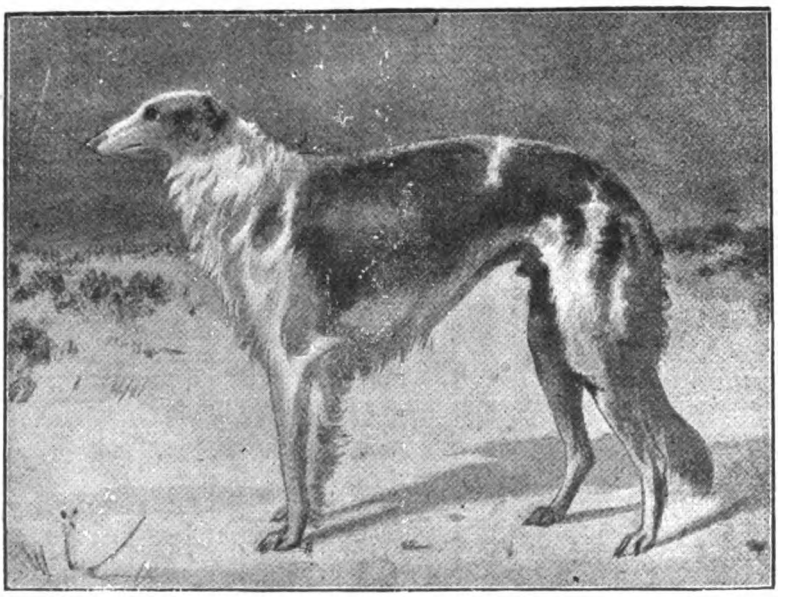

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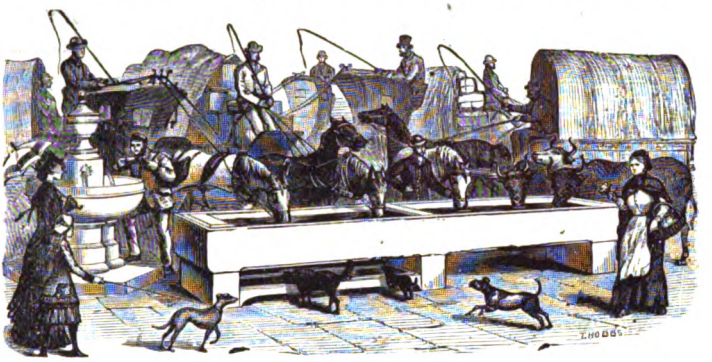

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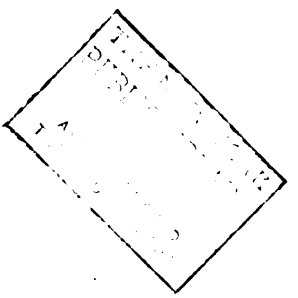

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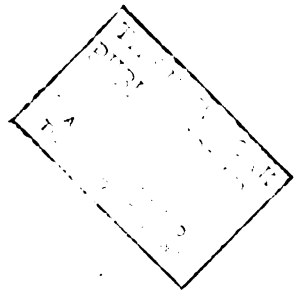

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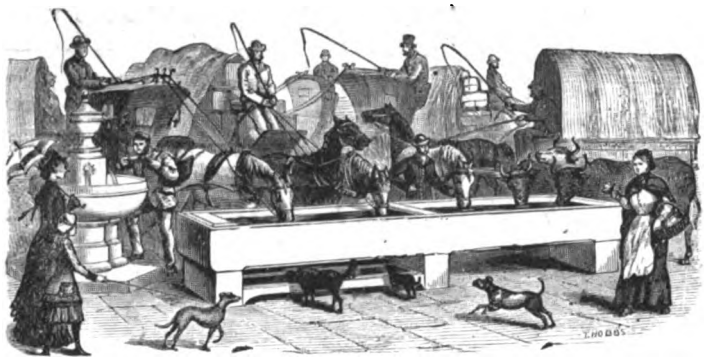

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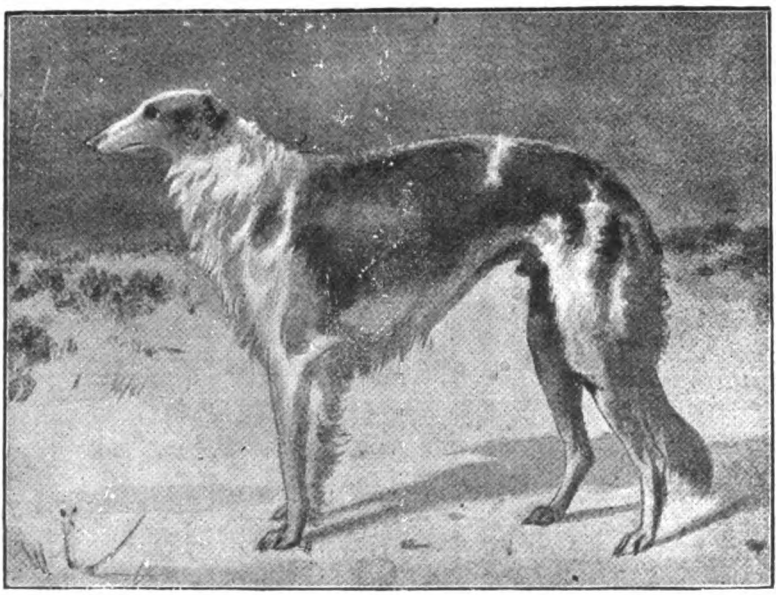

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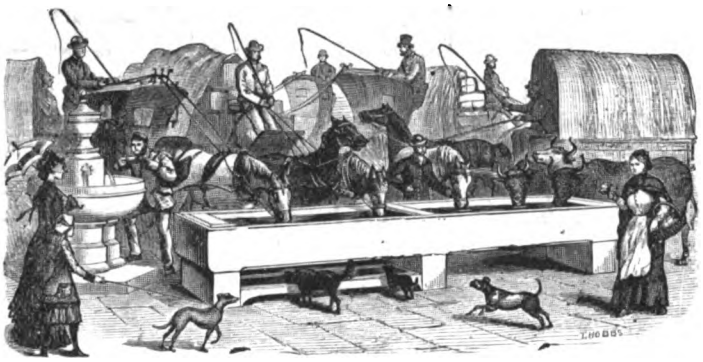

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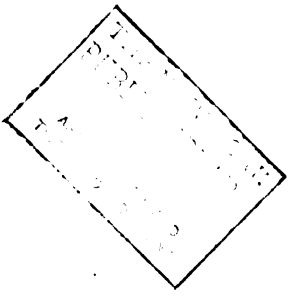

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1895-6.

Sept. 1897

"I will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing; but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty upon the earth."—*From the Rules of the Society of St. George, drafted by Mr. Ruskin.*

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Dedication.

TO ALL THOSE WHO LOVE JUSTICE AND MERCY

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED.

"Ye therefore who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The springtime of our years
Is soon dishonoured and defiled in most
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But alas! none sooner shoots
If unrestrained, into luxurious growth
Than cruelty, most devilish of them all.
Mercy to him that shows it is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act
By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it AND NOT FIND IT, in his turn."

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

A Christmas Plea for Birds, by C. de Ossone (*Illustrated*) 79
A Country Muse, by Norman Gale 201
A Fox Hunt, by Rev. J. Stratton 140
A Hymnal Prayer, by Miss Betham Edwards (*Illustrated*) 91
A Merciful Man (Scene from Jude the Obscure), by Thomas Hardy ... 50
A Mothers' Meeting (*Full Page Illustration*) 103
After Many Days (Murderous Millinery) (*Illustrated*) 55
Animals in the Wrong Place, by Edith Carrington 84
An Anti-Vivisection Hospital, by Julia Andrews 100
Animals' Rights: A Reply to Bishop Bagshawe, by H. S. Salt 96
———————— Correspondence 129
Appeals to the Benevolent 166, 182
Arguments by which Sport is Defended, by E. Millard 36
Auguries of Innocence (*Illustrated*) 219

Ballade of ye Gentil Mayde, by Charlotte P. Stetson (*Illustrated*) 86
Band of Mercy Work and its Fruits, by E. G. 85
Barbarous Treatment of Animals at Winter Resorts, by S. Harford Adlam 32
Bird Catchers on Brighton Downs, by Dudley H. Grierson 175
Birds and their Destroyers, by Edith Carrington (*Illustrated*) 118
Buda Pesth Congress, by Miss F. P. Cobbe 214

Canine Labour in Belgium 138
Cavalry Horse, by Alan Falconer (*Illustrated*) 108
Children's Page, conducted by Edith Carrington—
19, 38, 59, 99, 115, 131, 147, 167, 181, 202, 222
Civilization's Object Lessons—Protests from Gloucestershire and Wales 162
Clever Spider 11
Cobbe, Frances Power: Her Life, with Portrait and Views of her Home at Dolgelley 41
———————————— On the Love of Animals 102
Coursed Hare, by Margaret Evans 135
Courtship of Birds 95
Crabs and Lobsters, by Edith Carrington (*Illustrated*) 209
Craze for Killing, by Colonel W. L. B. Coulson, J.P. 82

Dead Kitten: A Child's Lament 166
Dean Vaughan on the Moral Aspects of Vivisection 112
Deer in Richmond Park, by E. M. Beeby (*Illustrated*) 110
Dog Muzzling and Persecution 224
Drum-Horse and Drummer, 17th Lancers (*Illustration*) 101

Easter—An Invocation to Humanitarians 125

Feeding the Hungry, by Mrs. Suckling (*Illustrated*) 52
Finis 224
Fox-Hunting Becoming Degraded 143
From Many Lands 34, 94

Digitized by Google

PAGE

"Give us a Chance," by Chas. Bell Taylor, M.D., F.R.C.S.E. (*Illustrated*) ... 212

Harris, Miss Florence, and her Pets (*with Portrait*) 60
Hawk! by H. J. Ricketts, M.A. 148
Home of Rest for Horses, New Year's Day at, by Mrs. Benson 81
Horse that Remembered, by Ian Maclaren 110
Humane Gatherings 219
Humane Plays for Children (*Prize Results*) 204
Humane Work in Ceylon (*Illustrated*) 216

Imprisoned Goldfinch's Lament, by E. P. 161
In a London Garden, by Mrs. Charles Mallet 128
In Memoriam: David Wright, by A. C. Macpherson 163

Landseer Edwin, Poem by J. Templeton Lucas 8
Lawson Tait—An Appreciation, by Alex. Bowie, M.D. (*with Portrait*) 189
Leech Breeding, by Lilian M. Player 100
———————— An Explanation, by Maude Hadden 170
Lord Erskine and the Driver 95

M. Zola on Kindness to Animals (from our Paris Correspondent) 169
Magpies in London Parks... 28
Martin Tupper's Poem on Vivisection 76
Miss Helen Gladstone and Vivisection—A Protest, by Miss Betham-Edwards (*with Portrait*) 193
Month by Month, by the Editor 6, 29, 77, 92
Moose Life in Canada, by John St. John (*Illustrated*) 1
My Feathered Lady, Poem by Canon Rawnsley 114

Nature Notes, by Edith Carrington 9, 72, 105

Ouida's Dogs, One of, by Ouida (*Illustrated*) 21
Our Amateur Photography Competition 126, 136, 158, 171, 200, 220
Our Auxiliaries—The Society for United Prayer against Cruelty and the Church Anti-Vivisection League (*with Portraits of Miss A. L. Woodward and Miss Joy* 178
Our Bound Volumes at the Free Libraries 80
Our Dogs, by Mark Thornhill, J.P. (*Illustrated*) 83
Our Library Table 144, 223
Our Miscellany 164, 176, 199

Petting of Animals, by H. S. Salt 112
Portrait of a Kitten, by Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S. 197
Portrait of the Queen of Holland and her Irish Setter 117
Puss in the Post Office, by Henry Holten (*Illustrated*) 22

Rights of Animals, by Mrs. Lawson Tait 195
Roman Catholics and the Rights of Animals 6, 30
———————————————————, Cardinal Gibbon and Bishop Bagshawe on (*with Portraits*) 74
Reforms Urgently Needed: Pig Slaughtering, Cattle Worrying by Children 179
Rev. David Wright, M.A., The Late (*with Portrait*) 133
Robin Redbreast 11

Santa Claus and "The Animals' Friend" 58, 78, 116
Sea-Gull—A Naturalist's Plea from Scotland for the 64
————, Alas! for the, by Emily Jenkinson 33
———— And other Shooting, by Ouida 62
————, Poem: "The Sea-Birds' Foe," by Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A. ... 139
School Pets, by a Schoolmistress 36
Selections from the Post Bag 37, 113, 146, 184, 217

Digitized by Google

PAGE

SHAKESPEARE AND SENTIMENT, by M. Surtees Townsend (*with Portrait*) ... 205
SHETLAND PONIES 168
SIR HENRY HAWKINS AND CRUELTY 105
SLAUGHTER-HOUSE HORRORS 67
SLEEP, SLEEP, MY TREASURE—A Poem 168
SORROWS OF A LONDON CAT, by Ellen Elcum Rees 160
STORY OF A PAIR OF CATS, by Maude Hadden 198
STORY OF BETTY, by Miss Daniels (*Illustrated*) 39
SURGEON-GENL. THORNTON ON SCIENTIFIC CRUELTY 109

TALMAGE, DR., ON THE NATIVITY (*with Portrait*) 54

UNCLAIMED DOGS, by M. Betham Edwards 138

VICTORIA ST. ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY, THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF, by Benjamin Bryan (*with Portrait*) 24
———————————————, THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY, Speeches and Portraits 149

WANTED! A MUTUAL HORSE LOAN AGENCY 213
WHY I OPPOSE VIVISECTION, by Dr. J. M. Fox (*with Portrait*) 12
———————————————, by Dr. Macaulay (*with Portrait*) 68, 87
———————————————, by Dr. Stephen Townsend (*with Portrait*) 121
———————————————, by Dr. A. A. Beale (*with Portrait*) 174
———————————————, by Lawson Tait, F.R.C.S. (*with Portrait*) 186
———————————————, by Rev. Wilfrid Lescher 215

YARN-SPINNERS' CLUB, THE (Various Contributors) 15, 65, 141

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(ORIGINATED—JUNE, 1894.)

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The Animals' Friend

"HE WHO IS NOT ACTIVELY KIND IS CRUEL."—*Ruskin.*

Moose Life in Canada.

By John St. John.

FEW persons who are not familiar with moose outside of zoological gardens can have any adequate idea of its wild life in Canadian forests; and none who have not been out "creeping," or deer-stalking, as it is termed in Europe, can appreciate the great caution and skill necessary even to catch sight of these big animals, with their wonderfully sharp eyes, ears, and scent. The accompanying illustrations are a few of many pictures to be seen at the right time by the right person. The artist, having spent a season in the moose country in New Brunswick, has caught some picturesque features of the animal's life.

The rapid disappearance of the moose is a striking evidence of man's inhumanity and of his reckless greed. At one time the moose extended over a vast range. To this day it wanders over a great stretch of territory, but in smaller numbers. As recently as fifty years ago a few of these animals could be found in the Adirondacks, and in the extreme northern sections of Vermont and New Hampshire. They were not unknown to the early settlers of Massachusetts and southern New England, but have been exterminated throughout the entire region south of the St. Lawrence, except for a limited area lying south of the mouth of that river. This extermination was simply cruel and wanton, for moose-hunting was indulged in chiefly for the sake of killing a wild animal. It was seldom that the moose's meat was desired, although the upper lip is much esteemed as a tit-bit. Those who hunted moose for gain were after its robe and its horns. Of late years the reckless destruction of the moose in regions where it is still found has been checked by stringent laws and public sentiment. Some years ago the Maine Legislature passed a law for its protection; nevertheless, many moose are killed in that State every winter. In Quebec moose-hunting has been totally prohibited since 1883. The result is that the moose have actually increased in numbers in that province.

North of the St. Lawrence the range of the moose extends west of the Saguenay River, through British North America to the Columbia River, and northward to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. Although the animal is large in size, strong of limb, cunning, and shy, yet it is not difficult to kill or capture. It is a rapid but awkward traveller, moving with a shuffling gait on account of its high shoulders. With its horns thrown back it will go through the woods and brush where a horse or man would have trouble in following; yet its awkwardness and natural disadvantages have had not a little to do with the wholesale destruction which has overtaken it. In midwinter and early spring it is unable to move rapidly in the deep snow. Its hoofs being pointed and rather small for its size, they sink deep at every step, so that the animal falls an easy victim to its pursuers. This peculiar disadvantage of the moose seems strange when we consider the caribou, which leads about the same kind of life. The hoofs of the caribou are specially adapted for moving in deep snow. They are very broad and round, and

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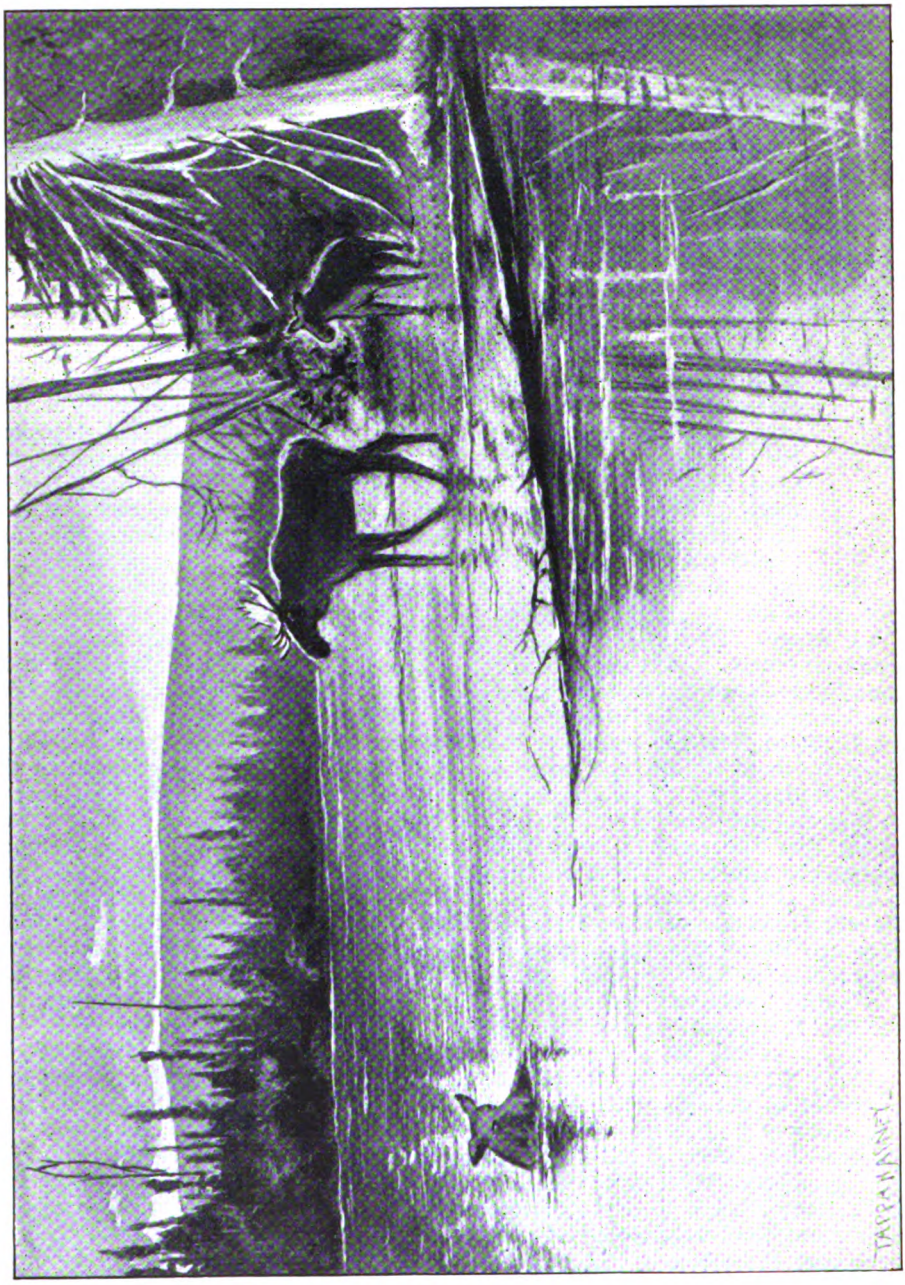
being split up high, they spread out under the weight of the animal so as to form a kind of natural snow-shoe. The caribou has no serious trouble in escaping from men and dogs, either in deep snow or on smooth ice.

Some of the other characteristics of the moose may here be noted. When full-grown it is as high as a horse—say sixteen hands—and weighs from twelve to



fourteen hundred pounds. It has a very short neck and body, but very long legs; hence its curious, indescribable gait in running. The motion is a mixture of the paces of a cow, a giraffe, and a goat. On a "dead run" the hind legs are straddled in order to keep from tripping up the fore heels. Even so the feet interfere with each other, and the awkward animal takes many a tumble.

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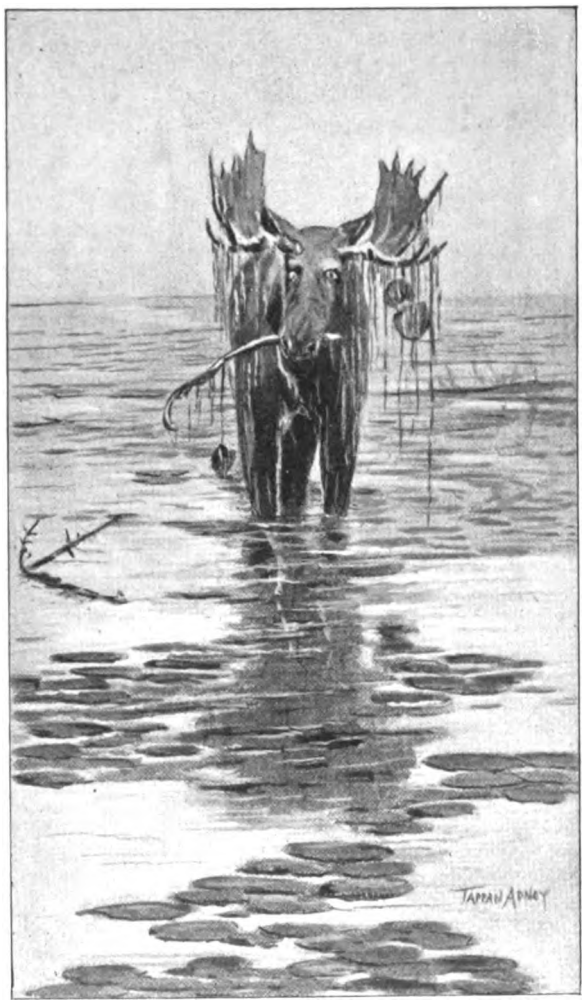
The most striking features of the moose are its head and horns. The great, long, heavy nose is badly shaped, although the upper lip is specially adapted for browsing upon young shoots rather than upon grass. The horns have two branches, of which the posterior is the larger, and will measure quite three feet in length. They have twenty-eight or twenty-nine *snags*. The horns are cast in December, sprout in April, and are full size in June. When the velvet is stripped off they are as white as pearl.

The coat of the moose is a dingy yellow in summer. In winter it turns to a blackish grey. An old moose is known by the darkness of his coat. The one-year-old moose is an odd-looking creature. He has a sandy brown coat without any spots. In the second year the horns are about twelve inches long. They become palmated in the third year. The hair grows long upon the neck, like a beard, and also on the flank. The ears and underside of the tail are a dingy white.



The moose uses his horns and forefeet as weapons. With either he is able to strike a deadly blow to his enemies the wolves. As a rule the moose are not pugnacious, except in the rutting season. Then the bulls are bold and are ready to attack any animal, but they usually seek for a fight with one of their own kind This fact, as we shall see later on, is taken advantage of by the Indians and hunters, who imitate the call of the bull moose in order to bring another angry bull within gunshot. Sometimes the animal comes up with a rush, eager to meet his hated rival. But usually he is suspicious, and will not come up until he is satisfied that there is no danger.

It is surprising to see how softly such a big, bulky animal as the moose will tread through the brush and over the dry twigs. He steps as lightly as a ballet-dancer. On a September day, when the forest is quiet save for the rustling of the leaves overhead, the moose will glide by like a shadow. When I have been sitting on the look-out at the edge of the woods near a "barren," a moose has walked silently by within a few yards of me, and I did not make the discovery until its form appeared in the clearing.

Even more surprising is the moose's power of detecting sounds which indicate danger. Its sense of hearing is more acute than that of any other animal I know. A moose-hunter will tell you that on a windy day, when the woods are resounding with loud noises, when the trees are swaying and sighing, the branches cracking and the twigs snapping, all these natural noises do not startle the long-eared

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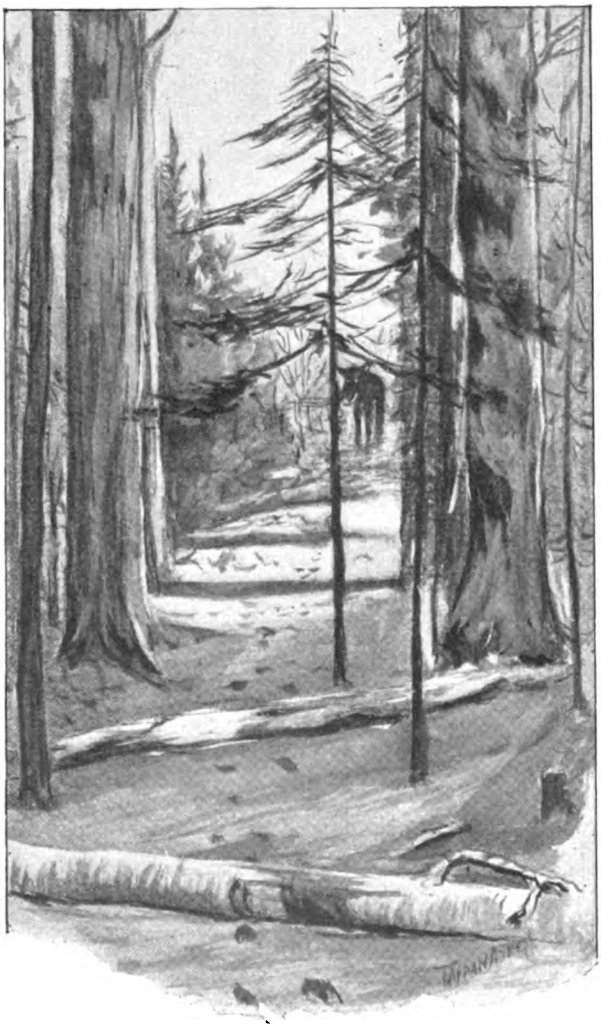
animal in the least; but let a *man* break a twig, or step on a dry stick, and the moose is off like a shot.

Along with this marvellous sense of hearing goes a sense of sight, which is keen as that of a bird. In truth, if you ever try "moose-creeping," you will take one of the most difficult lessons in wood-craft; for in tracking a moose you are following the wariest and wisest animal in all Canada.

The moose does not travel in straight lines, even when he is feeding. On the contrary, he goes down wind before beginning to browse upon the tender shoots of "moose-wood," or striped maple, birch, alder, and other deciduous trees. Then he works his way up, feeding here and there, as he finds what he wants. In the early morning, when he is ready to lie down for the day, he retraces his footsteps in a circle, breaks off suddenly, and lies down twenty or thirty yards from his feeding track. Thus he is sure to get scent of any one following his trail, and will start away before you have caught sight of him.



The principle of moose creeping is this: The "creeper" must make semi-circles down wind in order to keep the animal always to windward, and at the same time cut the trail of the moose. In other words, the creeper makes semi-circles of the letter B, taking the perpendicular line to indicate the track of the animal sought. No one can hope to understand the art of moose-creeping, by merely reading about it.

It takes an Indian or an Indian's wood-craft to read aright the tracks of the moose, whether they are fresh or not, whether one track is older than another, whether they are the tracks of the same moose or those of another and so forth.

No human being can get within reach of a moose on a still day; the best time is when windy weather succeeds a heavy fall of rain. When the ground is soft, the little twigs strewed about bend instead of breaking, and the noise of the wind in the trees deadens the sound of your footsteps; you must not make the smallest noise; the least crack of a dead branch or of a stick underfoot will startle the animal.

The moment you spy or hear the animal, you should imitate the call of a moose—first to attract his attention, secondly to let the Indian know that the game is on foot. This moose-creeping is an exceedingly difficult and exciting pastime. It requires all a man's patience, for, of course, you may travel day after day in

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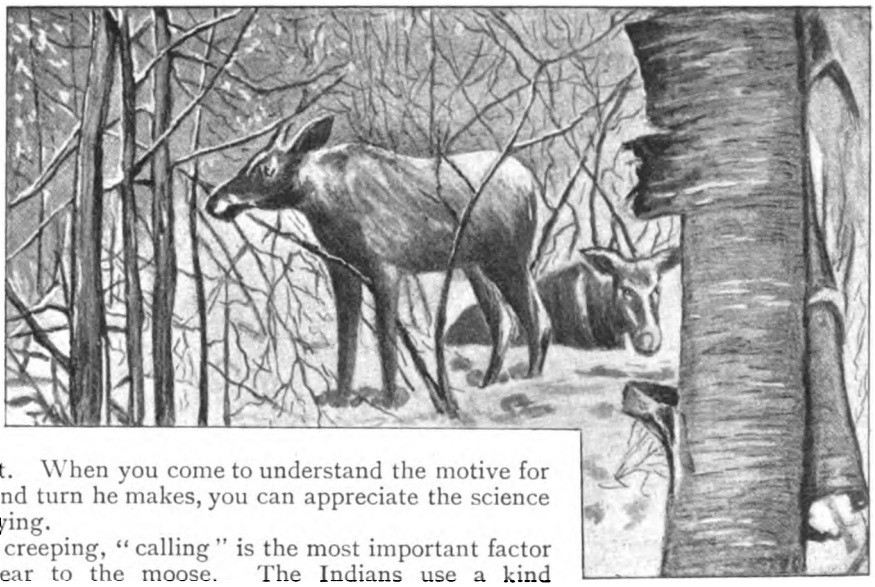

this way without finding any traces. To the novice it is not interesting, for, apparently, the Indian wanders aimlessly about the woods without any particular object. When you come to understand the motive for every twist and turn he makes, you can appreciate the science he is displaying.

Next to creeping, "calling" is the most important factor in getting near to the moose. The Indians use a kind of speaking trumpet made of birch-bark, and make an unearthly roar. Their object is to imitate the strange, weird and mourning wail of the cow moose. I well remember the first time I heard the peculiar cry of the cow. I was alone in a wild, dark, and gloomy spot in the forest, resting and waiting for my companion after a day's weary tramp. As the shades of night fell lower and lower, the solemn stillness of the place grew more and more oppressive. I was young in those days, and really expected to see a wild animal come up at any moment. What with this feeling, and growing more and more nervous, no wonder I started to my feet two or three times at some innocent noises. So half an hour passed by without any real sensation. Suddenly a long-drawn-out wail burst upon my ears with awful force. Of course I jumped as if I had been shot. I wanted to run, but could not; so I remained still, and after what seemed to me another half hour, again rose that strange, weird, wailing cry of the cow moose. Then silence, broken by a short, deep grunt coming from the right. This time I espied a moving object, which I soon made out to be a moose. He was a grand specimen of a bull, and had immense spreading horns. He stopped, threw his head up, and again emitted that short, deep grunt. In the dim, uncertain light he seemed almost twice his actual size. It was a sight worth seeing—the moose standing there staring and waiting for an answer from the cow.

During the summer, moose wander more or less about, and, being bothered by mosquitoes, they take to the water. Indeed, the roots and stems of water-lilies are their favourite food. Some time in October the animals select a feeding-place for the winter, and this place is their "yard"; as long as the food holds out, and if not disturbed, they remain within a certain small strip till the next June.

Those who hunt moose in the winter first find a moose-yard, then take the track of the animal and follow him day after day on snow-shoes. It simply amounts to running him down. There are those who call this pursuit "sport." They come up within a few yards of the poor moose floundering in the snow and shoot him, or else they walk up and knock him on the head.

To conclude, the moose is a noble animal, and some effort should be made to protect it from the ruthless slaughter that takes place in winter-time. At the present rate of extermination, the day is not far off when the moose will cease to wander in the forests of Canada, and when the only specimens of them will be found in museums of extinct animals.—*Copied from "Our Animal Friends," by the kind permission of Mr. John P. Haines, President of the American S.P.C.A.*

"Say, mamma, how much am I worth?" "You are worth a million of dollars to me, my son." "Say, mamma, couldn't you advance me 25 cents?"—*Time.*

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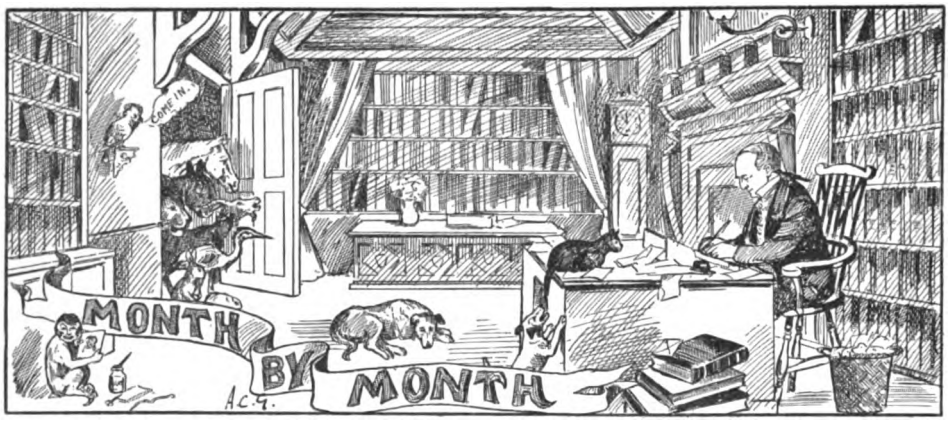

WE commence our second volume this month with the conviction that the questions with which we deal are attracting increasing attention. More and more is it evident that man's treatment of the lower animals is being more widely discussed. How far the vast body of people are being touched by the rising humane spirit of the age it is impossible to accurately gauge. We can only hope that where so much is attempted much is being accomplished.

Roman Catholicism and the Dumb Creation.

ONE of the most notable events of the year for humanitarians has been the laying bare of Roman Catholic teaching on animals' rights. Cardinal Manning in England, and Cardinal Gibbon in the United States, have, in former years, borne witness to their deep sympathetic interest in animal life by giving their countenance to the movement against the cruelties arising out of scientific experiments upon living animals. So far as we are aware, only one priest, the courageous Father Lescher, of Stroud, has followed the lead thus given. The reason why appears to be that Catholic philosophy takes no account, where man's interest or pleasure are concerned, of the claims which the lower animals have upon the consideration of man, as witness the following extract from *Moral Philosophy* (p. 250), by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, of the Society of Jesus, a text-book at Stonyhurst College, where young men are trained for the Catholic priesthood:—

"But there is no shadow of evil resting on the practice of causing pain to brutes in sport, where the pain is not the sport itself, but the incidental concomitant of it. Much more in all that conduces to the sustenance of man may we give pain to brutes, as also in the pursuit of science. Nor are we bound to any anxious care to make this pain as little as may be. Brutes are *things* in our regard."

Miss Cobbe's Reply.

TO this Miss Frances Power Cobbe has written a reply, to which it is impossible to do justice in the scanty space at our disposal (Miss Cobbe will send it to any one who writes to her at Hengwrt, Dolgelly, N. Wales), but we may say it is a very beautiful consideration of the issues raised, and written with much skill, knowledge, and sympathy. Miss Cobbe defines what she conceives to be the "loftier, vaster, sweeter morality"—"Love thy neighbour," and "*Do* to thy neighbour what thou wouldst have him do to thee." She goes on to say:—

"To believe that a man is bidden to be loving and tender to his fellow-men, and at the same time to remain indifferent to the pains of the brutes, is to suppose that a gentleman is called on to act as a gentleman only to his equals, and as a bully and tyrant to his inferiors. 'The merciful man *is merciful to his beast*.' Exactly so! He would not be a merciful man if he were not 'merciful to his beast.' To me it seems that the Law of Love, just in proportion as it fills our hearts, *must* overflow to the lower creatures around us; and that it is wonderful that so many divines have not seen that such an extension of it is inevitable. . . To some of us the birds and brutes are endeared as creatures of our Father whom, in our poor way, we love and adore. They are 'the unoffending creatures which He loves,' and of which the author of the Book of Wisdom said well, 'Never wouldst thou have made anything hadst thou not loved it.' The old Quaker saint (John Woolmer), and, it would seem, before him St. Francis of Assisi, had experienced this inspiration of tenderness to animals *for God's sake*; a sentiment we may call Religious Zoophily.

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We cannot go far wrong if we accustom ourselves and train our children to apply to all animals what we may call the Golden Rule of Zoophily, '*Treat the beings beneath you as you would wish to be treated by beings above you.* . . . Let us but accustom ourselves to feel sympathetically and tenderly towards the lower animals,—to feel (as becomes children of God), as nearly as we can, *like* God, in regard to them,—and then, while gentle and considerate habits and careful legislation more and more prevail, the problems which now seem obscure will clear themselves before our eyes. "Love" is not only "the fulfilling of the law," but the light in which the law becomes plain."

A Catholic Rejoinder.

TO this there appears in a Catholic monthly a rejoinder from a Rev. George Tyrrell, who, we are informed, is a member of the Jesuit Order, stationed at Oxford. The effort is somewhat pedantic. The writer claims to discuss "what reason has to say as to our duties concerning animals." He states that Father Rickaby "cannot impart to his *dicta* . . . the authority of a Papal definition." If, then, this text book does not express the definite mind of the Church, but only the rev. father's philosophical views on an important subject, why make it a text book for young men entering the priesthood of a Church whose teaching is nothing if not authoritative? Are they free to expound the mind of the Church, or the mind of Father Rickaby, or their view of the mind of both, or their own mind? One thing we believe, and that is, that there are many Catholics who would repudiate the strict interpretation of the views of Fathers Rickaby and Tyrrell. To sum up the latter's argument in his own words:—

"Whatever pain we inflict upon them without reason, or for inadequate reasons, is no wrong to them but to their Maker, whose intention in their regard we are contravening; it is not unjust but unjustifiable. To promote their welfare, without prejudice to our numerous and more urgent duties towards our suffering and sinning fellow-men, is an act in accordance with Nature's intention, and will no doubt foster, as contrary conduct deadens, a right sympathy with the bodily pains of our neighbours, which is a part, however subordinate, of Christian mercy. To leave the ministry of one's husband and children in order to serve poodles, or to found hospitals for hungry cats, while Christians are starving in our streets, is one of the many silly corollaries of the philosophy of sentiment which has, in these days, dethroned the philosophy of common sense."

Logic, or Morality and Mercy?

THIS extract fairly represents the spirit of the whole. The writer, in his desire to expound "reason," is contemptuous of what Miss Cobbe calls "the loftier, vaster, sweeter morality"; his gospel of Mercy is strictly limited by "Necessity—the tyrant's plea." His "reason" may be founded on strict logic, but the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge some years ago wrote some words which well apply in this connection, and which the rev. gentleman will do well to lay to heart:—

"I hope that morals may always be too much for logic; it is permissible to express a fear that some day logic may be too much for morals."

We understand that a reply from Miss Cobbe to the Rev. G. Tyrrell will appear in the *Contemporary Review* for this month.

The Jews and Animals.

THE controversy on this question in the *Spectator* has produced from the *Jewish Chronicle* the following exposition of Jewish teaching concerning man's duty to animals:—

"A Christian preacher in search of texts against cruelty to animals knows full well that he will turn over the pages of the New Testament in vain. There has lately come a shock to readers of the *Spectator*, for they have been informed of a fact that every one knew already. The Catholic Church admits the lower animals to no rights. In a sense this, too, is the Jewish view; the animal has no *rights* as against man. But the Jewish conscience revolted against a too complete acceptance of this uncompromising supremacy. If the animal had no rights, human nature had; and it was a sin against human nature to inflict unnecessary cruelty on any living thing. Kindness to animals was a right not of the brute, but of the man; he was a traitor to his manliness by exacting his full dues from the dumb brutes who were the ministers to his pleasures and his needs."

This is slightly, but only slightly, better than the Catholic view.

The Chinese and Animals.

IT is an interesting comment on the Catholic and Jewish teaching to learn that the Chinese give a very free rendering to the doctrine that animals have no *rights*, as against man. The Canton correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing on August 14th, said:—

"Though instances of brutality equal to any found in China are met with in Western lands, they are comparatively rare and invariably excite the disgust and horror of the people; but what is the exception in the West is here the rule. Almost any Chinaman will torture to death a cat or dog with as little compunction as

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if he were carving a block of wood, and if, as sometimes happens, he does to death with the same brutality his little, helpless daughter, he not only incurs no legal penalty, but does not lose a particle of respect among his neighbours. A Chinese has no pity for suffering, and, except it be his own, no respect for human life. Those restraints, therefore, to acts of cruelty which in Christian lands arise from the very instincts of our nature are in China almost unknown."

The thirst for cruelty in the Chinaman appears to be progressive. It apparently carries him from dumb, defenceless animals to equally defenceless children, and even to Christian missionaries, when weight of numbers guarantees the safety of the proceeding, for cowardice is more often allied to cruelty than not. What a splendid disregard the Chinaman has for the feelings of sentient creatures! Evidently "Brutes are things" in his regard, (to adopt the words of Father Rickaby.) What a magnificent example he affords of the utilitarian view of the doctrine of rights! We wonder—Are his cruelties founded on "reason," or do they serve his interests, or pleasure, or both? We commend the elucidation of the conundrum to the Rev. G. Tyrrell.

The Spanish and Animals.

ANYONE who read in the *Referee*, of September 8th, the description by the editor of that paper of what he had just been witnessing in Spain must have been sickened and horrified beyond description. This gentleman's account of the cruelty of the bull-ring proves it to be of the most loathsome and degrading order; gentle ladies were described as gloating in the fiendish horrors of what is Spain's national pastime. We are far from assuming that Fathers Rickaby and Tyrrell would condone so apparent an evil; but the Spanish people, who are Catholic to a man, scarcely undertake a close analysis of the philosophy of their Church to discover how far such and such an amount of cruelty is justifiable; they evidently go no further than the view (*vide* Father Rickaby) that "brutes are as things in our regard."

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We hope to publish next month a further list of donations to our Illustrations and Sustentation Fund. We have sent, free by post, over 2,500 copies of our September issue to the Clergy and others.

The title page and index to the first volume are now ready, price 3d.; post free 4d.

Edwin Landseer.

BORN 1802: DIED OCTOBER 1ST, 1873.

He painted nothing mean, his skill was such
That all things gained new grace beneath his touch,
And cold must be the heart that is not taught
Some noble lessons by the works he wrought;
For though the weary head is laid in peace,
The honoured master's teachings shall not cease.
And still our eyes may see the helpless woe
Of the poor fawn beside the stricken doe;
Still may we see the noble dog that braved
The dashing surf, and his young master saved;
Still learn to love the shepherd's trusted friend,
As we behold him faithful to the end;
Still may we see him seeking in the snow,
While the lost sheep lie hidden down below.
He gave each thing its fitting attributes,
And showed mankind's dependency on brutes,
Yet deigned to paint the piper of the bush,
And Reynard, his poor brother of the brush.
And when that way his lighter fancy ran,
Made dogs the pleasant satirists of man.
These were the touches of his lighter hours,
But wilder scenes engaged his giant powers.
He showed us how the monarch of the glen,
On his snow ramparts, far from haunts of men,
Challenged his antlered foe to cross the loch,
And do him battle on the moss-clad rock.
He showed us how they fought by night and died,
And how the fox beheld their humbled pride;
He showed the hound and great hart face to face,
When in death struggles ends the strenuous chase;
He showed the horrors of the Highland flood,
Where all are gathered in one brotherhood;
He showed the desolation of the goal
Which men must dare who seek the icy pole,
And how the king of brutes was subject made,
But never showed he aught which would degrade
The hand that painted, or the eye that saw;
A prince of painters, he obeyed the law,
And put his talents out to good account,
To render up his Lord the full amount.
He has not lived in vain whose magic art
Portrayed God's creatures in the nobler part;
He has not lived in vain whose teaching tends
To human sympathy with our dumb friends.

J. TEMPLETON LUCAS.

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Nature Notes.

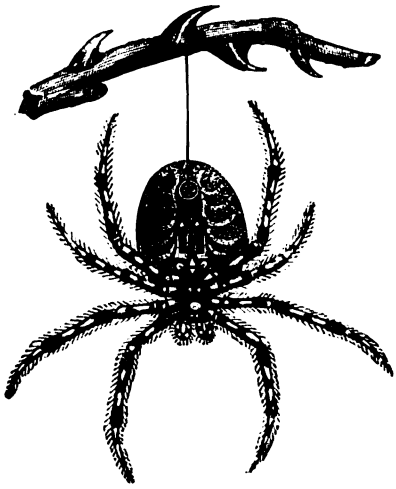
(*Copyright*).

By EDITH CARRINGTON, Author of "A Narrow, Narrow World," "Workers Without Wage," etc., etc.

"Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your Teacher."—*Wordsworth.*

HOUSE SPIDERS.

THERE is hardly any place in which spiders, of one sort or another, do not make themselves at home. They tunnel the ground beneath our feet; they weave airy bridges by means of which they traverse the sky without wings; they construct diving bells of silk in which to dwell under water; they fling their delicate lace-work over whole acres of grass till it shines like a silver sea; they poise themselves in wheel-shaped nets in every bush or garden shrub. Last, but not least, they invade our dwellings, dropping uninvited from the ceiling, making dusty tabernacles in corners out of reach, and running in a furtive manner not only upstairs and downstairs, but, with friendly ease, through my lady's chamber. How vast and important must be the ministry of a race so numerous and widespread! How large a share of work must be assigned to a creature which inhabits the earth, air, and water alike, of every country in the globe; and which varies in size from that of a grain of sand to that of a large mouse! It is clear that enormous labours must be performed by agents so universal.



A WEAVER AT HOME.

The representative of this tribe most often seen in dwelling-houses is the common house spider (*Tegenaria Domestica*). She weaves a snare which is far less intricate than that fair but crafty trap which is spun by her relative the garden spider (*Epeira Diadema*). Having chosen some corner to her liking, the house spider begins by pressing her spinnerets, the warts at her tail from which the silk is drawn, against the wall. Thus she fastens to it one end of her thread. The gummy fluid, which afterwards hardens into silk, is then drawn from her body as she walks along the wall to the opposite side, where again she fastens it. As this margin or selvedge of her web needs to be very strong, she doubles and trebles this first cord, repeating the walking process. She will not trust her weight to the thread without first ascertaining by a sharp pull that it is safe. The spider is a fragile creature, and is easily wounded. Her limbs fall off at a touch.

Next she lays a number of threads beside the first, until the corner is filled in with a flat mesh, as if by a little bracket. After this she carries a number of threads in all directions above and below the net. Crossing and re-crossing each other, in a confused and tangled fashion, these cords serve as a fly trap; they are often stretched to a distance of some feet. It seems as if winged insects could not possibly escape when once they flutter amid this tackling of the house spider. Yet she uses no sticky threads as the garden spider does. It is in vain that the flies seek to liberate themselves. After once crossing the threshold of the spider's parlour, there is nothing for it but to walk fairly in. Gradually becoming more and more exhausted by their struggles, they fall at last into the very net itself.

Under the flat platform of web the cunning owner lurks. She feels the shaking of her cords as soon as a victim touches them; the slender threads act like so many telegraph wires bringing her a message that dinner is served. She does not rush out with indecent haste, but conceals her face till the proper moment.

THE SPIDER'S PARLOUR.

The little den in which the spider sits

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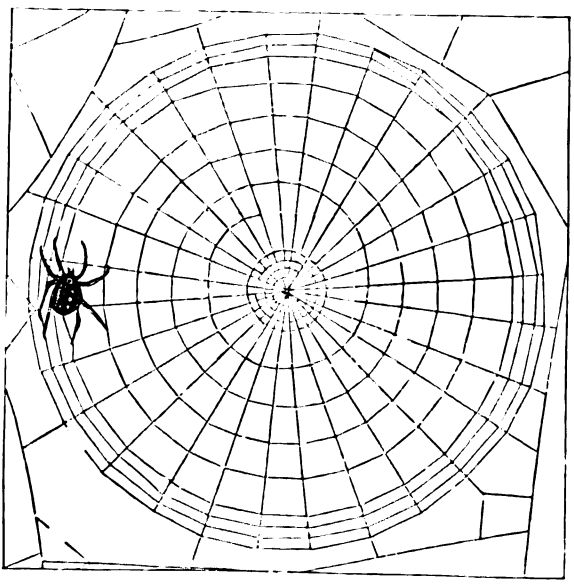
with her body upside down and well hidden, is shaped like a thimble without a top. It has thus a double entrance, so that it is an easy matter for the lady of the house to run in and out. "In this corner," says a quaint translator of Pliny, "with what subtiltie doth she retire, making semblance as though she meant nothing less than that she doth, and as if she went about some other business! Nay, so close lieth she that it is impossible to see whether any be within or no!" With the personal appearance of this retiring female we are all familiar. She is dressed in a dusky suit enough, and wears no pearly cross like her outdoor brother, the garden spider. Yet she is not without some specks, streaks and bands of yellow and reddish brown which relieve the monotony of her garb. Her fore legs are about one inch and a half long, those of her mate, though his body is smaller, sometimes reach the respectable length of two inches and three quarters. The web of this spider is an heir-loom, and is evidently looked upon as valuable property by the family and friends of its possessor. As soon as the owner of a web dies or is removed by any accident, a younger spider, or one with an inferior web, takes up his quarters in that of the personage who is no more. These weird creatures must needs economize their silk. The same web, if kept in proper repair, will do for a lifetime. They depend on their silk for earning a livelihood, and they cannot produce silk without food any more than a silkworm will spin without mulberry leaves. Thus, should food run short the silk runs short too; or, to put it contrariwise, should silk fail, the chance of victuals becomes daily more remote. And so the wise spiders waste no silk on frivolous purposes.



ROAMING SPIDERS.

A house spider on his travels is, as a rule, a spider in tribulation. Most likely he has been frightened, or turned out of house and home by a duster, or has met with some other domestic affliction as disastrous to him as an earthquake would be to us. Not one of these itinerant creatures is a fugitive and a agabond by choice. Every spider has a *chez soi* of his own, and all spin, either for themselves or their families, a tent, tube, or nest of some kind. It seems as natural to a spider to spin as to breathe; and though the threads of silk are not always used as a snare, they are always forthcoming for the spinner's uses. Even the little jumping spider (*Salticus Scenicus*), which, couching till its legs are crooked like those of a grasshopper, leaps upon some unwary gnat like a tiger on his prey, takes the precaution of fastening itself by a line to the spot from which it springs. The rope of the spider is used thus, to afford a kind of anchorage, on many occasions.

GIANT STRIDES.

The rate at which the common house spider can get over the carpet, up the wall, or across the ceiling, when under pressure of misfortune, or if bound on some private errand requiring hurry-skurry, is amazing. But though his body sometimes measures three-quarters of an inch, a size which, in combination with the length of his legs, is great, he is not the biggest of his tribe to be seen in this country. Let those whose nerves creep at the sight of him be thankful that they do not live at Hampton Court, where the ghost of Wolsey is said to haunt certain chambers and a certain hall under the form of a giant spider called the "Cardinal." These monster spiders, a variety of *Tegenaria Domestica*, are also common in old rooms at Oxford and in other places; and when running along, pursued by the shadow they cast on the floor, are often mistaken for mice. It has been my fate to meet these spiders face to face. One individual of this species seemed to be always transacting business which obliged him to run to and fro under my bedroom door. His career was cut short by the cat, who evidently deluded herself into the idea that he was an eccentric sort of mouse. She regularly stalked and killed him, a single pat of her paw was enough to do the deed, which I was too late to interrupt. Afterwards she made dabs at his carcase in a disgusted way, as if she could not bear to touch it. I did not weep over his remains. However deeply a lover of nature may appreciate opportunities for

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study, it really is not nice to know that a creepy-crawly creature with eight tickling legs may, at any hour of the night, traverse one's countenance on his way home.

WHAT TO DO WITH SPIDERS.

After long, and I may say awful trials in this respect, I recommend the following plan, resultant from sad experience, to those who find big spiders taking their walks abroad during the witching hour of night:—Take a tumbler, turn it deftly upside down (if you can) over the fleeing animal; then insinuate a flat sheet of paper between the ground and the rim of the glass. Turn the tumbler right side uppermost and you have the spider, sprawling legs and all. He can't crawl up the glass. The next step I recommend is that you kindly but firmly request him to take a walk in the garden, where he will get on all right. Before you let him go take a good look at his marvellous frame, using a powerful lens. Note the poison claw, by which he mercifully stupefies his fly; his eight eyes, his spinnerets, and the wondrous tufts and branches by means of which he holds mystical converse with his fellows and divines the character of you and me; quickly guessing whether we mean to be kind to him or not. You may make a friend of this creature if you like, he will learn to know your voice, and to feed from your hand. If you do not desire his further acquaintance at least do not needlessly hurt him or take away his life. He and his kind

FILL A NICHE IN CREATION.

Examine the trophies which he has won, and which hang in the shroud woven like a curtain to conceal his dwelling place. They consist largely of the wings of that arch destroyer, the clothes moth; this insect and others even more repugnant to housekeepers are the chief diet of all house spiders. They feed exclusively and without exception upon living things. Where men and women persist in laying up for themselves superfluous treasures upon the earth, there will the moth enter to corrupt them. And where the moth comes will spring up its natural corrective—such is the law of earthly life. Whether prowling stealthily afoot on predacious errands, or hanging in his exquisite snare with the patience of a martyr; whether floating in mid-air or swimming in the wayside pool, the spider merits protection on account of his good and serviceable deeds. He meets too often with a base return. But when did the world do otherwise than persecute its benefactors?

The Clever Spider.

A GENTLEMAN who was fond of studying the habits of insects one day found a large spider near a pond of water. He took a long stick, and put the spider on one end of it. He then went to the side of the pond, and, stretching out as far as he could, fixed the other end in the bottom of the pond, and left the stick standing straight up out of the water with the spider upon it. He then sat down on the bank to watch what the insect would do. It first went down the stick till it came to the water; but finding that there was no hope of getting off there, it returned to the top. It then went up and down the different sides of the stick, feeling and looking carefully, till it found there was no way of escape at any part. Then it went once more to the top, and remained quiet for a while, as if thinking what to do. After a short pause the insect began to spin a thread, long enough to reach from the stick to the edge of the pond. When this was done, it fastened one end of the thread to the top of the stick, and let the rest of it float in the breeze. It waited till the wind stretched the thread out toward the side of the pond. The insect then went crawling along the thread till it reached the end. After floating in the air a little while, it alighted safely on the ground, and scampered off to its home.

Robin Redbreast.

'Tis sad to mark late Autumn's hour
Take from the birds their vocal power;
The feathered tribes from liquid throat
Cease then to pour their joyous note.
Yet listen! may we still not hear
One little bird sing sweet and clear?
'Tis Robin with his bosom red,
Whose music lives, when theirs is dead!
Seems it almost, as if he feared
Our hearts would droop, when winter neared;
And fain he would some joys convey
By warbling forth his tuneful lay.
But song is not the only art,
By which he plays a friendly part;
Close to our door full oft he steals,
To plead with us for scanty meals.
Dear Redbreast! can we e'er deny
Of crumbs for thee a rich supply?
'Twere only just thou should'st obtain
Such simple meed for thy refrain.
Kind should we be to thee, but yet
This kindness will not pay our debt,
For birds, which days of gloom relieve,
No full requital can receive.

J. S.

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WHY I OPPOSE VIVISECTION.*

No. 10.—By JOHN MAKINSON FOX, M.R.C.S.

VIVISECTION is a subject which cannot fail in a double respect to interest society generally. First, we are all more or less lovers of animals; and second, we are all none the less interested in the advancement of the science of healing. It has always appeared to me that there has been an absence of the principle "Put yourself in his place" in the way in which this controversy has been conducted. Those who have written in opposition to vivisection have usually written from the point of view that all who practise vivisection are possessed only of cruel and blood-thirsty natures. On the other hand, those who favour vivisection have been too apt to treat those who oppose it with scorn and contempt, as though they were influenced by sentiment only, had no alliance with science and no acquaintance with inductive reasoning. Let kinder feelings prevail on both sides. Let it be possible for me to conceive that the vivisectionist is really one of the most humane of men, and is animated only by the most justifiable scientific motives. Similarly, let the vivisectionist think of those who entertain diametrically opposite views as persons who may have something to say for themselves, and who may be able to advance arguments worthy of consideration.

In regard to the highly sentient animals, I am not sure that the rule "Put yourself in his place" should not apply. By what law of God or nature has one highly organized being the right to subject to what has been called "the tortures of the damned" another equally sensitive creature; the principal difference being, in the inferior animal, an absence of the power of appeal and self-protection? Is there no obligation of forbearance suggested or imposed by mutual enjoyment of the same sensibility? If keen enthusiasm for scientific discovery be so strong, why not let it rise to the height of martyrdom? If this were the case the vivisectionist would proudly submit his body (of course, under the protection of anæsthetics) to the scalpel of a brother experimenter. There may be still existing in this and other highly civilized countries persons of robust constitution who would think it right to revive the extortion of evidence by torture. Why not, if the end always justifies the means? It may be assumed that my vivisectionist friends would not be able to go so far as this. They would conceivably say that for no purposes of State or religion must torture be thus employed. Is it not possible for them to see that, by an extension of the same argument, conscientious objections may be entertained, and entertained most strongly, against the employment of experimental torture upon highly sentient creatures for any purpose whatever? It is from the teaching of history that I am led to think that the practice of vivisection will eventually be abandoned as one of which we ought to be ashamed.

Photo by [*Winter, Preston.*

THE LATE DR. FOX.

The question is rapidly becoming, however, one of great danger to people themselves. They have given Science a free hand, they have bowed the knee and

* These papers are written more particularly for the lay public.

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worshipped it, and it is now fast becoming an organized tyranny. The way in which, at the present time, we are dragooned by anticipative scientists is rapidly leaving the ridiculous for the dangerous stage, and should be resisted by an intelligent community. At the present time, under official pressure, I am doing my utmost to make my dog mad by keeping him rigidly muzzled. Any one with a kind heart is rendered almost demented by the sight of his resistance to the curtailment of his liberty. A more innocent and amiable animal never lived, but under the local regulations of my country I am constrained to try and force him into hydrophobia by this wretched muzzling order, which is about as sensible and humane as the practice of vivisection.

We are told that, under the new-fangled system of sero-therapeutics, infectious disorders, even if not extinguished, shall war in vain against the bodies of persons protected by the inoculations of divers preventives. Are you in danger of contracting, or have you an infectious disorder? Then your new scientist will squirt through your skin a weak concoction of that very disorder, made in his laboratory, and, hey presto! the dread demon knows you no more. The new scientists are always telling us what they have discovered, or are on the eve of discovering. Now, as a Medical Officer of Health to one of the largest districts in England, I have no reason to think that there is any one in the kingdom who has had more experience than I have had in dealing with infectious diseases among men and animals, and I affirm that I know of no discovery of any practical value which has assisted me in my official duties or in treating my patients. I have failed to see that the most useful science of pathology has advanced one single inch by means of vivisection. As I have always advocated, the proper school of pathology (that is,the science of disease) is the post mortem room, and the close observation of disease at the bedside of patients.

I have been acquainted with the practice of vivisection for upwards of forty years. I well remember the experiments which I first witnessed, performed under skilful hands, but which were thought by a select audience of medical men to be cruel and without sense or use. Pigeons were shaved, and their brains frozen and twirled about in all directions. My next experience was with dogs in the laboratory of a London hospital, where these defenceless creatures were cut about and injected with "stuffs" to their terrible pain and suffering. And after forty years—what is the result? I do not know that I have received one atom of benefit on behalf of my patients for all the cruelty which I witnessed. I maintain that no useful end has been attained by this practice, and that by far the larger number of experimental tortures are inflicted for no practical or useful purpose. They are academic, sensational, conjectural merely, and, in some cases, theatrical. Dr. Addison discovered a relation between a certain discolouration of the skin and an affection of the supra-renal capsules (situated above the kidneys) without any assistance from vivisection. The writer of this letter had the honour to be Dr. Addison's clinical clerk when this discovery was matured in the post mortem room of Guy's Hospital, not on the vivisector's table. Nor is it clear that the connection existing between the disease known as myxœdema and atrophy (wasting away) of the thyroid gland (in the throat) owes anything to vivisection; though, after the suggestion had been made, it then became the fashion to extirpate thyroid glands from all kinds of living animals.

It is not by any such unnatural procedures that valuable medical discoveries in the interests of humanity have been made. What is wanted is the rare intelligence and foresight of the discoverer. This may not be produced in every generation of every school, but it cannot be manufactured by any industrious multiplication of experimental tortures. The second requirement is a large and almost unbounded extension of opportunities of pathological research. It is an unfair Parliamentary obligation laid upon every member of the medical profession that he must furnish, gratuitously, a certificate of the cause of death of every patient that he may attend whose case may terminate fatally. There is no corresponding obligation that a post mortem examination should be made by the medical attendant or a specially appointed officer when there is reason to believe that issues of interest may be discovered or a doubtful diagnosis rendered clear. The late eminent Dr. Charcot, the chief European authority upon diseases of the nerves, was very emphatic on this point. Whenever he saw any symptoms of partial paralysis or any

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extraordinary capacity, say, for arithmetic, or music, or languages, or any entire absence of such capacity, he was seized with an insatiable longing to get hold of the brain of the person in whom he had noted the disease of abnormal faculty, or its absence, and search into its localization. Only a year or two ago there died, in the county of Lancashire, near to Blackpool, the too little known Dr. Charles Clay. His name may not be familiar to the British public, but it is well known by the medical profession that Dr. Charles Clay was the father of the surgical operation known as ovariotomy. I suppose that this operation, introduced sixty years ago (for Dr. Clay died at the age of 92 years) and taken up by Professor Lawson Tait, Sir Spencer Wells, and a host of others, has been the means of giving relief to an incalculable amount of human suffering, and has saved the lives of scores of women annually. What does this eminent benefactor to humanity say upon the subject of vivisection? In the *Times* of July 31st, 1880, he thus wrote:—"I have come to London from the North of England expressly to bear my testimony in support of the total abolition of vivisection. As a surgeon I have performed a very large number of operations, but I do not owe a particle of my knowledge or skill to vivisection. I challenge any member of my profession to prove that vivisection has in any way advanced the science of medicine or surgery, or tended to improve the treatment of disease." Nothing can be added to this forcible testimony, which is weighty enough to make the most earnest supporters of vivisection give pause.

Let me, speaking with a full sense of responsibility, strongly impress upon the minds of my readers that our recent great advance in sanitation has done far more for public health than vivisection. For example, what has vivisection done for the suppression of any zymotic diseases? It was not by vivisection that Dr. Jenner discovered the protective value of vaccination; nor was it by vivisection that Dr. Budd differentiated typhus and typhoid fever. My old friend, Dr. Addison, I believe, till the day of his death, never believed in this distinction, but he did not base his opinion upon the experiments or researches of vivisection. Let people regard their bodies as very delicate and sensitive mechanism, needing intelligent treatment and watchful care; let them study the laws of health and abide by them, avoiding excess and unnatural living and strain; let them keep their bodies and dwellings clean and pure and attend to the elementary laws of sanitation, and they will do more for the obliteration of sickness and disease than my profession can, for we are daily trying to undo the harm people are hourly doing themselves. Let us not unman ourselves by cruelty by way of escaping the penalties of our misdeeds. Let us not approximate to continental ideas of thought and action in regard to living animals, nor copy the methods of continental scientists, some of which are of the devil, devilish. We have gone some distance that way, but let us hurry back and be English. Let us pursue science by scientific, allied to humane, methods, and not by doing violence to every proper natural feeling.

Obituary.

DEATH OF DR. FOX.

IT is with very deep regret that we have to announce the death of the author of the foregoing article, from pneumonia, at his residence, The Grove, Lymm, Cheshire, in his sixty-fourth year. The genial, kindly features, which are presented on another page, have now passed for ever from the sight of those who knew and loved him best. With the exception of a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, of September 6th, the article in our present issue was his last contribution to the controversy, and is, literally, a voice from the grave. In his closing words he urges, "let us be English"—which has, heretofore, been synonymous with all that was manly, self-sacrificing, and courageous. This was what Dr. Fox was, for he staunchly held by what he conceived to be his duty, despite the frowns of some of his medical brethren. And "being dead, he yet speaketh" to all of us, to be English, to do our duty, to denounce the acquisition of personal and bodily gains wrung from the tortured and mutilated bodies of "the lower brethren." The courageous voice is now stilled, we shall see his face no more, but we shall remember him as a good and kindly man, not unworthy of his race, nor of his day and generation. May he rest in peace.

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MR. ELLINGHAM'S CURIOUS FIND.

I WAS playing the organ at the parish church at a morning service last year when I heard strange noises. For some time I could not imagine what it could be, but came to the conclusion that there must be something alive in one of the large metal pedal pipes. The noise continued on and off all the morning, especially just after anything was played. After the service I had a search and found that it was a poor little sparrow who had, by some means, fallen down a pipe, 10 to 12 feet long. I could see him, but could not release him at once, because he was too large to come through the mouth of the pipe. I had, therefore, to remove the pipe and carry it outside the church, when, after turning it nearly upside down, the little prisoner slipped down and flew away, apparently none the worse for his strange adventure.

REV. J. STRATTON OBSERVES THE SWALLOWS.

I WITNESSED at my home early in July a very pleasing example of Goldsmith's lines:—"And as a bird each fond endearment tries to tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies." A swallow, not long escaped from its nest under the eaves of my house, had travelled as far as the arbour in my garden, where it was interesting to watch the efforts of one of the parent birds to induce the little one to leave its shelter. The young swallow preferred for some time to confine its operations to the arbour, around the inside of which it took repeated flights, returning after each essay to a particular spot to perch. The parent swallow meanwhile was all animation, darting oft into the arbour and seating herself by the side of the fledgeling, then, after much vocalization, meant no doubt to impart encouragement, flying into an apple-tree close by, or circling round the garden, always quickly returning, however, to the young one, which had failed to follow her. Among the many devices which I saw the old bird resort to in order to inspire her offspring with confidence, perhaps the most diverting was the following:—She entered the arbour, and, after the two had fluttered round it a few times in company, she fixed herself to one of its perpendicular sides, in which position, with outspread wings, she remained a minute or two chattering in most animated tones. I believe this action was intended to show the young swallow that it was easy to do something more with a pair of wings than fly round the inside of an arbour, or use them in aid of maintaining a balance on a perch. The sweet blandishments of the parent bird prevailed at last, and the two went off together into the open world.

MRS. ATTWOOD-MATHEWS ON OWLS' LOVE FOR THEIR YOUNG.

SOME time ago the Rector of Abbey Dore, Herefordshire, kept a pair of very young brown owls in a large cage in his stable-yard. The parent birds came regularly to feed them, and amongst other things brought them numbers of gnats to eat; the ground below the cage was thickly strewn with gnats. I did not know till then that baby owls were fed on insects. The parent birds sat in a fir tree and watched every one who came to look at their young ones.

THE REV. J. G. LOCKE AND THE GOLDFINCH.

ABOUT three years ago I lost a favourite goldfinch, it having escaped from my room, and was much grieved, thinking never to see it again. But a few months ago I noticed one Sunday morning a goldfinch flitting about on a tree in the garden near my window. Being surprised at such a sight, for I had never before seen a goldfinch so near a house, my interest was at once aroused. Opening my window I called to it, and greatly to my pleasure and surprise

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he flew towards me, perching on a branch not two feet from my reach. Thinking he might be my long-lost friend, I held out a pencil towards him, and gladly saw that he recognized the movement, for I used to get him to perch on a pencil while I talked to him. However, I had not time further to attend to him, as my duties called me away. At dinner I saw him again, and put out some seed for him, and on my return saw him accepting my hospitality. I cherished a hope he might perch near, and so give me an opportunity of capturing him. But not so, he had apparently gone on his way, and I feared never to see him again. Judge, however, of my surprise and joy on finding him in the morning ready and waiting for me, for, on my opening my window, in he flew to his old quarters. I, however, was not quick enough for him, for on my rushing to close the window he made his escape. Still the taste of home was too strong to admit of his staying out for good, for on my again opening the window he speedily made his entrance, doing it with a rush. So now he remains with me for good. My old feelings for him were excited, and I thought nothing was too good for him. I set to work and made him a nice warm cage, and with me he remains to gladden with his song and his bright cheerful appearance.

MR. RAYMENT TELLS HOW THE ELEPHANT ATE THE BROOM.

IT was almost as good as a play performed for our special benefit, for there were only two of us present, in addition to the elephant and its keeper, the latter, of course, being the performers. Their sole stage property was a brand-new birch broom. The keeper began by making a pretence of sweeping the already quite clean stall of the elephant, but, getting tired of so useless an occupation, he threw the broom down in front of the mammoth, and saying, in what I suppose was pure Indo-Elephantese, "You may eat it," he made his exit. The second performer, with the prehensile end of his prehensile trunk, took hold of first one twig, and transferred it to his mouth, and then of another, and so on, until they were all gone. This proceeding somewhat astonished us, as we felt there was too much bark in the bite,—too much shell, and too little oyster, too little inducement, in fact, for so sagacious an animal to do such a thing unless it intended afterwards to pass the hat round and collect halfpence wherewith to buy buns. But the performance was not finished; a broom is not really done for, as long as there is a stick left, and to this our big friend brought his deep consideration and his weight. He lifted the stick gently, and placed it carefully and slantingly against the side of his stall. The weakest part of the stick was then its centre, and on this he placed his elephantine foot. The stick was young, and also stubborn, for it did not bend much, but broke, leaving a protesting fringe of ragged ends. By means of these the elephant was able to strip off piece after piece of the stick, until what remained was a mere mouthful, and the elephant soon made that of it. We felt the time had now come for the third course, and this we provided. It was a bag of rusks, and I innocently thought that the elephant would put the end of his trunk into the bag and pull out one rusk at a time, but he preferred to tranship the whole of them at once. Still, after having made that clean sweep of the broom, one could forgive him anything, and everything, and hope that the meal would agree with him in all its courses.

MRS. SAUNDERS AND "DUFFER"

"DUFFER" was a wonderful old dog, he used to carry a biscuit from one end of the table in his mouth to his mistress at the other. But on one occasion, his appetite having got the better of him, he began eating it on the way, and knowing he had done wrong, walked, of his own accord, straight into the corner where they used to put him for punishment! Alas! mistress and dog—all are gone now, let us hope to the "Land of the leal," for he, indeed, was "leal and true," and deserved a dog's heaven, if ever dog did.

VOUCHED FOR BY EXETER'S CHIEF CONSTABLE.

WHAT I am about to relate occured last winter. An Exeter merchant owns a Dalmatian dog, which sleeps in a stall with one of the horses. During the severe weather that dog used to steal carrots out of a hamper in the storeroom and feed his stable companion on the sly. The theft was only discovered by accident. On Friday, April 26th, the dog had his foot crushed by a horse passing in the street, just outside the stable yard. He ran to his stable howling, and went direct to the stall where his favourite horse was having her feed. She immediately stopped eating, and thoroughly licked off the whole of the blood from the dog's wounded foot. I am sure you would say if you could see them that they were an affectionate pair.

MISS ELLIOTT TELLS OF A DOG'S GRATITUDE.

"BOB" is a dog belonging to some friends of mine, and always accompanies the pony when driven out. Recently my friends were driving, and Bob got lost. He was found at Elstree, six or eight miles from where he was missed, and from there he followed another pony carriage to Holloway, about eleven miles from Elstree. The gentleman and his son who were driving took him in, fed him, made him up a bed, and communicated with the owner. His mistress went to claim the dog, who seemed to go frantic with joy at seeing her, and started to accompany her home. They had gone some little distance when Bob seemed to have forgotten something, and his

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mistress, do all she could, was unable to prevent the dog going back to the house he had just left. Upon his arrival there he barked, and seeing the son, who had been kind to him, ran up to him, jumped upon him, licked his face, and showed his gratitude in the usual way; then barked again until the father came out, when he jumped upon him, licked him, etc., as he had done the son, and then turned demurely to his mistress to accompany her home. He evidently remembered that he had forgotten to say "Good-bye" and to thank them for their kindness.

MRS. CHAS. MALLET ALSO KNOWS A DOG.

NOT long ago a gentleman (Mr. Graham), who had been living in a country-house at Chislehurst, came up to spend some weeks with his mother in London, and brought with him his dog, a fox terrier, named Turk. Mr. Graham's mother and sisters, all real dog lovers, received their guest with considerable anxiety, as there already lived in the house a rather handsome long-haired white terrier, to whom, though he was not of a very attractive disposition, they were all much attached. He was beautifully kept and carefully exercised, and was devoted to his own mistress, who spent an anxious and sleepless night before the arrival of her brother, and of the dreaded new comer. "Turk" was known to be a strong young dog, presumably of a fierce disposition, and great was the terror of Scamp's mistress when she thought of the conflicts which were likely to ensue.

Great, therefore, was the astonishment of the household on discovering that from the very first it was the little petted "Scamp" who was master of the situation. From the moment of his entry into the house Turk never seemed to fail to recognize that he was an intruder; he conducted himself with the utmost gentleness, and very soon became a general favourite. But all his gentleness and all his self-effacement availed nothing to appease the ill-humour, and to conciliate the angry disdain of the repugnant Scamp. As long as the fox terrier remained absolutely silent and hidden in some out-of-the-way corner he was not molested, but if ever he forgot himself for a moment, and yielded to his natural impulse to walk about the room, or to sniff at any unfamiliar object, low growls would issue from Scamp's corner, and presently out would dart the snarling Jack-in-office, to snap at the inoffensive terrier, who, if he had not been magnanimously inclined, could easily have eaten him up! Turk was seldom even allowed to eat his supper in peace, as the little petted tyrant would constantly hover round him at this time, always eager to pick a quarrel.

One day, when Turk was eating his supper and Scamp had been more than usually troublesome, Miss Graham picked up the cross little cur and carried him out of the room, in order that the other dog might enjoy his meal in peace. No sooner, however, had the door closed upon his tormentor than Turk entirely suspended his meal to turn round and watch the door through which his companion had vanished. Again and again he was coaxed back to his plate, but all was in vain, until somebody went out and fetched back the other dog. No sooner did he enter than Turk rushed up to him, and having greeted his comrade he returned, with a happy wag of his tail, to conclude the meal, which, through Scamp's ill-conduct, had been so long delayed! It is customary to call dogs "Brutes," and their masters and mistresses "Christians." Possibly the dogs are scarcely less worthy than are their masters of the latter appellation.

A DOG ADOPTS MISS E. WATTS PHILLIPS.

MORE than once in my experience our family has been adopted by a dog. Possibly there may exist an elective affinity between canines and humans, as between humans and humans, but certain it is that we have been adopted. On the last occasion we came upon our adopter one Sunday morning, seated outside a church. Whether during service chance had brought him, or whether he had followed his owner there, but, being of a different persuasion, refused to enter (indeed, the church was ritualistic, and, being a handsome Scotch terrier, he, no doubt, was a Presbyterian), we did not know; but as we passed him he gave us a glance of shrewd scrutiny, then rose and declared by action his intention of making our way his. We were out to make a call, and, on reaching the house and entering, shut our little attendant outside, with a persuasive request that he would "go home."

But we had not been long seated in the drawing-room before the housemaid appeared to ask if the dog was to be let in, as he was scratching "that dreadful," and making quite a "huproar." Her master, my brother, as great a lover of dogs as ourselves, ordered his instant admission.

On our leaving he expressed no intention to remain, but came away with us as though we had been companions for years. Fearful of the guiltiness of dog stealing, we returned home the same road we had come, thinking he would trot off; not a bit of it. He paid no more attention to the sacred edifice before which he had sat than if it had not existed.

In dog fashion he ran here and there, often glancing back to see if we were following, or waiting, tail wagging, for us to come up. On arriving at the road where we lived, being late, one of us hurried on to give warning of our approach. The dog ran too, entering the house without hesitation. But the next moment he appeared on the broad step, his red tongue *en evidence*, his tail wagging, a genial smile on his face (dogs *do*

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smile, and laugh too), as much as to say: "What laggards you are! Come on! Dinner's waiting, isn't it jolly!"

From that day until his death, nearly eighteen years later, he never, of his own will, left us. Once he was stolen, and absent for three months. But one morning, at about half-past seven, our little nephew came rushing upstairs, crying: "Sancho! Sancho! Here's Sancho come back!" A general opening of bedroom doors instantly ensued, and there was the dear old fellow, half mad with joy. A piece of broken rope round his neck showed he had escaped from durance vile. He lived, as closely as we could calculate, to the age of twenty-two. Then, very aged, but carefully tended, died of bronchitis.

What I wish to know is, why that dog quitted his home, where he was evidently well cared for, and took to us? Why, on that Sunday, when numbers of persons had passed him, did he let them pass unheeded, but without hesitation, adopt us?

Of myself, I can but account for it theosophically. Evidently we had been acquainted with each other in a previous existence; or, if re-incarnation be accepted, he was some dear old canine friend who had gone before, but returned to earth, and knew us, though we knew not him.

We have been told that twenty-two is a great age for a dog, but his successor, Corporal Trim, who only died last year, of no disorder but senile decay, was nearly twenty-four. I beg to say, in conclusion, that we are now waiting to be again adopted, should anyone know a dog wanting a family to adopt.

THE EDITOR'S DOG BREAKS SILENCE.

THE *Fliegende Blätter*, a German paper, recently published an anecdote, which it illustrated, concerning one of my tribe. The owner of a dog sat down to table without having first fed his pet, as it was usually his habit to do. The intelligent animal, after waiting impatiently for some time, ran into the garden, returning with a spray of forget-me-not for the preoccupied master, who was immediately reminded of his four-footed friend's food. Who will say dogs cannot be delicately suggestive?

MISS MARTIN AND THE HORSE WITH ONE FLAW.

A FRIEND of mine, a well-known citizen of Glasgow, was sitting in his counting-house one day when he had a call from a van driver, in whom he had long been interested, his visitor requesting him to come and see a horse of most remarkable qualities. The animal had been under the man's charge for some time, and every day it became more and more his pride. From his own description, and the opinions of judges he cited, it was a veritable equine Apollo, exhibiting a perfection of parts and a symmetry of form which drew to it the eyes of all, and was said to be worth £250. My friend, never indifferent to viewing a fine piece of horse-flesh, readily consented to inspect it, and soon he owned that the reality quite equalled the description—he was *vis-a-vis* now, he thought, with a perfect horse. This, however, was not so, for immediately he was informed that, so far from being perfect, it had one signal defect which, if he looked for it, he might detect. Again and again was the horse scrupulously examined—fore legs lifted, the smooth, sleek, glossy flanks stroked down, and knees and fetlocks looked to, but not a flaw was to be found. And, as if to further enhance this apparent physical perfection, the character which the driver gave the horse for its moral qualities, those of unexceptionable docility and tractableness, was like adding perfection to perfection. On and on, day by day, during five long years, this model horse had trodden the crowded thoroughfares of the second city of the Empire, and gone its many toilsome rounds safely and scatheless, though itself never at all on the look out, but relying solely and entirely on the watchfulness of its humane master. It accepted the master's gentle hand as law, and his eye as sufficient guidance. To him was very well known the defect which my friend failed to find out, a defect which, stranger still to say, only the more endeared the horse to the man, as moreover, it is the key to the narrative—*the horse was blind, stone blind*, and had been born so.

*** We had purposed dividing the proverbial "cake" between Mr. Wreford and Mr. Rayment, but the Editorial Dog, suspecting our intention, romped in with the above story, and immediately afterwards appropriated the dainty.—ED.

"Did you give the horse the powder?"

"I tried to. I put the powder in the tube, forced open the horse's mouth, put the tube in between his teeth, and—

"Did you blow the powder down his throat?"

"No; I was going to, but the horse blew first."

Two most extraordinary bills have been introduced in the Ohio Legislature. The first bill provides for the abolishment of hanging as a penalty in cases of capital punishment, and substitutes the use of anæsthetics and vivisection. The murderer is to be turned over to the doctors, who are to deprive him of consciousness by the use of anæsthetics and then experiment with him to their hearts' content. The other bill is similar to the first, but less radical, and gives the murderer the choice between death by electricity and death by anæsthetics and vivisection.—*The Humane Journal*, Chicago.

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Children's Page.

COUSIN CARRIE'S STORY OF A HARVEST MOUSE.

My Dear Little Cousins.

ALL the farmers have been hard at work lately in the yellow cornfields, cutting, carrying and storing away the sweet ripe grain which is to be made into bread for us. But the farmers are not the only people who have been busy in the fields. I wonder whether any of you have been for pleasant walks through the corn-fields, and whether you have thought about the many little folk besides yourselves that enjoy themselves, and work hard too, among the waving golden ears?

First there is the skylark, who loves to make his home there. And then there is the tiny harvest mouse, the very smallest creature that gives suck to her young in this country. So small and light is this pretty little mother that she can run up and down the slender corn-stalks without making them bend under her wee body. Three of these small mice hardly weigh so much as one penny piece! From the tip of its nose to the end of its tail, the harvest mouse measures about five inches, and half this length is that of his tail.

You would be very pleased to see the nice snug cradle which this dear little mousie makes for her babies. Perhaps if you were to look very carefully as you were walking beside a tangled hedge where tall thistles and grasses grow, or through a ripe corn-field, you might see one some day. And then you must be very quiet and gentle if you wish to look at the mouse's pretty nest. Just take one good look, and come away quickly for fear you should frighten away the poor little parents, who are sure to be peeping out at you from some corner close by where they have hidden themselves. They are all a-shiver and a-shake for fear that such a great giant as you seem should mean to carry off or hurt their children. The nest is just like a round ball woven out of grasses or corn-blades in the same way that we make baskets. The careful little mother slings it half-way up a corn-stalk or under a thistle head, or upon some stout grass-stem, so that her babies' bed may be dry, and safe from the reach of prowling creatures like the weasel or cat, who may be stealing along on the ground below in search of prey.

It will puzzle you very much to find out how the little mother mouse can give her young ones suck inside their round ball of a nest, for it has no door to get in and out by. And how can she find room for herself in the nursery, when it is packed so tightly, full of seven or eight little ones, that there is hardly space to turn round in? She does not go in to them at all, but with her tiny paws she pulls apart the wicker-work of grass-blades, and gives each little mouse his supper through the hole. Then she closes the opening safely again. You see that there is no danger for these little mice of falling out of their nest, or of wandering away to lose themselves in the forest of corn all around them. They cannot get out till they have grown strong and clever enough to make a door for themselves in the side of the nest, which does not happen till they are old enough to take care of themselves.

While the harvest-mouse and her little family live among the stalks of corn they do a great deal of good to the crop by eating the flies and other insects which would hurt it. They pounce as quick as lightning on any creeping thing they see, and gobble it up. So you see that the harvest-mouse is a little friend to the farmer, and to us who like corn made into bread and cakes. Harvest-mice like living insects to eat better than grains of corn, and will not touch the wheat when they can get other food. But sometimes in winter time, when no insects are to be had, they steal a little corn, to keep themselves from starving: for they do not go to sleep all the winter as the dormouse does. After the corn is cut, these tiny mice often creep among the sheaves which are packed away into the barns, so that they can feast merrily through the long, dark, cold months when the fields are covered with snow. It is then that the farmer, if he is wise, will coax the great fluffy barn-owl to come and live in his yard. Mr. Owl will

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soon snap up the little mice, but he kills them so quickly and mercifully that the poor little things hardly know what is going to happen till it is all over. Of course we must not let the little mice eat up all the corn, as they might do if we had no good servants like the owl and cat. But in summer time the harvest-mice do no harm, and keep the fields clear of hurtful flies.

A little boy once brought me five baby harvest-mice, which he had picked up in a field where some men had been mowing the corn. Poor little things! Their frail house had tumbled down, and they were scattered on the ground! The kind boy was in great trouble because he thought they would die of hunger, for he did not know how to feed them. We first made a warm nest of cotton wool, into which the little morsels were glad to cuddle, and then we began to wonder what we could give them for dinner. They were about as big as a real baby's little finger, and were quite blind. Their warm jackets of brown fur had not grown yet, so they had no clothes on, and I soon saw that they had not cut their tiny teeth either. It was of no use to feed them with insects, crumbs or meat. What they wanted was their little mother to come and give them milk from her soft white breast,—but she was dead or frightened far away. They all seemed to be groping about in the cotton wool to find her, and it was sad to hear them making little faint squeaks, like the chirping of some very small bird. At last we hit on a plan for saving the lives of these poor little orphans. Taking a bit of soft flannel I dipped one corner of it into warm milk, and let the little mice suck it. They held on very tight, and seemed pleased. I suppose they thought that their mother was come back to take care of them, for they left off crying, and nestled themselves to sleep in a tight bundle after their good meal.

Your loving,
COUSIN CARRIE.

Look, look! Look, look!
Pearly fishes in the brook!
How they dart like twinkling beams
All among the crystal streams,
Happy fishes all at play,
Glad and merry through the day;
Perch and dace and speckled trout,
Must men try to pull them out?

See the tiny minnow dash
Soundless, with a silver flash!
Flitting softly all unheard
Like a tiny water-bird.
Ah, how sad to see it lie
On the bank to gasp and die!
This wee thing at least should be
Ever joyous, fearless, free!

COUSIN CARRIE.

"PAPA, dear, do you know what I'm going to buy you for a Michaelmas present?" asked little Mistress Browneyes, ætat five, as she stood in the study doorway, industriously infringing the patent leather of one of her shoes with the sole of the other.

"No, dear, what?"

"A pretty new china shaving mug, wif gold flowers on it."

"But papa has a nice one already, dear."

"Oh, no he hasn't; I've just dropped it!"
—From the *Sporting Times*.

FATHER—Everything I say to you goes in at one ear and out at the other. Little son (thoughtfully)—Is that what little boys has two ears for papa?

LITTLE EFFIE (who has stroked the kitten until she has begun to purr): Maudie, do you hear that?"

SISTER MAUD: "Hear what, Effie?"

EFFIE: "Why, I do believe Kitty's boiling."

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One of Ouida's Dogs.

THE original of this portrait is Noël Ivorio, so named because he was born at Christmas time and is of the colour of old ivory, shading from pure white to pale yellow and fawn. But this fine name is never heard, for he is, alas! always called Baby, though he is now five years of age. He has throughout these five years done everything which he wished to do, and is the most *éveillé*, vivacious, and self-willed of mortals. Max Nordau would certainly pronounce him a *Nevrosé*. In race he is a Florentine *lupette*, a species which is frequently and ignorantly considered to be a bastard Pomeranian. The Queen of England bought several *lupetti* (called in Rome *volpini*), but they are not dogs to be shut up in a kennel, even a royal one; ever since the days of Ovid they have been the playfellows, comrades, and guards of the Italian populace, and they are mirthful, animated, and companionable to an extreme degree, though fierce and implacable to strangers; no dog is more ardent, more devoted, more positive in his dislikes, more enthusiastic in his friendships, more perpetually on the alert, and more ready for every kind of fun and movement. To enjoy his delightful originality you must let him be what Nature made him. Baby, who is entirely what Nature made him, salutes his less fortunate brethren.

OUIDA.

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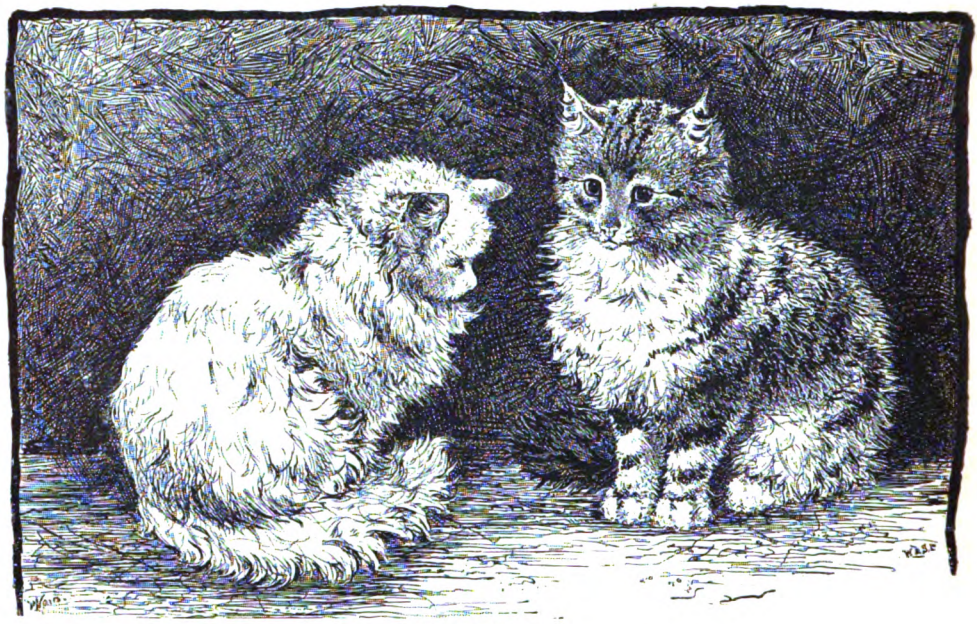

"Early Love."

PUSS IN THE POST OFFICE.

OBSERVING that a considerable sum of money for cats' meat appears annually as an item in the Post Office estimates, I was struck by the thought that either an abnormal number of cats were dependent for their living upon official generosity, or those who have been fortunate enough to secure an official appointment were blessed with good appetites. My curiosity on the subject increased to such an extent that I obtained through a friend the secretary's permission to visit the G.P.O., and was duly conducted through that most interesting and (to a stranger) bewildering edifice. Indeed I saw so many wonderful sights and received so much interesting information as to the disposal of our correspondence that I had almost forgotten the real object of my visit, and it was only when just on the point of leaving that it occurred to me to ask my courteous guide where the large stores of cats' meat were kept. To say that he looked surprised would altogether fail to convey an impression of his appearance—blank, unutterable amazement would be much nearer the mark. He slightly receded from me as he remarked that he did not understand, but I drew a copy of the official estimates from my pocket and pointed out to him the item for cats' meat, remarking that there must be a considerable number of cats to consume this, and I should very much like to see them. He seemed to think very deeply over this, but at length told me that he had never seen any cats' meat come into the building, neither could he see any necessity for it, but there were plenty of cats "downstairs," and if I wished I could see them.

Down we accordingly went, and his account of them as plentiful was fully justified, for they appeared about this time—seven p.m.—to be the principal occupants of the basement, occupying more or less the kitchen, passages, bag rooms, store rooms, engine rooms, lumber rooms, and the lower regions generally. In each of the kitchens was a large fire and around this were to be seen several cats stretched out at full length, fairly basking in the heat, and looking the picture of contentment. I was informed that the number of cats in the building is quite unknown—the only subject in the place of which there are no official statistics—and it is quite impossible even to form a rough estimate of them; neither is there any information obtainable as to how they first came there; but the general impression, so far as I could ascertain, is that their ancestors belonged to the private offices

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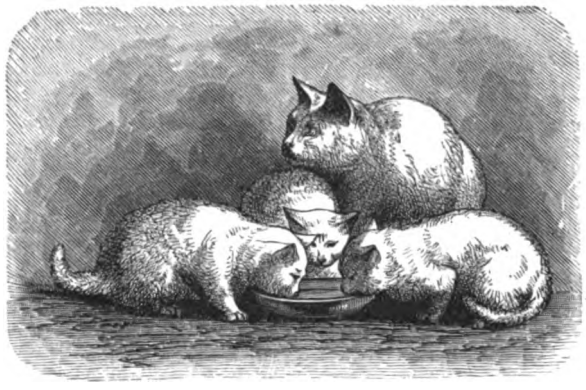
which were demolished when the present G.P.O. was built, and that they became "strays" about the ruins until the rising walls gradually shut them in and thus provided them with a home—in short, the G.P.O. was built around them. Such, I say, is the general impression, and we must take it for what it is worth, for however they came into the building it is fairly surmised they are quite satisfied with their home, for one has never yet been noticed going out of it.

With such an enormous force of officers constantly having meals on the premises there is more waste food than the cats can possibly consume, there is always plenty of water obtainable, millions of mice, and hundreds of rats to give them exercise, and as the officers regard them in a very friendly light they certainly ought to be happy, and doubtless they are. I learnt that a good number of the letter-sorters and postmen are in the habit of making a pet of a particular cat and giving it a drop of milk at tea time, a luxury they seem to appreciate very much, for they will sit and watch for the man's appearance with the greatest punctuality. Fights are not of frequent occurrence, but occasionally a very damaged appearance will tell of a battle fought, whether with a relative or an extra powerful rat it is impossible to say. Kittens are born in all sorts of odd corners, even occasionally under a desk or table in the sorting office. One cat has successfully reared during the present year a family of six in the Registered Letter Department, but this of course is exceptional. They are generally born in the kitchens, as there are plenty of old worn-out coats about, which make a comfortable bed. As soon as they are old enough someone requiring a cat takes one home to the domestic hearth. There is often a keen struggle for their possession, and a man will feed both mother and kitten on milk and watch them with anxious eye only to find in the end that he is a day too late, someone having forestalled him and quietly disappeared with the coveted one.



As an instance of the kind treatment shown them I was taken to a locker, one of which is supplied to every officer, and on the lower shelf of the one in question was a mother and six kittens. It seems the officer left his locker unfastened one night, and being near to the floor, it was taken possession of by puss, his office coat being used for a bed. No thought of disturbing them was entertained for a moment, and the man found temporary accommodation by using half of his neighbour's locker. I finally thanked my guide for his courteous and kindly services, thus enabling me to record the kindness experienced by pussy in the Post Office, which I am sure will be read with pleasure by all lovers of animals; but I was particularly requested to state that visitors to the Post Office must not ask to see puss and her quarters, as this is beyond the limits prescribed for visitors by the postal authorities.

HENRY HOLTON, Hon. Secretary,
Cats' Home, College Park, Harrow Road, N.W.

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The Rise and Progress of the Victoria Street Society.

By Benjamin Bryan.

THE birth-date of the Victoria Street Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection is the 16th of November, 1875, when Miss Frances Power Cobbe, in conjunction with the late Dr. George Hoggan, decided that a society ought to be formed. The formation of the Society grew out of the conviction that the strength which comes from combination was necessary to combat the evils and the cruelties of vivisection. Miss Cobbe had been impressed with the crimes of the laboratories many years before, as we learn from her "Life" that in 1863 she read in the English newspapers accounts of the experiments carried out on living horses at the French Veterinary Schools at Alfort, experiments which have been quite lately re-described, and which, it appears, are as numerous and as cruel now as ever. Miss Cobbe was moved at the time to write an article entitled, "The Rights of Man and the Claims of Brutes," which was published in *Fraser's Magazine* for November, 1863. About this time Miss Cobbe was residing near Florence, where rumours of shocking experiments by Schiff in that city reached her and her English friends. She and they were much moved thereby, and a memorial to Schiff himself was organized, the result, however, being that Schiff hardened his heart and refused to desist.

Time passed, and in 1870 the subject of vivisection was brought under the notice of the British Association—which met that year in Liverpool—under the denomination of "Physiological Experimentation," and the four recommendations which were the outcome of an inquiry by Committee resemble very closely some of the provisions of the present law. At that time there was, however, practically no law on the subject. Nor were these recommendations sought to be enforced. In 1874, during the sitting of the Medical Congress at Norwich, certain experiments were made as a kind of demonstration to medical men, by Monsieur Magnan, of Paris. Some of the English practitioners present objected to the cruelty involved, and subsequently a prosecution was instituted by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but without result. Public feeling throughout the country was much excited, and it became more than ever apparent that some new and special legislation was needed to enable experimental cruelty to be brought under control. Miss Cobbe felt strongly that the Society in Jermyn Street, the secretary of which was then, as now, Mr. John Colam, was the proper organization to devote labour and some of its ample means to the purpose of obtaining such legislation. In consultation with Mrs. Luther Holden—still a warm friend of our cause—it was decided to draw up a memorial, and to present it to the Committee of the Royal Society, asking them to take the initiative in the matter. The memorial was prepared, being signed, amongst others, by Thomas Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, Lecky, Sir Arthur Helps, Sir William Fergusson, John Bright, Archbishop Thomson (York), Sir E. Arnold, the Primate of Ireland (Marcus Beresford), Cardinal Manning, the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, John

20, Victoria Street, London, S.W.
(*The Offices of the Victoria Street Society.*)

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Ruskin, James Martineau, the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Coleridge, Lord Selborne, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, eight bishops, several more peers and M.P.'s, and seventy-eight medical men; the total support the memorial received amounting to 500 names. In due course the memorial was presented, and the Jermyn Street Executive appointed a sub-committee to consider the matter. This sub-committee did consider the matter, with the result that they invited Miss Cobbe to attend their meeting a few days later, when their chairman asked if she herself could not undertake to get a Bill into Parliament for the object she and her friends desired? She left the place hurt and disappointed.

At this stage there appeared in the *Morning Post* (on the 2nd February, 1875), the well-known letter from Dr. George Hoggan, in which he described what took place inside a physiological laboratory, from his own knowledge. Miss Cobbe and he had met already, and soon met again, and that frequently, discussing and advising with each other. It soon became evident that a Bill, if it were to be introduced, would not be promoted by the R.S.P.C.A., and at the instance of Miss Cobbe and Sir W. Hart-Dyke a Bill was prepared for "Regulating the Practice of Vivisection," and introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Henniker. This was on the 4th of May, 1875; and on the 12th May another Bill was presented by Lord (then Sir Lyon) Playfair, understood to be promoted by the physiologists themselves, to the House of Commons. Then it was that the Government issued the Royal Commission, which resulted in the passing of the Act at present in force. It was in the autumn of this year, while the Royal Commission was still sitting, that Miss Cobbe and Dr. Hoggan founded the Victoria Street Society. At first the object was "to obtain the utmost possible protection for vivisectible animals." Barely a year had elapsed, however—the Act having in the meantime been passed—before it was decided to advance the demand for total prohibition. This led to the retirement of several members of the Committee.

Photo by Jerrard, [*107, Regent Street, W.*
MR. BENJN. BRYAN.

As Miss Cobbe wrote in her memorial record of the great Earl of Shaftesbury, ten years ago, that distinguished man "never joined the Victoria Street Society; it was the Society which joined Lord Shaftesbury." He was, in fact, the first person to communicate with Miss Cobbe, which he did at once by telegraph, on being consulted, approving of the formation of a society. He also wrote a letter, in which he foreshadowed the change of aim above noted. "Prohibition, I doubt not," he wrote, "would be evaded; but restriction will, I am certain, be exceeded. Not but that a little is better than nothing. But you will find many who will think, with much show of reason, that by surrendering the principle you surrender the great argument." The Society has never surrendered the principle again—it is most unlikely that it ever will. Lord Shaftesbury, as long as he lived, led the way in seeing that principle advocated and promoted.

The Society having been duly formed, the Executive Committee resolved to endeavour to influence the then existing Conservative Government to proceed to legislate on the lines recommended by the Royal Commission. An influential deputation was organized, which, headed by Lord Shaftesbury, waited on Mr. (now Lord) Cross, the Home Secretary, on the 20th of March, 1876. They were received in a very friendly spirit, and the representatives

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of the Society were asked to frame suggestions for a Bill. This was done, and the Bill was introduced by Lord Carnarvon in the House of Lords, where the second reading was fixed for the 22nd of May. This stage was passed, and the measure was spoken of next morning in the leading journal, and in most of the other daily newspapers, with an amount of approval, which, we regret to say, no similar Bill would now obtain. It seemed as if all were going well, but the medical profession, hitherto quiescent, organized a memorial to the Home Secretary, signed by 3,000 of their number, and sent a large party—variously estimated at 300 to 800—to present it. These men swarmed round the Home Office and its purlieus, and Mr. Cross was overawed. Thus the Bill, instead of forbidding all experiments without anæsthetics, finally took the shape in which it now stands, so that under it, with the friendly inspectors hitherto appointed, almost any experiment a vivisector can plan may be carried out upon any animal, and in any numbers.

The Committee did not allow much time to elapse before taking further action. The law as it stands was passed in 1876. In the Session of 1877 Mr. Holt brought in a Bill for the total prohibition of vivisection, and the Victoria Street Society, whose objects had by that time been brought into harmony with the principle of the Bill, gave it their cordial and strenuous support. The Bill came on for the second reading debate on the 2nd of May, when, on a division, there were 83 votes in its favour, and 222 against it. It was introduced again in 1880, but its progress was stopped by the dissolution. After that the Society framed a Bill of its own, which was introduced successively by Sir Eardley Wilmot and Mr. (now Sir) Robert T. Reid. The last debate was in 1883, when it was talked out by an opponent. Debates and divisions have since taken place from time to time on the vote for the Inspector's salary, but the Bill—though still alive—has not been introduced of late years, no member having been found willing to undertake the labour which its conduct through Parliament would involve.

In 1878 the title of the Society, which had up to then been the "Society for the Protection of Animals liable to Vivisection," was altered and improved by the replacement of the words "liable to" by "from," and thus it has remained. Even earlier than this, the strong feeling against vivisection had pervaded other hearts and moved their possessors to organize. Thus it happened that by this time there were two other Anti-vivisection Societies in London, besides Mr. Jesse's Society at Macclesfield, all working for total prohibition; and though of course various small difficulties and rivalries cropped up in the course of time, yet practically all helped each other and the cause. Eventually the International Society (founded June 21st, 1876), of which Mr. and Mrs. Adlam were the spirited leaders, coalesced with ours and added to our Committee several of its most valuable members, including our present much respected Chairman, Mr. Ernest Bell. The London Anti-vivisection Society (founded June 10th, 1876), though many efforts have been made to that end, has never consented to amalgamation, but has done a great work of its own for which we have all reason to hold it in honour.

COMMITTEE ROOM (LOOKING WEST).

Up to the middle of the year 1881 the Anti-vivisection Movement was without a special organ, the need of which was much felt. An important event in the

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history of the Society was the founding of the *Zoophilist* as a monthly periodical, the first issue appearing in May, 1881. Mr. Adams, the then Secretary, was the first Editor, and since his retirement it has been carried on by myself, who succeeded him in the secretarial office. For a time, also, a French version of the *Zoophilist*, *Le Zoophile*, projected and edited by Miss Cobbe, was produced at the London office, and circulated in Paris and other places for the benefit of our French-speaking friends abroad.

COMMITTEE ROOM (LOOKING EAST).

In this present month of November the Society will attain the twentieth year of its age. During its existence advantage has been taken from time to time of every occasion that presented itself to forward its aims and advance a step nearer to the attainment of the object in view. The Committee, though often varied in its *personnel*, has never wavered in its devotion to the principles involved or in strenuous effort to realize their triumph. The Society has also had among its supporters in other capacities—notably its first and only active president, Lord Shaftesbury; its vice-presidents, Lord Coleridge (the late Lord Chief Justice of England), Lord Mount Temple, Mr. Frank Morrison, each of whom in turn lent his house for its annual meeting in former years—most willing helpers, whose mental and material gifts were always at its disposal for the furtherance of the cause. The loyal support of the great body of subscribing members also calls for grateful mention.

On its first foundation, the Society took possession of the offices at 20 (then No. 1) Victoria Street, and there its Committee meet and its officers and staff labour to-day in aid of the great object which the Founders set before themselves at the outset.

The offices of the Victoria Street Society may be said to be redolent with memories. Here Miss Cobbe spent many years of her life, sparing neither her time nor her talents nor her private means, in placing on a firm foundation the success of this Society and its cause. Amongst those who, by their counsel and occasional presence, rendered her yeoman services may be mentioned Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, and several members of his family, Cardinal Manning, and many other notable and influential personages. The walls are decorated with their photographs, to many of which autographs are appended. From over the clock a beautiful portrait of Lord Tennyson (a strong sympathizer with the Society) looks down on the Committee, and immediately under the dial is one of Lord Shaftesbury. Cardinal Manning is on the wall close at hand, while the features of John Ruskin, Carlyle, Robert Browning, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, Canon Basil Wilberforce, the Marquis of Bute, Bishop Barry, the Duke of Portland, Dean Stanley, Miss Cobbe, Dr. C. Bell Taylor, Dr. Berdoe, and a number of European and American co-workers are to be seen in different parts of the room. *Vanity Fair's* cartoon representing Colonel Lockwood, M.P., finds a place in the lefthand corner of the western end. Animal studies, and portraits of the leading British and foreign vivisectors, with a valuable medical and scientific library, and panel boards (over the mantel-piece) containing a list of benefactors, (by large donations and legacies to the Society), give a business-like air to the room.

Next month a biography of Miss Cobbe, with a portrait of herself and a view of her home, will be given.

[The photographs, reduced, are by Jerrard, 107, Regent Street, London, W.]

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Magpies in London Parks.

THE one magpie in St. James's Park, London, attracted the attention of passers-by early last month, and was to be seen day by day perched among the fast dwindling foliage of the trees, or searching for food on the patches of enclosed turf. It is just three years ago (says the *Daily News*) since he made his escape from his wicker cage in the house of a gentleman in Hanover-square and adopted the sensible course of making straight for this much frequented but still perfectly safe asylum. To trap him would not be easy, nor is there any desire to do so, though his former owner makes frequent visits to his pet to bring him dainties of which he is known to be fond. Twice an attempt has been made to provide him with a mate, but the mates quickly absconded; for it is a noteworthy fact that although magpies are common enough in the pleasure gardens of the suburbs of Paris, and have even been seen sometimes in the heart of the City, all direct efforts to induce them to take up their abode in a natural state in St. James's Park have hitherto failed. More success attended the attempt to keep a couple of magpies in the shrubberies on one of the islands of the ornamental water, after "winging," or clipping the feathers of one wing; but one of these disappeared some time since, and the other was drowned last winter in a sudden break-up of the ice. As the "winged" magpies maintained friendly relations with their unclipped companion, it was hoped that the Park magpies would breed, and last season a magpie's nest was actually discovered in one of the shrubberies with three eggs in it. No bird, however, was seen to sit upon them, and unhappily nothing came of this fair promise of a race of native Park magpies. Mr. E. N. Buxton writes from Knighton, Buckhurst-hill, Essex: "If not in London, within a short distance of it there is some prospect of this beautiful but much-pestered bird becoming more common, although in many parts of the southern counties it is already practically extinct. The Epping Forest authorities and the adjoining landowners have combined to give it protection, along with some other dwindling species, such as the family of hawks and of owls, over an area of about 20,000 acres. This ordinance resulted in several nests of magpies, successfully incubated during last spring, one of them not more than six miles from the Bank of England (situated in the heart of the City). It may therefore be hoped that the widowed magpie in St. James's Park may yet obtain a mate."

THE MAGPIE.

THE ORIOLE.

Overheard in a Sunday-School.

JOHNNIE: "I say, Miss Jones, I know now why you didn't want me to rob birds' nests last Spring."

Miss Jones (with an oriole in her hat): "Why was it, Johnnie?"

Johnnie (gazing with admiring eyes at the hat): "'Cause you wanted the birds to grow big enough to wear 'em."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

In Church.

JUST in front of my pew sits a maiden—
A little brown wing on her hat,
With its touches of tropical azure,
And sheen of the sun upon that.
Through the bloom-coloured pane shines a glory
By which the vast shadows are stirred,
But I pine for the spirit and splendour
That painted the wing of the bird.

The organ rolls down its great anthem;
With the soul of a song it is blent;
But for me, I am sick for the singing
Of one little song that is spent.
The voice of the curate is gentle,
"No sparrow shall fall to the ground;"
But the poor broken wing on the bonnet
Is mocking the merciful sound.

Our Sunday Afternoon.

SWEARING.—A profane coachman, pointing to one of his horses, said to a traveller: "That horse, sir, knows when I swear at him."

"Yes," replied the traveller, "and so does *his Maker.*"

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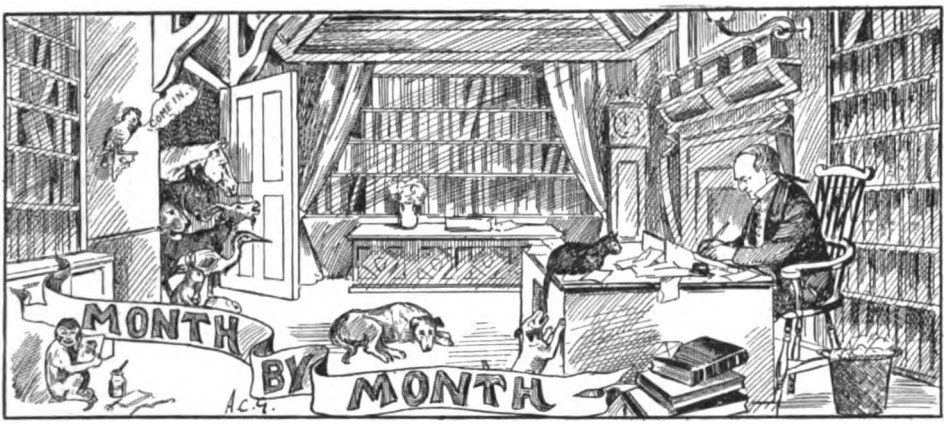

OUR first Bound Volume has been most enthusiastically received. From Miss Frances Power Cobbe, Ouida, Miss Edith Carrington, Mrs. Fredk. Pirkis, Mrs. Suckling, Surgeon-Gen. Gordon, Surgeon-Gen. Thornton, Dr. Berdoe, and many others bearing names known and honoured for long service in the cause of the dumb animals, have come warm tributes of praise, the most gratifying feature—far and beyond merely personal considerations—being the emphasis laid on its value as an educational medium.

The Press has scarcely had time to review it yet, but a few publications of considerable importance and influence have readily said a good word. For instance, the *Spectator* (edited by so genuine a Zoophilist as Mr. A. Holt Hutton) said of our magazine in its issue of October 12th, "We wish it prosperity with all our heart"; and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., the eloquent and distinguished Methodist divine and editor of the *Methodist Times*, thus expresses himself in the issue of October 10th of that able religious journal:—"We strongly urge parents to purchase copies of the periodical for their children, and to make a good beginning by purchasing the first volume, now issued in a separate form. . . . There are many beautiful articles calculated to induce children to learn from their very childhood to treat animals around them with kindness, a form of Christianity which greatly reacts upon their own happiness and culture." We suspect our most zealous and generous supporter, Mrs. Paisley, of Helensburgh, N.B., of sending a "Bound Volume" to, and obtaining a review in the pages of the *Helensburgh and Garcloch Times* of October 9th. We must express our most grateful thanks to Mrs. Paisley and the Editor, the latter of whom says the *Animals' Friend* is "a bright and illustrated monthly," and that "the volume is handsomely got up, beautifully illustrated, and the articles all by well-known writers."

At the Free Libraries.

WE suggest to our friends and supporters, and all interested in the promotion of the cult of kindness to animals, a splendid method of helping the Cause. There are over three hundred Free Libraries throughout the United Kingdom. Every one of these ought to have one of our Bound Volumes. We cannot afford to do this ourselves, but our friends might do it individually. For instance, Surgeon-General Thornton has presented a copy to North Kensington Free Library; Miss S. S. Monro has given one to Hampstead Free Library; Mrs. Suckling one to West Ham Free Library; and "A Friend" one to Wandsworth Free Library. There are Free Libraries in towns, Parish Libraries in the country, Mechanics' Institutes, etc., etc., all over the kingdom wanting these volumes. As an educational medium they are of considerable importance, as we know by inquiries resulting from our sending the monthly number out free every month to over three hundred of these institutions. But it is important that the Bound Volume should take its place permanently on the shelves, and appear in the index amongst books to be consulted or lent out. Will our friends help? If they will send us 2s. 10½d. we will select a library for the gift, and the name of the donor and the library shall appear in our next issue; or our friends may have the book and send it themselves. Many sympathizers are buying the volume as a gift to their young friends. The gift season and the school prize season are upon us

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the birthday season is always with us. Pardon us, but what nicer gift can you offer than our Bound Volume?

The Never-Ending Budget.

THIS is no sly reference to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's annual financial statement—with its tale of surplus or deficit, of expanding revenue and ever-expanding taxes. There is a dull sameness to record about our monthly budget—an expenditure which always betrays an aggravating propensity to largely overlap the revenue, and a deficit whose chief merit (or demerit ?) is its regularity, in which it vies with the moons. How disgusting it is, when engaged in a cause which has its spiritual, as well as its naturalistic side, to have to descend to the sordid region of ways and means, a dull expanse of sober grey with a background that looms black. Our friends who dwell in snug security and comfort, and who, when they get their *Animals' Friend* every month, murmur to themselves, as they write to us full frequently—"What a sweet number! "—may well bear in mind that what costs them a modest penny to purchase, costs the promoters of this magazine at least three-halfpence to produce. If this confidential communication should prompt a desire to help the magazine, well—there is our Illustrations' and Sustentation Fund, which sadly needs replenishing, and we are desirous of publishing another list of donations to it. *Six thousand free copies* of this magazine were sent out by post at the proprietors' expense during September and October; five thousand are to be sent during November, and the same number in December. Now, all this burden ought not to fall on our shoulders. Will some of our friends and sympathisers help us to bear it? The smallest donation will be gratefully acknowledged.

"Go on and prosper." "Bravo! bravo! you are doing splendid work," are among the kindly and flattering things said to us during the past month. Well, we hope we are. But many of our readers are in a position to do more than they do to make that work prosper. When a bear intruded his unwelcome presence on a backwood's farmer and his wife, the former, with sprightly steps, danced up the ladder which led from a primitive kitchen to the sleeping apartment above, and from that point of vantage he dropped words of advice to his wife below, who was keeping the bear at bay with a cottage broom, and bade her still keep fighting. Some of our friends, whilst not exactly running away, stand by and help us—with *words* of encouragement. Here! don't leave us to do all the fighting. It's a stirring spectacle, no doubt; but it's hard work, and we are spending, and being spent! Come over and help us! We want in future to circulate ten thousand free copies each month.

A Different Sort of Budget.

ANOTHER Budget of quite a different kind is that which the post brings during the month—a Budget of cruelty from all parts and of all kinds. At the risk of harrowing the souls of our readers we print Mrs. Adlam's awful letter in another page. Our Paris correspondent, dating from the famous watering-place, Dieppe, gives some distressing information about the cruelty to horses there; our Stuttgart correspondent lets in the light on the method of fattening geese; a lady visitor to Egypt informs us of sickening brutality to horses in Egypt; another correspondent writes of thoughtless suffering inflicted on dogs at Harrogate; and news has reached us of callous operations at Alfort Veterinary School, where students practise extensive operations on horses and other animals *not* under the influence of anæsthetics. The deadening influence to all the sweeter and kindlier feelings of such a training cannot fail to have most deleterious effects on the characters of those who operate and direct. The time is coming, it is to be hoped, when not only acts of cruelty, but the state of mind which induces them, will be altogether things of the past, and regarded as the products of an age which had but slowly emerged from rank barbarism. Our readers will understand from a perusal of our pages how very necessary is the work in which we, and kindred journals, are engaged, and if the Spirit of Mercy should touch their hearts it may perchance touch their pockets also, and induce them to share a burden which at present falls so heavily on a comparatively small number of humane persons.

Miss Cobbe and the Jesuits.

IMMENSE interest has been aroused in Roman Catholic circles generally by the contest about the Rights of Animals which, originally raised in the *Spectator* and other papers by Miss Cobbe and Dr. Berdoe, has since been carried to the Monthly Magazines. We had some notes on the subject last month, and we there expressed the conviction that the Rev. G. Tyrrell,

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Father Rickaby, and others of the Jesuit Order would not carry with them the assent of the better-disposed and humane laity of their church in their declaration that animals had no rights and man had no duties towards them. We understand that Miss Cobbe and Dr. Berdoe have both received many sympathetic and encouraging letters from Roman Catholics refusing to accept the *dicta* of Messrs. Rickaby and Tyrrell. Miss Cobbe's replyin the *Contemporary Review* to the Rev. G. Tyrrell completely pulverizes him; in fact, on all hands, we hear nothing but expressions of the keenest enjoyment and satisfaction at the awful castigation that personage received, and it is to be hoped Miss Cobbe will be able to reprint the article and circulate it in tens of thousands. When the Jesuits avowed their teaching on the question in dispute they speculatively sowed the wind; they are now reaping the whirlwind.

They complacently set forth what was practically a condonation of cruelty, and they are finding out that the British people have nothing but contempt for a "philosophy" which spells tyranny and cowardice. We hope they like the mess in which they have landed themselves. They asked for it, and they got it. Meanwhile we trust all our readers have perused or will carefully peruse Miss Cobbe's article entitled "Zoophily" in the October number of the *Contemporary Review*.

It is not surprising to hear that that eminent Jew, Mr. Ernest Abraham Hart, editor of the *British Medical Journal*, has expressed in its pages a fulsome adulation of the views of Messrs. Rickaby and Tyrrell. We doubt, however, whether Mr. Ernest Hart carries with him, in his anti-humane views, the vast majority of British medical men, who are neither Jews nor Roman Catholics, and we doubt his right to express in a non-Jewish and non-Catholic journal the peculiar views which, we are told, are at the very base of the philosophy of those particular faiths.

The Late Dr. Fox.

MISS MILLICENT F. FOX writes a letter of thanks for our expression of sympathy with her mother and herself in their sad and sudden bereavement, and adds:—

"My father was not well when he wrote the article you asked for, but he took the greatest interest in the welfare of dumb animals, and was keenly enthusiastic against the practice of vivisection. I like to feel that almost his last effort was on behalf of dumb animals—he was so devoted to his own pets, and it was most touching to find that their devotion had discovered the dark secret we tried to keep from them, for both the dog and the cat had crept under the coffin on the day of the funeral (they slipped into the room unobserved) and were with the greatest difficulty removed. I tell you this to show you how his precepts in the interests of dumb animals were obviously carried out in everyday life."

The Humanitarian League.

THE first of a series of addresses on "The Rights of Men and the Rights of Animals" was given in the Memorial Hall, London, on October 15th, by Mr. J. C. Kenworthy, the friend and disciple of Tolstoi. The title was, "The Humanitarian View—Social Conditions and the Treatment of Animals." Mrs. C. Mallet was in the chair. The lecturer showed that we must first consider the treatment of man by man, as the proper treatment of animals depended on humane social conditions. The next lecture will be by Mr. J. Oldfield, M.A., B.C.L., on "The Scientific View," on November 19th, at 8 p.m., when Mrs. Massingberd, President of the Pioneer Club, will take the Chair. The Rev. Canon Wilberforce and Mr. Frederic Harrison will take part in subsequent meetings.

The West London S.P.C.A.

ANNOUNCES a Grand Concert at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on Nov. 23rd., under the direction of Mr. Oscar Berry and Mr. Henry Holton, in aid of the building fund for enlarging the CAT'S HOME in College Park. It will be under the patronage of the Duchess of Bedford, Marchioness of Drogheda, Marquis of Donegall, Countess of Munster, Lady Tichborne, Lady Birkbeck, the Hon. Mrs. Sydney Hylton Joliffe, Sir Albert Kaye Rollit, M.P., etc.; and the artistes who have kindly consented to take part include Miss Florence Lenton, Miss von Muhlmann, Miss Noona Macquoid, Miss Jessie McLaren (*Violin*), Miss Marguerite Swale (*Pianoforte*), and Miss Annie Wilson; Mr. Hayden Coffin, Mr. George S. Aspinall, Mr. Oscar Berry (*Recitation with Music*), Mr. Musgrove Tufnail, Mr. J. Morley.

Miscellaneous.

The Humanitarian League has unearthed from Hansard a strong speech delivered in the House of Commons some years ago by the late Lord Randolph Churchill against the cruelties of pigeon-shooting. We hope to quote it soon.

"The Yarn-Spinners' Club" will appear every other month—the next instalment in December. Stories for this section must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer for publication, and all communications for publication *must be written on one side of the paper only*. We have had a number of instances lately of this rule being broken; neglect to comply with it in future will result in the refusal of the MS.

Mrs. Howey, Mill Bank, Cradley, Malvern, collects foreign stamps for sale for the benefit of Societies which protect animals from cruelty. Any of our readers who can assist her should send along without loss of time.

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Barbarous Treatment of Animals in Winter Resorts.

"Sport of Demons" at the Canaries.

To the Editor of "The Animals' Friend."

Sir,—As the season for visiting the sunny South is fast approaching, may I ask the favour of your inserting in your columns an earnest appeal to my countrymen and women to discourage, by precept and example, the great cruelty practised by those among whom they sojourn, and, alas! too often condoned by their presence at demoralizing spectacles, or their silence at acts of street brutality.

If the English and American residents and visitors would lift up the standard of mercy boldly and persistently great good would be effected, inasmuch as the natives would see it was their interest to conform to the wishes of those from whom they derive such benefit—they would be shamed by degrees out of their uncivilized practices, and would be unable to plead, as at present, that foreigners not only adopt their manners and customs, but are equally oblivious of dumb suffering!

In no country are the poor victims of man's abuse and cupidity (the draught animals) worse treated than in the Canary Islands, as I think all must allow who read the following extracts from the pen of one who has witnessed what is described, and who is well acquainted with the Spanish character:—

> "During the last ten weeks (July, 1895) there have been eight bull-fights, a veritable 'Slaughter of the Innocents,' and more are shortly to follow. The last novelty introduced by the so-called cultured Spaniard is a troup of juvenile stabbers—boys from 11 to 15 years of age. They are treated as heroes, idolized and worshipped. Calves are furnished them to commence with—their cruelty is deemed bravery, and they are considered worthy neophytes in a spectacle denominated 'Our National Art.'
>
> "On one occasion when a bull refused to fight in the Arena, its eyes were cut out, and it was stabbed to death.
>
> "The people pour out of these dens of torture on Sundays, drunk with the sight of blood and the bad wine sold in them, the highest and the lowest alike boasting of the 'bravery' they have witnessed.
>
> "On the following day the poor dead horses, which 'have furnished a summer holiday,' are dragged through the streets, quite uncovered, with splintered ribs, and protruding bowels—a horrible sight—for the delectation of the people. They are then thrown into a barge, taken out to sea, and cast overboard.
>
> "The bulls are sold for meat, the rabble quarrel and fight for the chance of buying it, the Matadors being there in their gorgeous array to increase the excitement by acting as salesmen. These men are a most ruffianly class, and apparently without one redeeming feature; cruelty has set its stamp upon them, and yet they are considered heroes. The regimental band serenades them on their arrival, soldiers, civilians, and clergy form an escort to welcome and conduct them to their hotel; and it is thought a fine thing for those who call themselves 'gentlemen' to ape these cut-throats in dress and manners!
>
> "The proper fate of a horse, according to Spanish ideas, is to be ridden blind-fold against the horns of a bull; but there is yet another way to end his sad life: when he is no longer able to eat the coarse straw and stubble on which he is generally fed, no more work to be wrung out of his aching limbs, blinded by blows, bleeding, and helpless, he is dragged to the edge of a Baranco (precipice) *and backed off alive!* happy if killed by the fall, but more often left to die slowly of wounds, thirst, and starvation!

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"As I have said the bull-fights generally take place on a Sunday, but the natives have other pastimes for the day. The cock-pits which are in close proximity to the Roman Catholic churches are in full weekly swing, and are patronized by the clergy and all classes.

"Another amusement for the sacred day consists of harnessing a team of oxen to a light cart, forcing them down a narrow road (a perfect *cul de sac*) by as many men as can find room to run on either side, urging them to madness by steel-pointed goads, till they dash against a dead wall at the end, to fall with broken limbs, bruised, battered, and bleeding, a writhing mass of agony!

"The finale to the scene is their slaughter for the delight of spectators!

"Passengers in the steamers which touch at Teneriffe are naturally anxious to see as much as they can during their short stay, but they are too often regardless of the suffering of horses, etc., by which their pleasure is obtained.

"On such occasions, to increase the speed of the public conveyances, an extra man takes his place beside the driver, in order to add his blows to the unfortunate animals throughout the journey. If they fall, as is often the case, by being driven furiously with a heavy load down hill, no attempt is made to loosen the harness, or help them to rise, but both drivers unite to belabour them till they stagger to their feet, stunned and often broken-kneed.

"In the Canaries it is thought cowardly to show mercy or pity to any animal; there are even women (who boast of their blue blood) who encourage cruelty in their children and families, and who seem to think it a part of their religion to ill-treat every dumb creature."

Unfortunately no law for the protection of animals exists in Spain, or her colonies; still, something may be done to lessen the cruelty, as has been proved, by *shaming* the people, by showing them how detestable their practices are in the eyes of other nations, and, perhaps, still more by teaching them it is to their *interest* to treat humanely the creatures to whom they owe so much.

I fear to trespass further on your space, but I trust I have said enough to rouse my countrymen and Americans to make a vigorous effort to check cruelty wherever they may pitch their tent, and to inaugurate a more humane civilization.

I will only add, that, should any of your readers wish to co-operate with me in the matter, I shall be delighted to hear from them and afford them any information in my power.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

(Mrs.) S. Harford Adlam.

The Manor House, Chew Magna, Somerset.
October, 1895.

Alas! for the Sea-Gull.

IT was a beautiful day, warm and bright, with a deep blue sky, and soft fleecy clouds floating overhead, while the stately hills looked down on the calm waters of the Clyde like guardian angels. Some sportsmen had been shooting on the shore, and they were tired and angry, as they had shot hardly any birds, and they had also walked a long way. They sat down on a rock to rest, but soon one of them espied a beautiful white gull flying over the still waters. He did not want the bird, and he knew that if he did shoot it it would fall into the water, but that did not matter to him, and he raised his gun, aimed at the happy gull, and fired. There was a cry, and the bird fell into the water. For a moment it lay there still and panting, and then slowly swam away, while one of the sportsmen turned and said to his friend who had shot at the bird, "A bad shot that, mate; you should have killed it." Out, far out, swam the bird, away towards the blue Atlantic, till it looked like a small silver speck on the dazzling waters. But night came on and the light fled in a glorious sunset. The moon rose, and the stars sparkled and quivered in the purple heavens. A broad pathway of silver was laid by the moon across the ocean, and into the clear light sailed a bird.

It lifted its head to the sky, its eyes were dull and full of pain, while one wing lay on the water by its side, useless and stained with blood. No other bird was near, only the noise of heaving waters broke the silence, and there alone in the calm light of the moon, with no one near to watch its sufferings, the beautiful gull dropped its head and died.

Emily Jenkinson.

The Manse, Tunellan, May 12th, 1895.

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To Consumers of "Pate de Foie-gras."

[From our Correspondent.]

Stuttgart, October.

IT is, unhappily, still the custom in Germany to stuff geese in a very cruel way in order to obtain enormous livers for pies, which are then sold at a great price. It is true a majority of the people are averse to this, but it has not yet been prohibited by law. The following fact may serve as an illustration of what these poor animals undergo when pent up for weeks in their narrow coops, where they have not even room to turn round, and where they never get a drop of water. A woman here used to stuff geese; last year she lost a child by diphtheria, it suffered greatly, and died of suffocation. She afterwards vowed never to stuff geese again, as she could not bear to see them gasping for breath, it would remind her too forcibly of her child. She thought the little one's sufferings were a punishment sent for her cruelty to the helpless geese! This horrid work goes on, more or less secretly, in parts of this town from the month of October until Christmas, and the sight of flocks of white geese driven through the streets, far away from their happy country commons, to be pent up here, saddens the heart of many a merciful inhabitant. Protests are, however, being made.

At a dog show held here a week ago, at a very large "Volks Fest," the muzzling of the performing dogs was atrocious. I threatened the people to make it known. The poor creatures could scarcely breathe through their noses or mouths.

The Dark Side of Dieppe.

Dieppe, September 1st.

AT Dieppe, not a hundred yards from the Casino, the resort of fashion, gaiety, idleness and pleasure, men, women and children painfully earn their bread by picking flint boulders from the shore, and carrying them in baskets on their backs to the foot of the cliff. There they are sorted, and sent, many of them, to England to make porcelain. Poor, miserable-looking horses are also employed for these stones, and for the sand. Their condition is truly lamentable! Laden with wet sand, which is placed in wooden paniers on their backs, their legs trembling beneath the weight, they struggle up the shingly beach.

On the Shore at Dieppe.

From a Photo by [*our Correspondent.*

I spoke to the woman who unlades them whilst I brushed a bevy of flies from a large wound on the back of one, and asked her how it was the horses were in such a sorry condition. She answered, "The master must make money for himself before he thinks of others."

The culminating point in the season at Dieppe is the race week. The pretty green on the sea front is disfigured by the cruel sport of pigeon-shooting. The birds are sent in low wicker hampers from Belgium. One of the daily papers, printed for the visitors, speaks of the match as follows:—"It is excellent from a sporting point of view, and highly to be praised from a

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benevolent aspect, since the promoters, putting aside all idea of speculation, have decided to give all the dead birds to the hospitals and to the '*petites sœurs des pauvres.*'" This is one way of looking at the question. The other way is to contemplate a wounded bird, still able to fly, pursued by all the *gamins* of the place until it falls; then there is a scramble, and the bird is most likely torn to pieces in the struggle to get it. Apart from the cruelty, we have the lamentable example set to the children, who wait round the enclosure ready to pursue wounded birds who fly away. Sometimes the poor things alight on the verandahs of houses, there to languish until death releases them. I saw one escape with both legs broken. When the pigeons do not rise, on release from the baskets, large balls are thrown at them to make them fly; and happy are those that are shot dead immediately.

Ladies and gentlemen leave the enclosure, no doubt highly satisfied; for are not the dead birds given to the poor!.

Cruelty to Horses in Germany.

[From our Correspondent.]

Leipzig, September.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals sent the following expostulation to the daily local papers regarding the recent ride from Dresden to Leipzig:—

"Your reporters have ignored one important fact, namely, the condition the horses were in on arriving at the goal, although the spectators expressed their disgust in very decided terms; the poor creatures were covered with weals and were in the last state of exhaustion, but, notwithstanding, some of the riders belaboured the poor wretches' sides in order to pass the barrier with flying colours. One officer had been so considerate as to relieve his tired beast by dismounting before reaching the goal, and appeared on the scene leading his horse by the bridle. Such experiments can only be classed under the head of cruelty to animals, and ought to be forbidden in 'military quarters.'"

The S.P.C.A. receives daily remonstrances from competent quarters regarding the absurd and totally wrong view held by many ignorant people, "that it is a mistake to give horses a drink before feeding them, after a hard day's work in the hot weather"; the real fact being that the horse has already lost much water in the shape of perspiration, and secondly in the shape of segregation of the saliva, at the rate of forty chilogramm (German kilogramm); he cannot therefore digest this dry fodder, and soon loses his appetite and grows thin. He must not, of course, have ice-cold water to drink when he is overheated, but the water must be warmed by contact with the air, and a handful of bran be mixed with it. Some farmers and vets. are making experiments in this line, and the results are in favour of giving a drink before feeding.

[Letters from our Natal and Dunkerque correspondents are unavoidably held over until next month.—Ed. *A. F.*]

The Arguments by which Sport is Defended.

"CRUEL SPORTS" are often vigorously condemned as a violation of man's lawful authority over the animal world, and also as degrading to man himself. But *all* sport which in any way gives pain to living creatures is felt to be, somehow, wrong by not a few tender hearts, and it is, therefore, right that the arguments by which sport is defended should be enumerated and examined so that the "would-be-righteous" may be drawn to consider how far anyone is justified in obtaining pleasure from that which causes so much pain and death. If it can be shown to be indefensible, as I believe it can if the crime of cruelty be fully acknowledged, then it is high time for a protest, and all silence becomes a sin. The argument most commonly put forward to justify sport is that if the birds and animals were not killed the whole country would be over-run with pests. That this excuse has no weight can be easily shown, for it is one thing to be compelled to destroy animals because they are pests, it is quite another thing to *take pleasure* in killing game which is not likely to become a pest, but on the contrary has to be preserved with the greatest care! Foxes do harm to the farmer, but woe betide the man who is caught killing the great pillager of his hen-roost!

Another argument is that the animals killed are wanted for food. But even if happy and harmless lives may be brought to a painful end to give mankind the pleasure of eating some particular kinds of food, this is still a lame excuse, for sport unfortunately is not restricted to animals which are good for food. Otter and fox-hunting are both common in certain parts of the Island, and is it for the sake of improving the venison that tame deer are turned loose and chased? What disappointment is felt when the fish that is hooked allows itself to be tamely drawn ashore without play! And what high prices are paid for shooting in proportion to the market value of game as food!

A third argument is the assumption that sport has a good effect on character. If it is good for anyone to have all natural feelings of tenderness, love, and mercy discouraged and violated, than this may be so; but Christianity teaches a very different thing, to go about and do good, not harm; to take pleasure in causing

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happiness, not misery, is what is required of every man and woman. The physical and anatomical difference between mankind and many of the larger animals is so very slight that the sufferings of the animal world can never be looked upon with indifference. Love, mercy, and kindness are besought in many ways, nor may they always be denied, for there is no reason to suppose that these required virtues are to be exercised on human beings only.

Again, it is urged that sport does not cause the pain some people imagine, because animals have not such a sensitive nature as we have. This plea has, perhaps, a little truth in it, and there is no doubt that the lives of animals are generally very happy ones; but the amount of pain caused by the sportsman is, I think, more probably, far greater than ever imagined, and it is hard for us, with our hospitals and medical assistance always at hand, to realize the dreadful suffering endured by animals that have been injured and have escaped,—perhaps only to die after long hours of agony from inflamed wounds and the awful thirst caused by them.

These four arguments I have mentioned are, I believe, the principal ones, and my answers to them have, I hope, shown how entirely they fail to defend sport. They are also, I believe, the only reason for many good but inconsistent people drawing a line between, say, pigeon shooting and pheasant shooting. They rightly consider that it is wrong and cruel for the very lowest of the nation to shoot at pigeons, as they are made to fly up and run the gauntlet, with death or a wound pretty certain to follow; but they are made to believe that there is nothing wrong when their respectable friends shoot at the pheasants or partridges which are also made to fly up with just the same result!

E. MILLARD.

Costock Rectory.

School Pets.

BY A SCHOOLMISTRESS.

NOT a hundred miles from London stands a sweet rose-covered schoolhouse where the children of the pretty village assemble daily to learn the lessons which are to aid them in fighting in the future, some at least of the battles of life. Perhaps, too, they learn more than the dull prosaic routine which mere orthodox school work prescribes.

If on any day you were to enter that little domicile, you would find overhead a pair of the happiest swallows in the world, busy building a cosy nest in the beams. Every now and then the swiftly-darting little visitants (or rather tenants, for this is the second year of residence) will pause and rest on one of the beams only a short distance from the delighted children, and pour forth such a song of liquid melody, such a succession of delightful trills that one must almost hold one's breath to listen. If by chance the windows are closed, and the pretty creatures are debarred exit or ingress, their wants are soon made manifest by a tap on the pane, and an appeal—"Please, Governess, the swallows can't get in"—from one of the children. And so they will go on all the summer through, or until are seen careering round and round the room a happy family of Misses or Masters Swallow, who will be sure to give their parents plenty of exercise in the method of teaching them to fly.

Nor is this all. Bring your eyes to more rrestrial regions and you will see, lying estically at full length, a beautiful black . tan Scotch Collie (with the suggestive me of "Tiger"), the dearest pet and playmate of all the children. See how carefully they step over him so as not in any way to disturb the "sleeping beauty." Not a hair of his beloved head would they hurt; on the contrary, he has always a standing invitation to dinner at all times and seasons. The noble creature, in return, is equally fond of them; and although he belongs to a neighbouring farm, and has a comfortable home, he seems happiest with the children in school, and woe betide the unlucky wight who by design or accident lifted hand against him.

What a brightening of eyes takes place when (should the door be left ajar) he stalks placidly in, with every expectation of a welcome, vibrating his bushy tail. "Here's Tiger!" is heard from some irrepressible juvenile voice, and hands involuntarily stretch out to smooth his glossy head.

In the same school, not many days ago, the two elder boys eagerly walked a quarter of a mile to take back a dear little tomtit that had tumbled out of the parent nest, and had been picked up and brought tenderly to school by a little fellow—*as a present to teacher.*

Yes! we may hope that these little children, with their lessons, are learning something more than the bare, dry facts of mechanical knowledge, something that will, if practically carried out in after life, return a hundredfold—a love and kindness to dumb creatures, which, once assimilated, will never be lost, and which will, by God's blessing, bear fruit in many ways.

"WHITE LILAC."

May, 1895.

HUMBOLDT once saw in South America a parrot which was the only living creature that could speak the language of a lost tribe.—*Darwin's Descent of Man.*

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CRUEL GAMES IN EGYPT.

I AM anxious to know if anything could be done to influence Lord Cromer and other important officers in Egypt to put a stop to the cruel games called "Fantasias," in which many horses are fatally injured? I promised the Honourable Mrs. Gladstone, who witnessed these cruel sports, and told me about them, to take some steps in the matter. We were staying at Luxor last winter when they took place. The natives, who rode their beautiful Arab horses, wore long, sharp knives at the back of their boots instead of spurs, and cut into the sides, and under the horses till blood streamed into the sand. It is not uncommon for horses to die of loss of blood under this torture. They also take them along at full gallop and suddenly come to a full stop, checking the poor animals with a sickening suddenness. I feel sure Lord Cromer would do all in his power, if he saw this in the columns of your paper, to prevent these dreadful sports at Luxor. They take place close to Mr. Cook's hotel, not far from the back of the garden, and they continue for a fortnight.—Believe me, yours truly,

FLORENCE B. ATTWOOD-MATHEWS.

THE MUZZLING OF DOGS.

I AM much disgusted to find that all the dogs here are muzzled, and as far as I can see, much too tightly. Yesterday a fox-terrier ran past us, panting and trembling all over, with its mouth so closely strapped up that it could only just get its tongue out; it ran into a garden, and I rang the door bell. The person who answered it said the dog was hers, and actually tried to push it out again into the heat. I told her that she would most certainly drive it mad! and then a young lady (who I fancy is lodging there) came out, so we spoke to her, and she said she thought the muzzle was tight and promised to see about a larger one. There was a blazing sun and the thermometer at eighty in the shade! The wretched dog was certainly on the way to a fit, if nothing worse—just another proof of the inhumanity and *danger* of muzzles during the hot weather.

An Irish lady who is staying here told us a very sweet story about a cat. A former tenant of her house had a cat and kittens, and when he left he took one kitten and left the poor mother and the others to shift for themselves. One morning, this lady found the cat in the yard. The stable door was shut, heavy rain had been falling, and the miserable kittens were all dying. Of course she saw to them at once and saved one. Then the workmen came, and the cat went off with her child; when the workmen left she returned, placed her kit on the door step, and disappeared, but returned in a few days, and ever since then the two of them come three times a day to be fed, though they never come into the house. When this lady walks about the grounds they follow her, in company with her own two cats and dogs, and when she returns, after being away from home, the whole party go to the gates to meet her.

M. T. E. H.

Harrogate, June 26th.

[We have received many complaints of the muzzling order, and also of the character of the muzzles used.—ED. *A. F.*]

A PLEA FOR THE AGED.

IT has often been my desire to write about the wanton cruelties shown to man's servant and friend, the horse, in its latter days. After having worked well in his youth and strength, how often is the broken-down and worn-out creature seen struggling under the burdens of costermongers' and other carts, and left to the brutality or ignorance of men who understand little of its sufferings, and care less.

Even supposing a man to be humane and desirous of doing well by the creature in his care, I know circumstances often force him, in order to gain his livelihood, to work his horse to the very last. As for selling the animal, it is worth nothing, and the owner cannot afford to have him destroyed. In a case like this we can only pity, but what I suggest is that the number of sufferers might be reduced if all who could afford, even with a little sacrifice, would have their old horses destroyed instead of selling them for a few pounds, sometimes even for a few shillings, thus letting them sink lower and lower.

Birmingham. M. GREEN.

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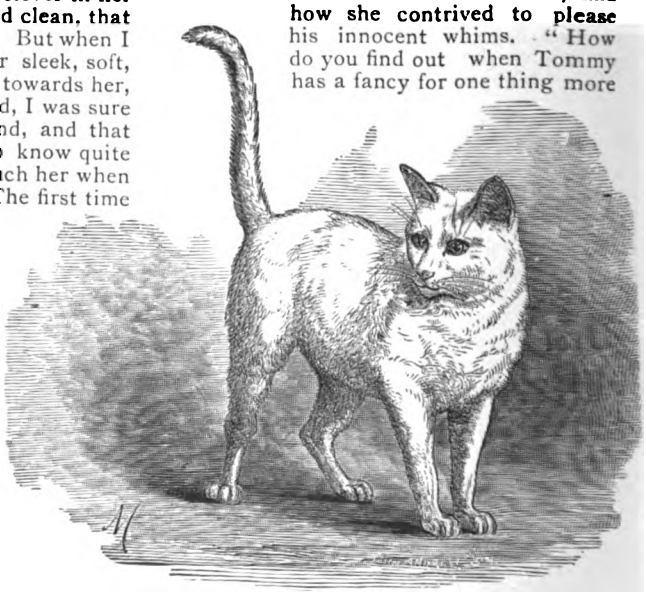
THE BLIND WOMAN AND HER PUSSY.

My Dear Little Cousins,

OWN in a very dirty, smoky part of Bristol, near the black coal pits, there lives an old blind woman. I go to see her sometimes. And how do you think I found out that she could not see? Why, her pussy told me. I should hardly have guessed it otherwise, for she was so quick and clever in her ways, and her room so neat and clean, that nobody would have believed it. But when I watched the way in which her sleek, soft, delightful tabby puss behaved towards her, and the curious way that it had, I was sure that this old woman was blind, and that pussy knew it. He seemed to know quite well that he must always touch her when he wanted her to notice him. The first time that I went into the room this faithful puss was curling himself like a warm tippet round the old woman's neck, and rubbing his face against her cheek. Then he crept down into her lap, carefully pressing his body against her all the while, and buried his head first in one of her hands and then in the other. "I shall get plenty of coaxing to-day," said she, smiling, "there's a plum pudding in the cupboard for my old man's supper, and Tommy, he wants it. No, I can't let 'ee have it," she went on, fondly stroking the cat. It appeared that plum pudding was Tommy's favourite dish, but that he would have to wait for his share till the evening.

"My husband is at work all day," said Tommy's mistress, "and I don't know what I should do without Tommy. He has fixed in his mind that I can't see. When he wants his drop of milk or his bit of meat or 'taters he tells me plain by such ways as you might if you was dumb. You see he's a dainty one about his food, he don't like it mixed up. One day he'll take a fancy for a bit o' meat, then change to cabbage, and next day that won't do for him, and he must have 'taters. He's got a liking for 'taters this last day or two, and then I cooks one for him, even if I don't boil none for ourselves. There's one on now—that's Tommy's pot. But whatever you do, you mustn't mix his victuals. Tommy won't touch none of it if you do, and you mustn't put no gravy."

I was a good deal puzzled to know how the old woman, being blind, could wait on her cat so much to his satisfaction, and how she contrived to please his innocent whims. "How do you find out when Tommy has a fancy for one thing more than another? I said. "Does he whisper his secrets into your ear?" But, the old woman took me to a corner of the kitchen,



Tommy.

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and there she showed me, arranged in a tiny row, four little brown earthenware pans. The first of them was full of scraps of meat cut up small, the second held cabbage also nicely minced, the third had crumbs of potato at the bottom, the fourth held milk. The kind old woman's plan was this: With her nimble fingers she lightly felt each pan, day after day. When the one holding meat needed filling, she knew that Tommy's appetite had taken a turn for that kind of refreshment. When he had chosen cabbage to eat first she supplied him with more of that, and the same with potato.

Tommy looked on approvingly. He was friendly to me, and behaved just as all cats do when they wish to be polite to a stranger, tilting himself sideways against the legs of my chair, purring, and sliding against the furniture caressingly to show how amiably he felt towards the whole world. But he approached his blind friend without doing any of these things. He felt sure that they would be thrown away upon her, since she could see none of his charming, graceful movements. After a glance at her which was full of sense and, as I thought, of pity, he jumped quietly into her lap. What a comfort his pleasant purr and velvet touch must have been to this poor old soul in her long hours of lonely darkness! I once found the old blind woman in low spirits. She was crying over Tommy, because she said if she should die first who would take care of him? "I'm afraid nobody won't do for him as he've been used to!" she sobbed. I comforted her by promising that if she had to part from Tommy I would take him home with me, and "do for him" as well as I could, even though I was not blind, and he might not love me so well. But though that old woman is over eighty and Tommy past twelve, I don't think either of them are going to die yet. They both looked the picture of health when last I visited them.

Stroud, Glos., Sept. COUSIN CARRIE.

THE STORY OF BETTY.

WE have a little bantam hen named Betty. She came to us when she was a week old, with her mother and four other little chicks. They lived in a house in the garden while they were very small, and as soon as they were old enough they went to the field with the other fowls. Betty would not stay there, however, but came back to the house; she was taken to the field again, but she would not stay, and so she was allowed to live in the garden. When we first had Betty we did not mean to keep her as a pet. She is now very tame and knows me quite well. She will eat out of my hand or sit on my finger, and is not at all shy or timid. One day there was a plate of food put out for Tabby, and when we came out we saw Tabby and Betty and the tame Jackdaw (who is free to depart if he so chooses) eating from it. Betty is not at all afraid of cats. She sits on a few eggs every year, and she is a very good mother. One year she sat on three large hen's eggs, but only one of them hatched. She was *very* proud of her one chicken, and looked after it so well that it soon grew bigger than herself. She covered it with her wings at night to keep it warm until it grew so big that she had to sit on its back and spread her wings down its sides; but she would not give it up until it was about twice her own size. Betty is a very small hen; she weighs only a pound and a half, and she is six years old. She lays almost every day in the summer, and she is very fond of making her nest somewhere in the garden. She hides it so well that it is very difficult to find, and I found one this year, with eight eggs in it, in a bed of mint; and another at a different time in the rhubarb, with five eggs in it.

From Photo by] [*A. K. Coomaraswamy.*

MISS DANIELS AND BETTY.

Her eggs are very small and very rich and nice, and of a light brown colour. She

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is very fond of milk, and when she wants some she walks into the kitchen and drinks it out of the cat's saucer.

In the summer she likes to roost in a chestnut tree in the garden, and in the cold weather she goes to an outhouse and perches. She always goes to the same place to roost and does not like to be disturbed. When she is asleep she tucks her head underneath her wing. On a hot summer day she often lies down in the sun and spreads out her wings to let the sun get at them, for she likes the heat. Betty is a very pretty hen, but she is useful as well as ornamental, for she goes all about the garden and picks off all the little insects that do harm by eating up the leaves and roots of the plants. Betty took her name from her mother, who was named Lady Betty, because she was so stately and proud and walked along so daintily.

EDITH M. DANIELS.

Stroud, Glos.

A SOCIABLE ROBIN.

A SCHOOLMASTER in Niederlausitz vouches for the following:—A robin, which had become very sociable, took up its abode in a room which it was expected to keep clear from flies. When the season for fly-catching was over, it was let go, but, by that time, all its relatives had left for their winter residences further south. Our young friend did not apparently care to make the journey alone, for it stayed in the neighbourhood of the house and shared, without invitation, the food which the good housewife spread regularly for the fowls, ducks, and geese. The winter was fortunately mild, but in March a sharp frost compelled the robin to take shelter in the house, where it soon found a plentiful supply of creeping and crawling life in a room where fruit was stored. It remained in the house until the spring, and then led a gipsy life in the open until the winter came again, when it appeared at the window and pecked against the glass for re-admittance. It was easily recognizable, as it had lost a toe. Its companions, of course, went south, and the question arises, Why did it not this time go with them?

A LITTLE KURDISH MAIDEN AND HER PETS.

THE CAGED THRUSH.

ALAS for the bird who was born to sing!
They have made him a cage; they have clipped his wing;
They have shut him up in a dingy street,
And they praise his singing and call it sweet.
But his heart and his song are saddened and filled
With the woods and the nest he never will build,
And the wild young dawn coming into the tree,
And the mate that never his mate will be;
And day by day, when his notes are heard,
They freshen the street, but—alas for the bird!

R. F. MURRAY, in the *Academy*.

PIOUS Russians do not eat pigeons because of the sanctity conferred on the dove in the scriptures.

A WELL-BALLASTED FISH.—An extraordinary discovery was made in the stomach of fish of the ling species at Liverpool Wholesale Market on April 2nd. The fish weighed fifteen pounds, and in its stomach were two smooth cobble stones, weighing over five pounds, which had evidently been used as sinkers for a deep-sea fishing line. The fish, so far as could be seen, did not appear to have suffered from the presence of such a weight in its stomach.

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"Many Happy Returns of the Day."

FRANCES POWER COBBE,

BORN, DECEMBER 4TH, 1822.

"GOD'S LOVE AND PEACE BE WITH THEE."

* * * * * *

"Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past—their triumph won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honoured place—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

"So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given—
The Light, the Truth and Love of Heaven."

WHITTIER.

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Frances Power Cobbe,

HER LIFE AND WORK.

HE century now drawing to its close has been distinguished as much by the Rise of Woman as by any other of its many progressive features. In her "Life," published in August of last year, Miss Cobbe makes it clear that when she was born the doctrine of the subjection of women reigned with undisputed sway in the households of Protestant Irish landlords. All that has been changed, and one of the women most responsible for raising the status, social and intellectual, of woman, is the heroine of this biographical sketch. Mr. W. T. Stead has described her as "one of the most remarkable women of the Victorian era . . . . one of the notablest among the notable of her sex." "Throughout the lifetime of a generation," declares Mr. Stead, "hers has been the most eloquent voice, the most strenuously raised to plead the claims of our inarticulate brethren in fur and feather, and no one has done more to give force and volume to the movement in favour of dumb animals, which she truly declares to be a fresh Divine impulse of mercy stirring in thousands of human hearts. In these latter days a new vice has been born among men, and scientific cruelty, with its pharisaic phylacteries, has established itself as a kind of diabolic gospel of torture. It was Frances Power Cobbe who, like David of old, went forth with sling and stone to meet this Goliath of Gath. David's battle, however, was soon over, whereas Miss Cobbe's campaign against vivisection has lasted many times the duration of the siege of Troy."

BIRTH AND EARLY EDUCATION.

Born December 4th, 1822, Miss Cobbe came of an English stock which was transplanted to Ireland in the eighteenth century. Its first Irish representative was Archbishop of Dublin; his son and grandson were Irish landlords of the "Castle Rackrent" style. The son was a hard drinker, dying at a good old age; the temperate grandson, the father of Miss Cobbe, suffered much from gout and succumbed to it while comparatively young. His military service under Wellesley in India was an honourable one. He was a landlord of most conscientious purpose and most generous disposition, and it speaks well for the culture of her family that among its heirlooms were a Poussin and a Hobbema, and well for her father's character as a landlord that he sold these precious pictures and with the proceeds built eighty stone and slate "Hobbema cottages," as they were called in pious memory of the sacrifice of the treasures which had been handed down from generation to generation.

Miss Cobbe's childhood was spent at the family seat at Newbridge, in the County of Dublin, a spacious country residence, and her childhood was a singularly happy one, though for the most part lonely. She was the youngest child, and had four elder brothers. In vacation times the boys came home and the house swarmed with their cousins and companions; twenty or more often sat down to table every day for several weeks. At other times her mother and her books, and, out of doors, the trees and the stars, were her best friends. Not merely happy, but conscious of her happiness, she wondered if other children were as happy as she, and her young heart overflowed with thanks to God. To her mother, who was forty-seven years of age when she was born, she was at her coming an unwelcome child, not because her mother was selfishly intent upon her own enjoyments, but because she feared that the child, coming late in her life, and her own health being delicate, might grow up without her care. She lived, however, until 1846, when her daughter was twenty-four years old. There had been a delightful sympathy between them, each the most perfect joy and comfort to the other's heart. Her respect and admiration for her father were extreme. After exhausting the resources of four governesses, she was sent to one of the fashionable Brighton schools in 1836 (there were more than one hundred of them in the town), and Miss

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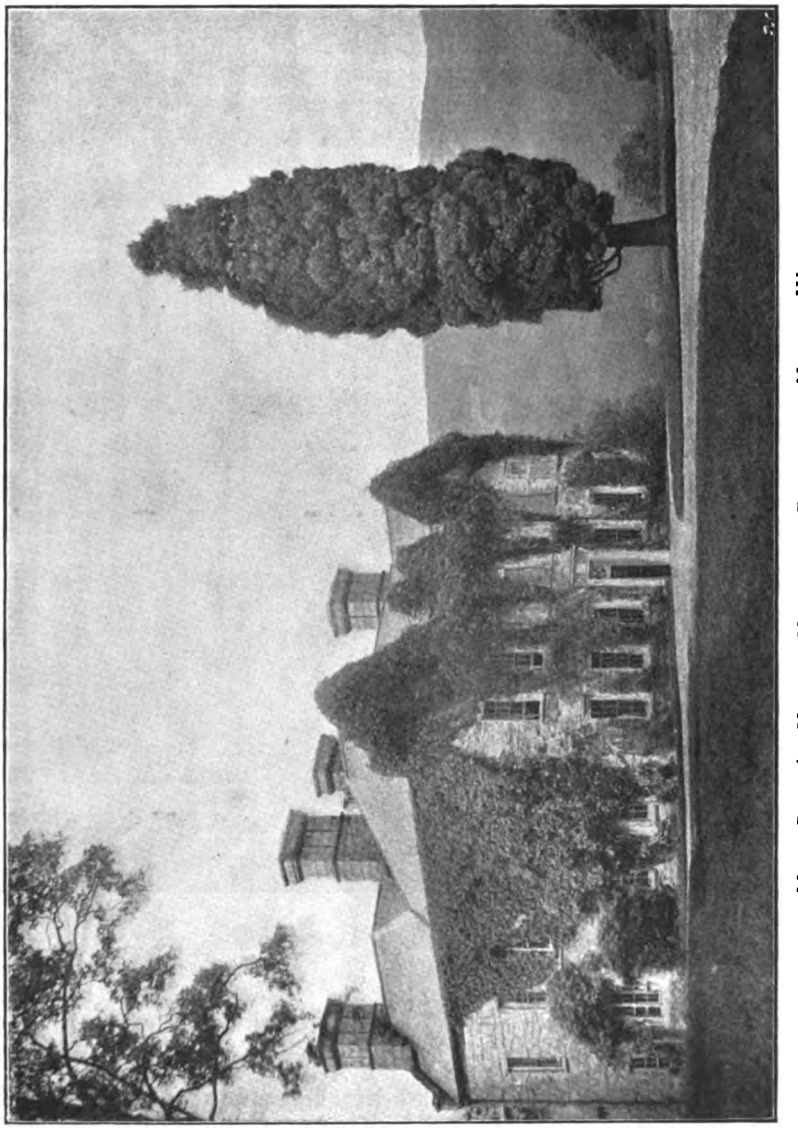
Poggi's, which Miss Cobbe attended, was one of the most characteristic of its kind. At this establishment, she tells us, which cost her father £500 a-year with extras, everything was taught in the inverse ratio of its importance. At the bottom of the scale were morals and religion, and at the top music and dancing. Music came first, then deportment, and after them drawing and the modern languages, whilst English, writing, and arithmetic brought up the rear. The religion which they were taught was a curious hotchpotch of catechism and formality. On Ash Wednesday the girls were provided with a first course of salt fish. After this was



MISS COBBE'S HOME.—HENGWRT, DOLGELLY, NORTH WALES.

removed roast mutton was brought in, but before commencing the girls were told that they might take meat if they liked, but that the mistresses hoped they would fast, as "it will be good for your souls and your figures."

Miss Cobbe's family were evangelicals of the Clapham sect, and Miss Cobbe rightly says that she does not think that any one not being a fanatic can regret being brought up an evangelical Christian, especially when that evangelicalism is of the devout Arminianism of Clapham. Her training from infancy was that common in the households of this devout sect. Her earliest memory was that of

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saying her prayers at her mother's knee. In the nursery of Newbridge, theology was a constant topic of conversation even among the children. She mentions that she and her cousin, Charley Power Cobbe, differed about many things, but they were quite agreed about one doctrine. Both had the name of Power, and on this they founded the certainty that they should both go to heaven, because they had heard it said in church "the heavens and all the powers therein." When she was eleven years of age she spent much of her time secretly reading the Bible and the "Whole Duty of Man."

WITH MISS CARPENTER AT BRISTOL.

Miss Cobbe's father died when she was thirty-five, and, as he differed from her in some of her religious views, he left her but a small independence of £200 a year. She determined to make the first use of her liberty by a long journey across Europe to the Holy Land. After her return from a year's pilgrimage she settled down at Bristol to help Mary Carpenter in her Reformatory and Ragged School efforts. This was her first practical experience in philanthropic work. The chapters

THE ENTRANCE HALL, HENGWRT.

in her memoir relating to it give a singularly pleasant picture of one of the pioneers in the work of public service of our time. Mary Carpenter, she says, has saved four hundred souls. She, like Miss Cobbe, preferred the irregular and elastic Ragged Schools to the cast-iron Board Schools of our time. After spending some time with Miss Carpenter, Miss Cobbe found a fresh field of activity in workhouse reform. She visited many of the English workhouses in 1859, and found that the sick lay on wretched beds, nursed mostly by pauper women of the lowest class, while the wards were frequently in the worst possible condition. The pauper children were unmothered, without toys, and half blind. Matrons were appointed without training, and there were no women on the Boards to look to the interests of the women. Miss Elliot, Miss Cobbe, and Mrs. Senior have done much to improve matters.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

It was while engaged at Bristol that Miss Cobbe became an advocate of "Women's Rights." "It was," says she, "good old Rev. J. J. May, of Syracuse,

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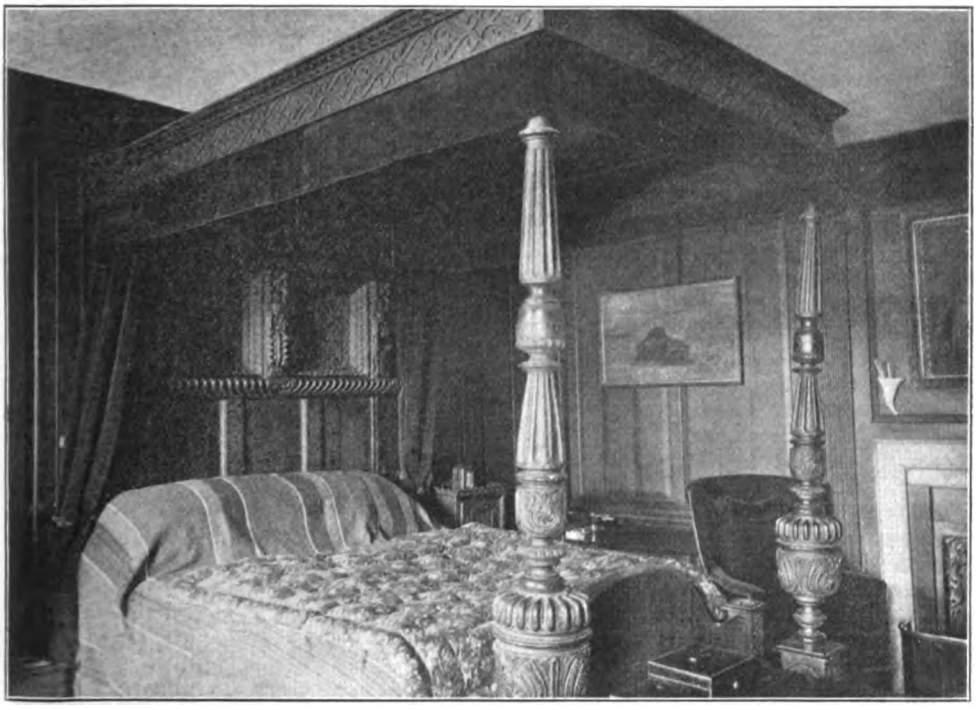
Massachusetts, who, when paying us a visit, pressed on my attention the question: 'Why should you not have a vote? Why should not women be enabled to influence the making of the laws in which they have as great an interest as men?'"

That question permits of only one answer. Miss Cobbe says that any woman worth her salt sooner or later takes an ardent interest in some question which involves legislation, and, however much they may recoil from political duties, they begin to ask themselves, "Why should I, because I am a woman, be forbidden to help to achieve some public good or to redress some flagrant wrong?" Miss Cobbe confesses, for her part, that she is mostly moved by the reflections of wrongs suffered by women owing to the de-consideration which they have to endure because of the disabilities under which they are placed. Of this she gives a very striking illustration, in the refusal of Parliament year after year to pass a law, subsequently embodied in the Matrimonial Causes Act, giving a brutally-treated



THE ABBOT'S BED, OAK ROOM, HENGWRT, WHERE IT HAS BEEN SINCE THE DISSOLUTION OF THE NEIGHBOURING MONASTERY OF VANNER (OR EYMMER).

wife a right to a judicial separation from her husband. It would not have been passed even then had it not been that Miss Cobbe was roused to action in 1878 by reading in a newspaper a whole series of assaults upon wives. She got up out of her arm-chair, and said to herself, "I will not rest until I see what I can do to stop this." As the result of her efforts, about one hundred women a year are released from what is practically slavery *plus* torture and constant dread of murder who would otherwise have still been living in that condition.

THE ANTI-VIVISECTION CRUSADE.

It was not until 1863 that her attention was drawn to the diabolical tortures inflicted by the vivisectors of the Continent upon helpless animals, not for purposes of research, but solely for purposes of demonstration and experiment. At Alfort, near Paris, veterinary surgeons were taught to perform operations upon living animals which might have been learned equally as well on dead carcasses. Horses were kept for eight hours under torture. The spectacle of the poor

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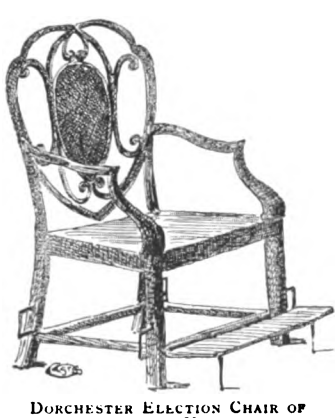
areatures, hoofless, eyeless, and mangled in all manner of ways while they were clive, shocked visitors, while it afforded a fund of merriment for the students. Her first article was published by Mr. Froude in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1863, and entitled "The Rights of Man and the Claims of Brutes." This commenced the warfare she carries on to the present time, and she rallied noble coadjutors to her side. In 1870 the British Association recommended certain restrictive rules, but they had no practical effect. In 1874 some very harsh experiments at Norwich brought the matter fairly before the public, and it fell to Miss Cobbe to draw up a memorial to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which secured many influential names, and then shared the fate of Dagon in Milton's memorable line.

The next move was to get a Bill through Parliament, and one agreeable to Miss Cobbe and her friends was presented to the Lords by Lord Henniker, whereupon the vivisectionists presented one after their own hearts to the Commons, through Dr. Lyon Playfair, now Lord Playfair; so a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the whole question, and both Bills were withdrawn. While this Commission was still sitting, the Victoria Street Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection was formed, and Miss Cobbe became its honorary secretary. This was in 1875. She held the position for ten years, during that period writing innumerable tracts, leaflets, and minor articles and letters, and doing work of all kinds necessary to the business in hand. In 1876 a new Bill was framed and was well received by the press and the general public, but it was met by a memorial to the Home Office signed by three thousand physicians, which so modified it that its character was entirely changed; it was made permissive of such freedom as the vivisectionists desired and only restrictive of their prosecution under an antiquated law. The original Bill had only proposed restriction, but in the moment of its practical defeat Miss Cobbe resolved that absolute prohibition must be the new *ultimatum*, and the Society fell in with her resolution. In 1879 and 1880 Bills were introduced in Parliament looking to this end. They failed for one reason and another, and no Bill on the subject has since been obtainable in either House.

Here it would seem was another lost cause, and many will conclude that it was lost by the stringency of the demand; that restriction might have been secured, but that the demand for total prohibition prevented so much of undoubted good. But Miss Cobbe has never regretted her own course and that of the Society. There was, she tells us, no perversity in either, but a conviction that cruelty was inseparable from vivisection as a method of investigation and instruction, and that the moral deterioration of the vivisector and the student is even more deplorable than the pain which they inflict. She is persuaded that the long discussion has created a wide public sentiment, which will eventually prove far more destructive of the evils which follow in the train of vivisection than would have been the restrictive Bill of 1876 or any other of its kind.

In this crusade she was joined, and supported, at one time and another by Lord Shaftesbury, Cardinal Manning, Lord Tennyson, the Archbishop of York (Dr. Thompson), the Marquis of Bute, Lord and Lady Mount Temple, Prince Lucien Buonaparte, Lady Paget, the Right Hon. James Stansfeld, the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and his family, the Lord Chief Baron (Sir



DORCHESTER ELECTION CHAIR OF SIR RICHARD VAUGHAN, WITH THE RECORD OF 13 SUCCESSES ENGRAVED ON THE BACK.

BABY CHAIR, 1669, USED BY GEORGE NANNEYS.

TWO OLD CHAIRS ON THE STAIRCASE, HENGWRT.

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Fitzroy Kelly), the late Bishop of Manchester (Dr. Fraser), the present Bishop (Dr. Moorhouse), Cardinal Gibbon (Baltimore), the late Earl and the now Dowager Countess of Portsmouth, the Countess of Camperdown, Lord Glasgow, Thomas Carlyle, James Anthony Froude, Mr. A. Holt Hutton (Editor of the *Spectator*), Robert Browning, Lewis Morris, Colonel (now General Sir Evelyn) Wood, Canon Liddon, Rev. Dr. Martineau, Dean Stanley, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the Rev. Baldwin Brown (better known to the last generation), Dean Vaughan (late Master of the Temple), Sir R. T. Reid, Q.C., M.P., Sir Fredk. Elliot, K.C.M.G., Major-General Colin Mackenzie, Professor Jowett, Sir William Fergusson, F.R.S., Sir Henry Sumner Maine, Dean Close (Carlisle), Sir Arthur and Lady Arnold, Mr. Mundella, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Locke, M.P., Q.C. (her cousin), the late Mr. Firth, M.P., Q.C., Dr. George Hoggan and Dr. Frances Hoggan, and many others.

CARLYLE AND CARDINAL MANNING.

In the course of her very active and varied life, Miss Cobbe has met and known most persons worth meeting and knowing. Darwin she was on very friendly terms with, and Thomas Carlyle she also knew. She relates how he refused to attend a deputation to the Home Secretary against vivisection because Cardinal Manning was to be present, and declared that he would not appear in public with the latter, who was "the chief emissary of Beelzebub in England."

Very different, indeed, was Miss Cobbe's own estimate of the Cardinal. She quotes several of his letters, the last of which, written in 1889, was as follows :—

> "My last days have been so full that I have not been able to write. I thank you for your letter, and for the contents of it. The highest council is always the safest and best, cost us what it may. We may take the cost as the test of its rectitude. I hope you will go on writing against this inflation of vainglory calling itself science."

She was all the more grateful for his Eminence's support, because the Pope, Pius IX., had refused to allow the Cardinal's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to be founded in Rome, on the ground that man owed duties to his fellow-men, but he did not owe duties to the lower animals. "This abominable pontifical utterance," as Mr. Stead calls it, in no way disheartened the benevolent Cardinal, and he got round the difficulty with his accustomed adroitness. He accomplished the feat at an anti-vivisectionist meeting, held in Westminster Palace Hotel, June 10th, 1886 :—

> On that occasion, when it came to the Cardinal's turn to speak, he began at once to say that much misapprehension existed as to the attitude of his Church on the subject of duty to animals. As he said this, with his usual clear, calm, deliberate enunciation, he looked me straight in the face, and I looked at him! He proceeded to say: "It was true that man owed no duty directly to the brutes, but he owed it to God, whose creatures they are, to treat them mercifully."

Manning did his very best to induce the General of the Franciscans to support the anti-vivisection movement for the love of St. Francis. But the Franciscan General never helped in the least.

TENNYSON.

Lord Tennyson was not less sympathetic. He came to Miss Cobbe's house in Cheyne Walk and sat for a long time over the fire and talked of poetry and the share melodious words ought to have in it, and discoursed much on the hatefulness of scientific cruelty. She met him frequently afterwards. The last meeting of the poet with Miss Cobbe is thus described :—

> The last time I saw Lord Tennyson was one day in London, after I had taken luncheon at his house. When I rose to leave the table he shook hands with me at the door as we were parting, as we supposed, for that season. He said to me, "Good-bye, Miss Cobbe. Fight the good fight! Go on, fight the good fight!" I saw him no more; but I shall do his bidding, please God, to the end.

SOME VIEWS WORTH REMEMBERING.

In the chapter* of her "Life" ("The Claims of Brutes," chap. xx.), Miss Cobbe quotes letters on the vivisection question from a number of eminent men who have left their mark on the century. Several letters appear from the great and good Earl Shaftesbury, in the course of one of which he says :—

* We hope to reprint a portion of this chapter shortly.

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"I have ever believed in a happy future for animals; I cannot say or conjecture how or where, but sure I am that the love, so manifested, by dogs especially, is an emanation from the Divine essence, and, as such it can, or rather it *will* never be extinguished."

Canon Liddon wrote from Christ Church, Oxford, May 22nd, 1876:—"The cause you have at heart is *of even greater importance to human character than to the physical comfort of those of our fellow-creatures who are most immediately concerned.*"

ONE OF MISS COBBE'S DOGS: HAJJIN (A MOUSE-COLOURED POMERANIAN, BORN IN LAUSANNE; DIED IN LONDON).

And Robert Browning wrote:—

"You have heard I take an equal interest with yourself in the effort to suppress vivisection. I dare not so honour my wishes and prayers as to put them for a moment beside your noble acts; but this I know, I would rather submit to the worst of deaths, so far as the pain goes, than have a single dog or cat tortured on the pretence of sparing me a twinge or two.

"For the rest, I shall indeed rejoice if that abominable and stupid cruelty of pigeon-shooting is put a stop to. The other detestable practice, vivisection, strikes deeper root, I fear; but God bless whoever tugs at it."

THE PEN OF A READY WRITER.

Some idea may be formed of the activity with which Miss Cobbe has prosecuted this campaign from the fact that in the six years ending November, 1892, no fewer than 320 books, pamphlets, and leaflets were issued by the Victoria Street Society, of which 271,351 copies were printed. Miss Cobbe wrote 173 of these papers herself. She rejoices to believe that from the comparatively small and subordinate question of scientific cruelty to animals, the controversy has widened out until the whole department of ethics dealing with man's relations to the lower animals has gradually been included in it. In this respect the churches have lagged behind the humane sentiment of the people. Miss Cobbe is also the author of a large number of religious works, some of which have been deeply studied by leading theologians.

Miss Cobbe, for the first seven years of the existence of the *Echo* (the well-known London evening paper), attended the office three days every week in order to write the social article. She was subsequently on the staff of the *Standard* as a leader-writer, but relinquished the position when that journal published an article favouring vivisection. Her emoluments from her other literary work dropped off in consequence of her campaign against vivisection, but she never wavered. In April, 1884, the supporters of the Victoria Street Society, (when she retired from the hon. secretaryship, and went to live at Hengwrt, Dolgelly, the ancestral home of her old friend Miss Lloyd), being anxious that Miss Cobbe's later years should not be shorn of the comfort to which she had been accustomed, by her sacrifice on the altar of duty, raised a testimonial of £1,000, and bought her an annuity of £100 to swell her depleted private means. Subsequently Mrs. Yates, of Liverpool, left Miss Cobbe a large fortune, and the annuity has since been transferred by her to the Victoria Street Society. It is at charming old Hengwrt that Miss Cobbe has spent the past few years, not by any means in absolute repose, as her mental and literary activities are almost as great now as ever they were, and her correspondence is enormous and world-wide in its scope.

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MISS COBBE'S REVIEW OF THE PAST.*

". . . The woman's destiny which God has allotted to me has been, I do not question, the best and happiest for me; nor have I ever seriously wished it had been otherwise, albeit I have gone through life without that interest which has been styled 'woman's whole existence.' Perhaps if this book be found to have any value it will partly consist in the evidence it must afford of how pleasant and interesting, and withal, I hope, not altogether useless a life is open to a woman, though no man has ever desired to share it, nor has she seen the man she would have wished to ask her to do so.

"That it has been a 'Life worth Living' I distinctly affirm; so well worth it that—though I entirely believe in a higher existence hereafter, both for myself and for those whose less happy lives on earth entitle them far more to expect it from eternal love and justice—I would gladly accept the permission to run my earthly race once more from beginning to end, taking sunshine and shade just as they have flickered over the long vista of my seventy years. Even the retrospect of my life in these volumes has been a pleasure, a chewing of the cud of memories—mostly sweet, none very bitter—while I lie still a little while in the sunshine, ere the soon-closing night."

So far we have mainly drawn upon, and been indebted to reviews of Miss Cobbe's "Life," which appeared in two monthly magazines, the *Review of Reviews* (London), and the *New World* (Boston, U.S.A.). This was forced upon us by the illness of the lady who had undertaken to write for us a sketch of Miss Cobbe's life and work, a privilege from which we were ourselves debarred. We cannot refrain, however, from expressing the sense of admiration and reverential affection which is felt for her by all those who have been privileged to work with and serve under her, and who regard her as the "Father Abraham" of the movement against scientific cruelty. Never has she failed in generously recognizing any good work done for the cause which she has so keenly at heart, and which has attained its present powerful position by her devotion and genius. Her physical energy, high animal spirits, impressive mentality, and magnetic influence have been referred to by her reviewers, and are known to all who have been brought into contact with her. In her closing words in her "Life" she expresses the hope that the friendly reader will leave her with kindly wishes for a peaceful evening, and a not too distant curfew bell. From her bed-room window, she says, she can see the little ivy-covered church of Llanelltyd, and below it a bit of ground sloping to the westering sun, dotted over with grey and white stones, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," together with "a few others who have been our friends and neighbours." There, in that quiet inclosure, will, in all probability, be the bourne of her long journey of life, and she hopes that the reader, who perhaps may drive some day along the road below, will cast a glance upon that churchyard "and give a kindly thought to me when I have gone to rest." We all hope that day may be long deferred. The earnest wish of all who have fought under her banner must be—"Tarry with us yet a while longer."

AT HENGWRT.

THE GUARDIAN CYPRESS TREE.

FRIEND, when I saw the lonely cypress bower
That stands perpetual guardian of thy gate,
Untouched by age, unhurt by storm of hate,
Changeless alike in sun or winter shower—
Then I bethought of that immortal dower,
The lofty courage of thy lone estate,
The faithful guardianship that will not bate
One jot of hope for England's kindlier hour.

Its plumy shelter every bird may share,
Thro' the long year, its bounty scatters free
The eastern fruitage western earth has made;
And thou, both East and West are in thy care,
Love's universal fruit in sun and shade
Is thine—no creature comes unhelped to thee.

November, 1895. H. D. RAWNSLEY.

* From "Life of Frances Power Cobbe," by Herself. London: Bentley and Son. 1894.

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A Merciful Man.

(*Scene from* "Jude the Obscure," by THOMAS HARDY).

THE time arrived for killing the pig which Jude and his wife had fattened in their sty during the autumn months, and the butchering was timed to take place as soon as it was light in the morning, so that Jude might get to Alfredston without losing more than a quarter of a day.

The night had seemed strangely silent. Jude looked out of the window long before dawn, and perceived that the ground was covered with snow—snow rather deep for the season, it seemed, a few flakes still falling.

"I'm afraid the pig-killer won't be able to come," he said to Arabella.

"Oh, he'll come. You must get up and make the water hot, if you want Challow to scald him. Though I like singeing best."

"I'll get up," said Jude. "I like the way of my own county."

He went downstairs, lit the fire under the copper, and began feeding it with bean-stalks, all the time without a candle, the blaze flinging a cheerful shine into the room; though for him the sense of cheerfulness was lessened by thoughts on the reason of that blaze—to heat water to scald an animal that as yet lived, and whose voice could be continually heard from a corner of the garden. At half-past six, the time of appointment with the butcher, the water boiled, and Jude's wife came downstairs.

"Is Challow come?" she asked.

"No."

They waited, and it grew lighter, with the dreary light of a snowy dawn. She went out, gazed along the road, and returning said, "He's not coming. Drunk last night, I expect. The snow is not enough to hinder him, surely!"

"Then we must put it off. It is only the water boiled for nothing. The snow may be deep in the valley."

"Can't be put off. There's no more victuals for the pig. He ate the last mixing o' barley-meal yesterday morning."

"Yesterday morning? What has he lived on since?"

"Nothing."

"What—he has been starving?"

"Yes. We always do it the last day or two, to save bother with the innerds. What ignorance, not to know that!"

"That accounts for his crying so. Poor creature!"

"Well, you must do the sticking; there's no help for it. I'll show you how. Or I'll do it myself—I think I could. Though as it is such a big pig I had rather Challow had done it. However, his basket o' knives and things have been already sent on here, and we can use 'em."

"Of course you shan't do it," said Jude. "I'll do it, since it *must* be done."

He went out to the sty, shovelled away the snow for the space of a couple of yards or more, and placed the stool in front, with the knives and ropes at hand. A robin peered down at the preparations from the nearest tree, and, not liking the sinister look of the scene, flew away, though hungry. By this time Arabella had joined her husband, and Jude, rope in hand, got into the sty, and noosed the affrighted animal, who, beginning with a squeak of surprise, rose to repeated cries of rage. Arabella opened the sty-door, and together they hoisted the victim on to the stool, legs upward, and while Jude held him Arabella bound him down, looping the cord over his legs to keep him from struggling.

The animal's note changed its quality. It was not now rage, but the cry of despair, long-drawn, slow, and hopeless.

"Upon my soul, I would sooner have gone without the pig than have had this to do!" said Jude. "A creature that I have fed with my own hands."

"Don't be such a tender-hearted fool! There's the sticking-knife—the one with the point. Now, whatever you do, don't stick un too deep."

"I'll stick un effectually, so as to make short work of it. That's the *chief* thing."

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"You must not!" she cried. "The meat must be well bled, and to do that he must die slow. We shall lose a shilling a score if the meat is red and bloody! Just touch the vein, that's all. I was brought up to it, and I know. Every good butcher keeps on bleeding long. He ought to be eight or ten minutes dying, at least."

"He shall not be half a minute if I can help it, however the meat may look," said Jude determinedly. Scraping the bristles from the pig's upturned throat, as he had seen the butchers do, he slit the fat; then plunged in the knife with all his might.

"'Od, d—— it all!" she cried, "that ever I should say it! You've overstuck un! And I telling you all the time——"

"Do be quiet, Arabella, and have a little pity on the creature!"

However unworkmanlike the deed, it had been mercifully done. The blood flowed out in a torrent instead of in the trickling stream she had desired. The dying animal's cry assumed its third and final tone, the shriek of agony; his glazing eyes riveted themselves on Arabella with the eloquently keen reproach of a creature recognizing at last the treachery of those who had seemed his only friends.

"Make un stop that!" said Arabella. "Such a noise will bring somebody or other up here, and I don't want people to know we are doing it ourselves." Picking up the knife from the ground whereon Jude had flung it, she slipped it into the gash, and slit the wind-pipe. The pig was instantly silent, his dying breath coming through the hole.

"That's better," she said.

"It is a hateful business!" said he.

"Pigs must be killed."

The animal heaved in a final convulsion, and, despite the rope, kicked out with all his last strength. A tablespoonful of black clot came forth, the trickling of red blood having ceased for some seconds.

"That's it; now he'll go," said she. "Artful creatures, they always keep back a drop like that as long as they can!"

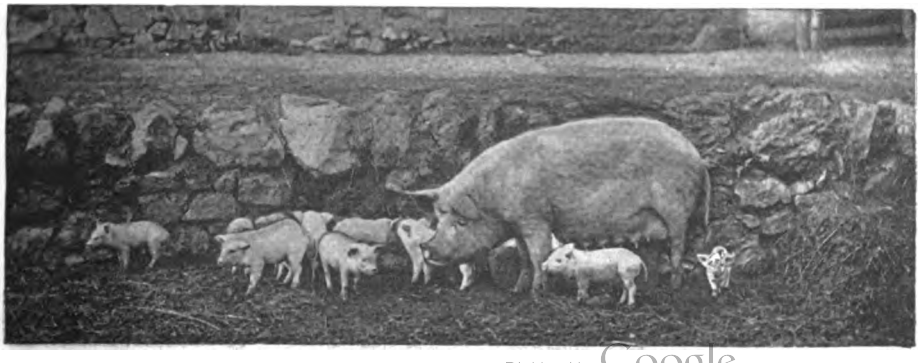
The last plunge had come so unexpectedly as to make Jude stagger, and in recovering himself he kicked over the vessel in which the blood had been caught.

"There!" she cried, thoroughly in a passion. "Now I can't make any blackpot. There's a waste, all through you!"

Jude put the pan upright, but only about a third of the whole steaming liquid was left in it, the main part being splashed over the snow, and forming a dismal, sordid, ugly spectacle, to those who saw it as other than an ordinary obtaining of meat. The lips and nostrils of the animal turned livid, then white, and the muscles of his limbs relaxed.

"Thank God!" Jude said. "He's dead."

*** This chapter from Mr. Hardy's recently published novel (copyright) has been placed at our disposal by the author for publication, the cruelties involved in slaughtering cattle for the meat market having been a great grief to the distinguished novelist for many years. In thanking Mr. Hardy for his generous and kindly act, both in writing the chapter for the animals' sake, and offering it to the *Animals' Friend* for our pages, we can only express the fervent hope that the larger and deeper spirit of humanity now arising will greatly mitigate, if not altogether extinguish, the horror and the cruelty of our present mode of slaughtering animals for food.—[EDITOR, *A.F.*]



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Feeding the Hungry.

"God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our fear,
To give sign we and they are His children, one family here."

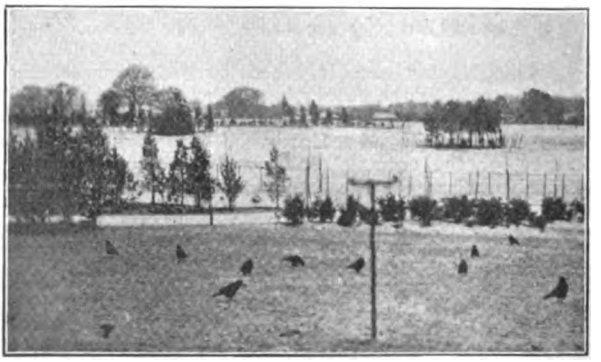
CHARITY for the birds who remain with us during the winter is, surely, a Divine inspiration. Indeed, at this season of the year, our literature teems with appeals, more or less persuasive, to "scatter out your crumbs." Miss Florence Nightingale, in her charming address to the members of the "Dicky Bird Society," went for "the crummers" last winter, and strongly urged that most birds need meaty scraps—*not* crumbs. Canon Jessopp, in his delightful "Pity the Poor Birds," not only pleads for three meals a day of "bread, barley meal, and house scraps," but also tells us what kind of trees to plant for the accommodation of our feathered guests.

In the face of so much energy on behalf of the creatures of the air, our little efforts at Highwood are tame indeed. It is true we also set up our bird tables at the appointed season, and have our little innings in the local newspapers on "Feed the birds," and "Spare the birds their berries"; but, like many of our betters, we preach what we do not practise, for we do *not* save our scraps for the Birds, nor do we by any means pamper them—as do some of our friends.

But then! how *can* we spare the scraps with so many other mouths waiting to be fed?

First, there are the pigs, although, it is true, their wired-in acre of pasture affords them nature's food, and also happiness to a large extent, still, they demand the potato parings, so thriftily boiled and purveyed to the birds by the children of the town Bands of Mercy. Then there are the destitute cats (eleven at present) located in various parts of the premises, from the household rugs to the no less cosy stackyard. Each party has its own little tin dishes ranged clean and empty every morning on the kitchen table, ready for the parcelling out and mixing of their rations, as administered by the second in command of the establishment; while the dogs put in a claim for a share of the bones and vegetables, to say nothing of the dainties for the sick, which are a constant winter necessity. Therefore, although we spread our bird table with the regulation three meals a day, we resort to no violent means for their protection, or the provision of food, but leave them to fight it out with our other guests in fur and feathers, believing that Dame Nature knows her own business best, and can maintain the balance among her children without let or hindrance from us.

Therefore it is with no desire to dole out charity to the few, but rather to share the good things bestowed on us by a bountiful Providence with those of our neighbours in wood and field who are lacking. In our happy family, birds and cats, hares and dogs, jostle each other in amicable camaraderie. Occasionally there is a disaster, but such fatalities are rare, and when they occur we refer the matter to Dame Nature herself. In our eyes they are like distressed brethren, needing hospitality, and as such are never turned empty away. Rather would we emulate that grand man, Dr. Barnardo, who keeps an "ever open door" for the succour of the afflicted and distressed human children—with this difference, that our (metaphorically) open gate stands propped for the reception of our brothers in fur and feathers; and to us come the unlovely and the hunted of all degrees.



THE LAWN AT HIGHWOOD WITH THE ROOKS AND BIRD-TABLE.

Our earliest morning visitors are the hares, who creep close to the house in the moonlight to pick up the leavings of the rooks (who go to bed at sunset). The boiled potatoes and corn siftings are grate-

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fully devoured by these before they amble off to the patch of rye grass sown in autumn on purpose for their benefit.

First to arrive of the bird guests are the blackbirds and thrushes, followed by old Martin Luther's "Doctors of Divinity" (the sparrows), and last come the rooks, in two battalions, one on each side of the house. In snowy weather a place beyond the bird table is swept for their accommodation, whereon is placed the contents of a fish kettle full of boiled potatoes in their skins.

The small birds get bread, potatoes, sharps and oats, mixed with dripping, and occasionally a bone is hung to a branch for the Tits. About forty rooks come within a yard of the windows, perch on the garden chairs, and caw loudly to be fed. The second and more timid battalion wait in silence on the other side of the house for their share of the potatoes and oats, these are the younger birds, we presume, who are not yet accustomed to our personality.

Our rookery is only some twenty years old, and yet the trees are laden with their nests, some of them so near that we can watch them as we lie in bed. We are always being warned that the birds will decrease because we never shoot them, but at present they are largely on the increase. Under the rookery are the chicken coops, and the rooks make most excellent guardians for them, as they caw loudly directly any stranger, animal or human, appears on the scene.

About two years ago we migrated bodily with our household goods to a house a mile away, and gave the dear old home up to the bricklayer. Only the rooks remained, and they seem to have been rather persecuted by the men, for two couples found us out, and came cawing to the window in the long dry spring, and actually built their nests in the elms close to the strange house.

Food was scarce and we fed them bountifully, so that they reared their birdlings in safety (two to each nest). Directly the little ones could fly they, too, were brought to the lawn, and, standing at a respectable distance, were fed by the parents, who came to the window for the food. The birdlings were greyish-black, and were most amusing to watch, so much so, that we gave two afternoon parties to meet the rook family at tea, and much our feathered friends interested the humans.

Before we left that house it was bought, and the new owner was delighted to find "the nucleus of a rookery." In the following March our long possession of animals and household stuff came home again, and stick by stick the exiled rooks' nest disappeared, while by certain signs known to us we found that the rooks themselves had returned with us, and for all we know (and hope) are here now.

Perhaps the keenest pleasure we have experienced in our capacity of hosts is in watching the tiny quivering trunk of the starved drone bees (which have sought refuge in the house) plunged into the honey put on a visiting card for their benefit in a sunny window. But even the bees have their ups and downs, for one member of the household, in defiance of all Natural History laws, declares that they sting, and so kills them, and sometimes a cat will eat one,

BARNARDO—A RESCUED LONDON WAIF.

but at present we have half a dozen bee pensioners left.

Next to this we most enjoy the gambols (up the trees and round the lawn) of a maimed and stunted London slum kitten, picked up near Oxford Street, in the middle of the traffic, and named "Barnardo." And, stay! Best of all was the day when one of our hares (well-nigh spent), came limping down the drive, while the gate swung to on the very nose of the foremost huntsman's horse, as the old gardener called out, in reply to the command to "open wide," "No! not I. We don't allow no sporting on our preserves, we don't, so call off them dogs." And that made the second rescue (the first was a fox) from the huntsman's pack by the closing of that same gate at the house-master's command.

(Mrs.) F. H. SUCKLING.

Highwood, Romsey, Hants, Nov., 1895.

"Gran'ma," said little four-year-old Austin, as he twined his arms lovingly about his grandmother's neck, "You'll never know how much I love you till you have a child of your own."

If you wish me to go out-of-doors do not open the door just wide enough for me to go through and then give me a kick as I go out.—A DOG.

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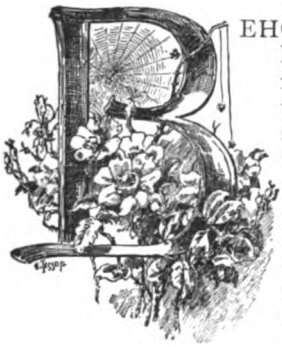
At Bethlehem.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A SERMON ON THE NATIVITY.

* * * * * *



BEHOLD, in the first place, that on the first night of Christ's life God honoured the brute creation. You cannot get into the Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the new-born babe. And well might they kneel! Have you ever thought that Christ came, among other things, *to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation?* Was it not appropriate that He should, during the first few days and nights of His life on earth, be surrounded by the dumb beasts, whose *moan and plaint* and bellowing have for *ages* been *a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the righting of their wrongs?* It did not merely "happen so" that the unintelligent creatures of God should have been that night in close neighbourhood.

Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's nest, not a *worn-out horse* on the *tow-path*, not a *herd freezing* in the *poorly-built cow-pen*, not a freight car in the summer time bringing the beeves to market *without water through a thousand miles* of agony, *not a surgeon's room witnessed the struggles of fox, or rabbit, or pigeon, or dog in the horrors of vivisection*, but has an interest in the fact that *Christ was born in a stable surrounded by brutes. He* remembers that night, and the prayer *He heard in their pitiful moan He will answer in the punishment of those who maltreated the dumb brutes.* They surely have as much *right* in this world as *we* have. In the first chapter of Genesis you may see that they were placed on the earth before man was, the fish and fowl created on the fifth day, and the quadrupeds the morning of the sixth day, and man not until the afternoon of that day. The whale, the eagle, the lion, and all the lesser creatures of their kind were the predecessors of the human family. They have the world by right of possession. They have also paid rent for the places they occupied. What an army of defence all over the land are the faithful watch-dogs. And who can tell what the world owes to the horse, and camel, and ox, for transportation? And robin and lark have, by the cantatas with which they have filled orchard and forest, more than paid for the few grains they have picked up for their sustenance. When you abuse any creature of God *you strike its Creator*, and you insult the Christ, who though He might have been welcomed into life by princes and taken His first infantile slumber amid Tyrian plush and canopied couches, and rippling waters from royal aqueducts dripping into basins of ivory and pearl, chose to be born on a level with a cow's horn, or a camel's hoof, or a dog's nostril, *that He might be the alleviation of animal suffering*, as well as the Redeemer of man. He Who was their Creator humbled Himself to their companionship for a season, thus securing sympathy for them.

THE REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

Standing then, as I imagine I do, in that Bethlehem night, whose story makes musical the ages, with an infant Christ on the one side, and the speechless

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creatures of God on the other, I cry, *look out how you strike the rowel into the horse's side. Take off that curbed bit from that bleeding mouth. Remove that saddle from that raw back. Shoot not for fun that bird that is too small for food.* Forget not to put water into the cage of that canary. Throw out some crumbs to those birds caught too far north in the winter's inclemency. *Arrest that man who is making that one horse draw a load heavy enough for three. Rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing a cat or transfixing butterfly and grasshopper.* Drive not off that old robin, for her nest is a mother's cradle, and under her wing there may be three or four musicians of the sky in training. In your families and in your schools, teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown, and in this marvellous Bible picture of the Nativity, while you point out to them the angel, show them also the camel, and while they hear the celestial chant, let them also hear the *cow's moan.* No more did Christ show interest in the botanical world when he said, "Consider the lilies," than he showed for the ornithological when he said, "*Behold the fowls of the air,*" and the quadrupedal world when He allowed himself to be called in one place a lion and in another place a lamb. Meanwhile, may the Christ of the Bethlehem cattle-pen have mercy on the suffering stock-yards, that are preparing diseased and fevered meat for our households. For the cattle and the sheep in the folds and stalls and upon a thousand hills are His.

After Many Days.

"A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world. When he dies, mortals will ask what property he has left behind him; but angels will inquire: What good deed hast thou sent before thee?"—GEMS OF THE ORIENT.

"CAST thy bread upon the waters and it shall return to thee after many days" is the poetic Eastern way of saying "that which we sow we shall also reap." In our last issue, in response to a request from Ouida, we said, or rather permitted a fair correspondent in Bonnie Scotland to say, something further about the sea-gulls. In another part of the magazine we quoted some pretty verses—"In Church"—in furtherance of our campaign against bird slaughter and murderous millinery.

> And many a shaft at random sent,
> Finds mark the archer little meant,

or rather, little expected, for a few days after our November issue reached our readers the following letter found its way into our letter-box :—

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Animals' Friend.*

SIR,—I read the most touching little article in *The Animals' Friend*—"Alas, for the Sea-gull"—at my service, and was glad to find feathers strewn about the church afterwards. So I hope the arrow went home. I also read to my congregation the pathetic little poem "In Church," which I could wish printed by the thousand, with the article named, for general distribution. It is a mystery to me why ministers of religion ignore so shamefully the horrible sin, which is such an index to the character of those guilty of it, of cruelty to God's creatures; and it becomes still more a mystery when I remember that those gracious and Divine words—"Not a sparrow falleth without your Father"—form part of *the ordination charge,* given by the Son of God to the apostolic ministry. I must deny, therefore, to those who systematically neglect these gentle words in their teaching, any real following of the apostles.

May I add that I shall certainly, and with pleasure, purchase and distribute copies of the leaflet, if my suggestion for its printing approves itself.

I cannot help thinking that, amidst alas! so many, one of the burning

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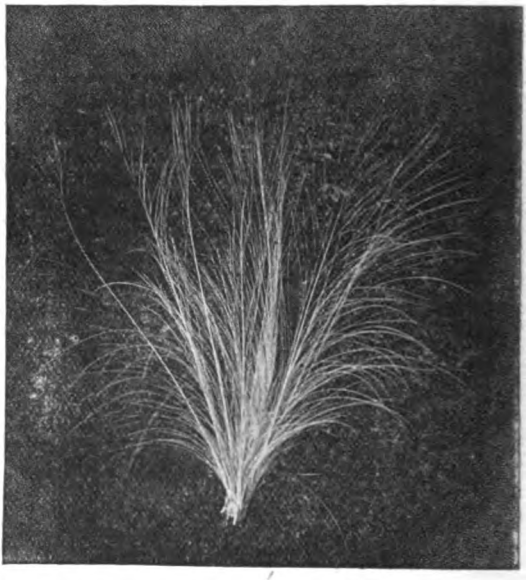
questions—almost the question—for humanity is that of the slaughter-house. It is an awful and a sickening question !

I remain, yours in heartiest sympathy,

Cheltenham, Nov. 11th. M.A., Oxon.

This, indeed, was a welcome epistle, and we may say at once that our correspondent's suggestion will be acted upon, and any of our readers desirous of obtaining our leaflet on the subject should apply to the Editor, who will himself undertake its production. Copies may be had at sixpence the dozen, post free, or three shillings the hundred.



THE NUPTIAL PLUME OF THE EGRET.

And now another word on this question of murderous millinery :— The milliners' windows are this season fuller than ever of the dainty plumage of murdered birds. Egret plumes—delicate airy things which stand upright in bonnets, and feathers of every variety, wings, poor stuffed birds with the monstrosity of glass eyes, literally swarm in the windows. "Ladies will have them," said a middle-aged French milliner in a smart West End shop to one of our staff, "It's no good offering hats and bonnets without them." And so the good taste, to say nothing of the compassion, of "the gentler (!) sex," was impeached. In an American humane journal, the other day, we read some startling statistics of the extent to which the warm Southern States of America and the South American Continent were being depopulated of their birds. Hundreds of thousands of several different species were required and obtained every season for the New York market. The same is true of the London market, of the Paris market, etc., etc., etc. Two years ago an American writer (G. T. Ferris) stated in *Our Animal Friends* :

> "One American dealer, not long since sold two million bird skins in a year. The items of *a single auction sale* in London, in 1887, included six thousand Birds of Paradise, five thousand Impeyan pheasants, three hundred and sixty thousand assorted skins from India, and four hundred thousand humming birds ! These figures give some notion of the tremendous influence of a silly fashion in procuring the destruction of animal life."

Mr. W. H. Hudson, C.M.Z.S., author of "The Naturalist in La Plata," and part author of "Argentine Ornithology," says :

> "Ladies have repeatedly assured me in all seriousness that milliners make these fine plumes out of the commonest feathers. * * * The aigrette worn by ladies in our day is in very nearly all cases actually made of the slender decomposed feathers that grow at one time of the year on the egret's back and drop gracefully over the sides and tail of the bird. The less fine plumes with shorter and stiffer filaments are from the squacco heron, which is not an egret."

Mr. Hudson adds that those who engage in the business of procuring these plumes know that to obtain a good supply with little trouble the birds must be taken when the breeding season is well advanced. The best time to attack them is when the young birds are fully fledged but not yet able to fly ; for at that time the solicitude of the parent bird is greatest, and, forgetful of their own danger, they are most readily made victims.

> "And when the killing is finished and the few handfuls of coveted feathers have been plucked out, the slaughtered birds are left in a white heap to fester in the sun and wind in the sight of their orphaned young that cry for food and

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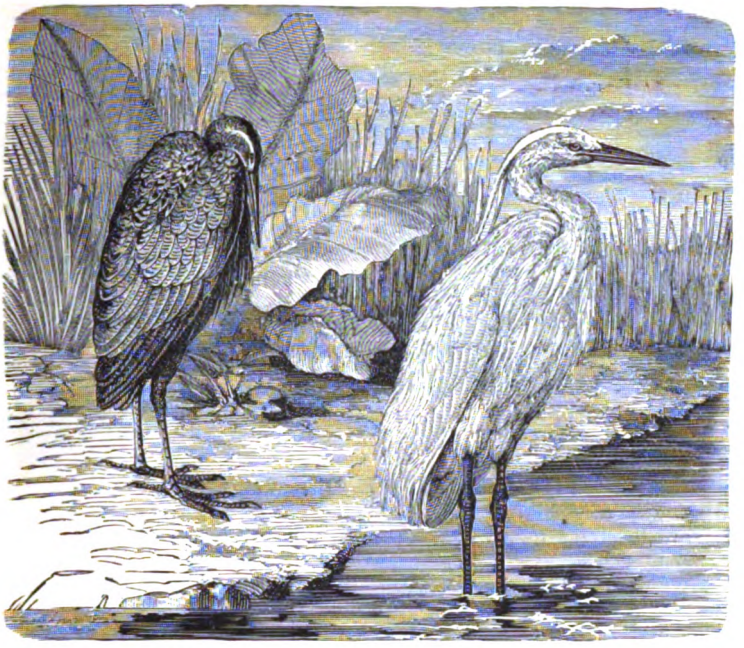
are not fed. There is nothing in the whole earth so pitiable as this—so pitiable and so shameful—that for such a purpose human cunning should take advantage of that feeling and instinct which we regard as so noble in our own species and as something sacred—the tender passion of the parent for its offspring, which causes it to neglect its own safety and to perish miserably a sacrifice to its love!"

Is it useless, is it hopeless to appeal to women on this matter? Is the decimation of the forest, the wood, the hedge-row, and the sea-shore to continue? Nature's wild orchestra to be completely silenced, and the haunts of the winged tribe to be rendered desolate by solitude? Between the sportsman "out with a gun," the collector seeking for specimens, and the woman on the prowl for plumage, what is to be the end thereof? The birds all have their place in Nature, they are necessary to the existence of human-kind. They are not only scavengers but they, devour the forms of insect life which prey upon vegetation—they earn their right, at man's hand, to live unmolested and befriended. Several species of birds and animals are already extinct and others are rapidly becoming so.



THE HERON. THE EGRET.

Let us ask the women—the fashionable woman and the middle-class woman, more particularly—who, most of them, have some sort of religion: Do you imagine that the Creator, in whom you believe, ever created these birds to be murdered, cruelly and brutally massacred, merely that their feathers and wings and bodies might minister to your vanity and love of display, and personal adornment? Even if you have no religion, is there no spark of pity and compassion in your hearts? You will soon be commemorating the birth of Him Who is the greatest Emblem of pity and compassion the countless centuries have known! Will you bestow on the defenceless birds the mercy which you ask for yourselves? If not, then one can only hurl at you the burning malediction of Ouida:—

"Oh, Pharisees and hypocrites! Oh, cruel and ruthless egotists! May the measure you mete be meted to you; may the crimes of mankind to the animals, who perish for and through them, be avenged on a race which has no pity, and yet dares to pray."

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A True "Mercyite."

A COMMON dog, with his rough coat thick with frost, was ambling down Fulton Street one morning. Right in the centre of the street was a lot of broken glass. The dog stepped on one of the bits and its yells attracted the attention of a number of lads who were loitering near the corner. Just as they, with eyes full of cruelty and malice, were about to pelt the suffering dog with pieces of ice and snow, a young woman, most daintily dressed, stepped out from a shop. She wore the ribbon of the "King's Daughters." Walking up to the dog, she stooped over him and patted his head. Then she examined his wounded foot. In an instant gloves were off, and a dainty little penknife was out of her pocket. Then followed a deft surgical operation, and the glass was extracted from the dog's paw. The boys stood looking on, abashed and silent. The grateful dog wagged his tail and limped away down the street; the young lady smiled good-bye to the lads, and the little scene was over.—*From an American Contemporary.*

Around the Lowly Manger.

LO! on the first bright Christmas morn,
Around the lowly manger,
The soft-eyed beasts with angels gaze
Upon the Heavenly Stranger.

We cannot know how far and deep
Their mystic instinct reacheth,
Nor what mute sense of right and love
These poor dumb children teacheth.

But love that can redeem and save
For evil *good* returning,
Can take *all* creatures to its heart,
The humblest never spurning.

Honour the voice that dares to speak
(The cruel jest unheeding)
For these who cannot speak themselves
One word of humble pleading.—*American.*

Santa Claus and "The Animals' Friend."

TO THE EDITOR.

ME have all been very busy of late in preparing, or purchasing Christmas gifts for our friends, and in the midst of it arose this question in my mind:—"What shall we give the *Animals' Friend*? Surely it ought not to be left out in the cold, for this young and active member of the Mercy Movement certainly requires the help and encouragement of a nice Christmas-box." I have thought if every subscriber, or reader, would contribute their mite, from the smallest coin up to a shilling, that being the maximum, what a delightful gift in the aggregate we should be giving to all the dear animals through their *Friend*, and what a load of financial care we should relieve you of for a long time to come. I think we should be robbing no one by this extra little gift, and it might be given in the name of our dear dumb companions, or the yet dearer ones who have passed away. The smallness of the sum I have mentioned may appear to many scarcely worth sending, "but it's numbers as does it." Let the thousands of your subscribers "do it," and they will be delighted and astonished at the result.—Yours, etc, FANNY EMILY WHITE.

Ebury Street, s.w., Nov. 10, 1895.

[Miss White we have always known as a good friend; very seasonably she now wishes to be our good fairy. For ourselves, we really cannot beg any more, but there's a dreadful hole in our purse; maybe if we hang up our stocking in the office during the Christmas season Santa Claus may drop something in; who knows? Anyway, it isn't for ourselves—it's for the dumb creatures who suffer and die. In the midst of our rejoicings let us not forget the "lower brethren" who minister so much to our comfort and happiness.—*Editor A.F.*]

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Children's Page.

COUSIN CARRIE'S CHRISTMAS LETTER.

MY DEAR LITTLE COUSINS,—Here is Christmas coming again as fast as it can; I hope that you will all be very, very merry!

There is one way in which I am quite sure that you may make Christmas a happy, jolly time, and that is by trying to make it pleasant and gay for somebody else. It is quite wonderful how happy people are always when they try hard to please other people. And there are such lots of "other people" to be thought of;—poor and rich, big and little, besides our own brothers, sisters and friends. Outside the house, as well as inside, there are plenty of folks for us to love. When the cold weather comes, and we are glad to sit close to the blazing fire by day and to creep under the warm blankets at night, what becomes of the many poor little children who have no comfortable homes, no cosy beds, no good food, and not a single toy to play with? We must spare them what we can, so that on Christ's birthday at least they may be happy.

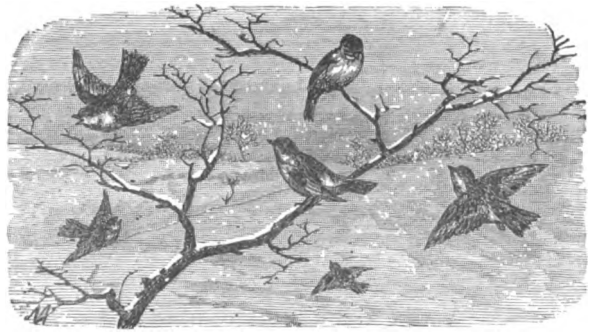
But, besides these, there are hundreds of tiny friends who come boldly to beg for a Christmas dinner at the window,—little bright-eyed birdies with their feathers all puffed out till they look like round fluffy balls, because they are so cold. Before the snow comes and the ground grows hard with frost birdies can find plenty to eat, but what can they do when their breakfast is all buried under a thick, white woolly carpet, so deep that they cannot get it?

They come crowding close to the houses where they think that some kind friend will throw them out some food. Oh! how sad it would be if one of those dear wee things should wait all day in vain, and then be obliged to steal sorrowfully away to die of hunger in some cold corner out of sight!

Plenty of halfpennies are wasted by little girls and boys which would save dozens of these little lives, if they were spent on stale bread, or seed, or bits of suet with which to feed the birds. After all, if we buy sweeties with our money the nice taste of them is soon gone; and we have nothing left in a few minutes but sticky fingers and a feeling inside that we don't want any dinner. A lot of fun can be got out of a penny by spending it on bird seed or bread to scatter in some place well out of pussy's way, where the birds can come and eat it and we can watch them.

When I was a little girl my brothers and sisters and I were very fond of doing this. We used to buy stale loaves very cheap from the baker, bits of suet and hempseed, and have a regular Christmas tree for the birds outside the nursery window, where the branches of an old pear tree came across. The top of a cistern was the birds' table, and a big brother used to tie the lumps of suet to the branches so that they dangled at the end of a string.

Little Tom-tits used to came and cling to the fat, head downwards, and peck away as much as they wanted. And once a poor old hungry rook, looking very shy and awkward and frightened, came down. He looked like a big black sweep among the little birds. Some of his great sooty brothers watched him from another tree, but they were afraid to come any nearer, though they were very hungry too. He wanted to get at the swinging lump of suet, and tried in may comical ways to reach it. First he began hovering on his great wings as the tits did, but he only made a great flapping and bustle, and whenever he made a dab at the fat it swung out of his reach in a most rovoking manner. At last, with a very wise look, he sat on the branch above, and began hooking up the string an inch at a time, using one claw and his beak, till at last he got hold of the suet. In about three snaps he swallowed it all, and went off to the rest to tell them about it. Soon some more of them ventured down, so he must have told them the news.



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Pretty Chaffinches came (who cracked the hempseed as if it were little nuts), thrushes and blackbirds, who liked scraps of meat or bread, and starlings and sparrows, who liked everything. Besides these, two robins always came, who, I am sorry to say, fought with each other and were so snappish about their food that we used to call them Mr. Squabble and Mr. Gobble.

Besides what we bought for the birds with our pocket money we collected all the scraps from the kitchen and every crumb, so that the Christmas feast was always a plentiful one. And we liked watching the sweet little darlings enjoying themselves better than playing with our toys. Sometimes we used to draw the curtains close, and peep out at little cracks, so that we could see the birds quite close without their knowing it.

After a time some of the birds grew quite tame, and would hardly move from their Christmas tree when they saw our noses in a row squeezed flat against the window panes. And Mr. Squabble would hop bravely inside if he found the window open. Try my plan, dear little ones; make somebody else happy, even if it is only a small brown sparrow, and see if that does not bring you a merry Christmas!

Your loving,
COUSIN CARRIE.

CHRIST'S BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

JESUS Christ loves little children,
Once He bade them come to Him,
Surely, too, He loves dumb creatures,
For within that stable dim,
He whom angels serve with awe
Shared the oxen's bed of straw.

And He loves the little birdies,
Oft would point to them and tell
How each sparrow by the wayside
God the Father loveth well;—
Loveth everything He made
In the field or in the glade.

Jesus Christ loves little lambkins,
For He names His children so,
Calls Himself the Lamb who suffered
To redeem us all from woe;
On His birthday throned above
Jesus asks the gift of love.

Then we all must love each other,
Love the souls for whom He died,
And those lowly speechless creatures
Clad in wool or furry hide.
Every gentle deed and word
Is a present to the Lord.

COUSIN CARRIE.

MISS FLORENCE HARRIS.

The accompanying portrait is that of Miss Florence Harris, only daughter of Sir Augustus and Lady Harris. The little girl is standing on a bridge in the grounds of her pretty home at Regent's Park. The white rabbit, so comfortably tucked under her arm, is one of so large a family of pets that it has been christened "the miniature Zoo." In that "miniature Zoo" are included a dear little Welsh pony, black, with a white nose, called Charlie; "Flo," a black Russian poodle; "Kicksey," a pug; "Ginger" and "Patti," two cats; "Waggies," a Persian kitten; "Faust," "Marguerite" and "Wedda," pet white rabbits; "Blackie" and "Floss," two poodle puppies, etc., etc. It should be added that these little creatures are not kissed and petted one day and the next handed over to the care of servants and forgotten, but, numerous though they are, they one and all enjoy the personal care and supervision of their loving little mistress.

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"Art thou the bird whom man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English Robin;
The bird that comes about our doors,
When autumn winds are sobbing?"—WORDSWORTH.

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Seagull and other Shooting.

A Protest from Ouida

THE following recital is sent to me by a lady resident at Whitby:—

"One day lately, down at the harbour, we had to wait at the draw-bridge, which was open, and we noticed something floating helplessly about, which turned out to be a poor wounded gull. We watched, while hoping it might rise when the herring-boats began to come out, as it was right in the midst of their course; but it was quite powerless. To the credit of the fishermen be it said, not one of them let his oar touch it, but lifted it over the poor creature, which began to drift to where a crowd of boys got hold of it, from whom we bought it and brought it home. We got a pail of sea water, which we poured into a large washing-tub, and put the bird into it, with some bits of raw fish, but it was dead before morning. It was shot in the legs, and most likely starved. If only the poor birds were killed outright the cruelty would be less terrible, but such sights are heart-rending."

Sir, how much longer is this monstrous exhibition of brutality and wanton slaughter to go on all round your coasts? Those noblemen and gentlemen who are conspicuous as mayors of boroughs and chairmen of councils, would do better to look to it than to muzzle dogs. It is painful and curious to note the extreme indifference of English opinion on the matter of cruelty. English men and women have a habit, when in other countries than their own, of saying with proud self-sufficiency, "We should not allow *that* in England," "that" being some form of neglect or brutality which incenses them greatly, being in these barbarous regions which they call "abroad." At home they would be unmoved by it; it would be quite harmless, good sport, pleasant fooling, necessary training, or any other of their long list of pet phrases. In real truth the English race is just as cruel as any other, and it is rapidly losing that redeeming instinct that used to characterize it, *i.e.* a love of fair play, which it used to extend from human rivals to animal victims. This is no longer certain to be found, and a certain kind of caddishness has displaced and supplemented it even in the highest ranks. Pigeon-shooting is utterly unfair and caddish. Seagull shooting is that and something still worse. Covert-shooting, as now conducted, is so likewise. Tame stag hunting is so, and the gentleman may sneer as he likes at the rabbit coursing of collier and navvy, his coursing-meetings and battue slaughter are no better. In sad truth it is impossible, so long as the noble and wealthy classes make a deity of such sport, to inculcate, with any possibility of success, humanity in the active strata of society. When such a man as Lord Londonderry speaks in public as he does of sport, what can we urge, with any chance of success, which will disarm 'Arry as he stands on the cliffs to fire at tarn or guillemot, or make Hodge lower his rusty gun as he aims at rook or magpie?

It is the fault of the "cultured classes," as they term themselves, that with so little consistency, with so little result, can cruelty and wanton sports in the populace be combated. That along the shores of Great Britain sea birds can be slaughtered by tens of thousands annually is so monstrous a thing that one would suppose the national voice would be raised unanimously against it; that the freshness and beauty of the sea can be associated with so shocking a pastime as this brutal and imbecile carnage is so injurious to the public morality, so offensive to all good taste, and so abominable a spectacle for children, that it would seem incredible its continuance could be permitted for a day did we not know that those

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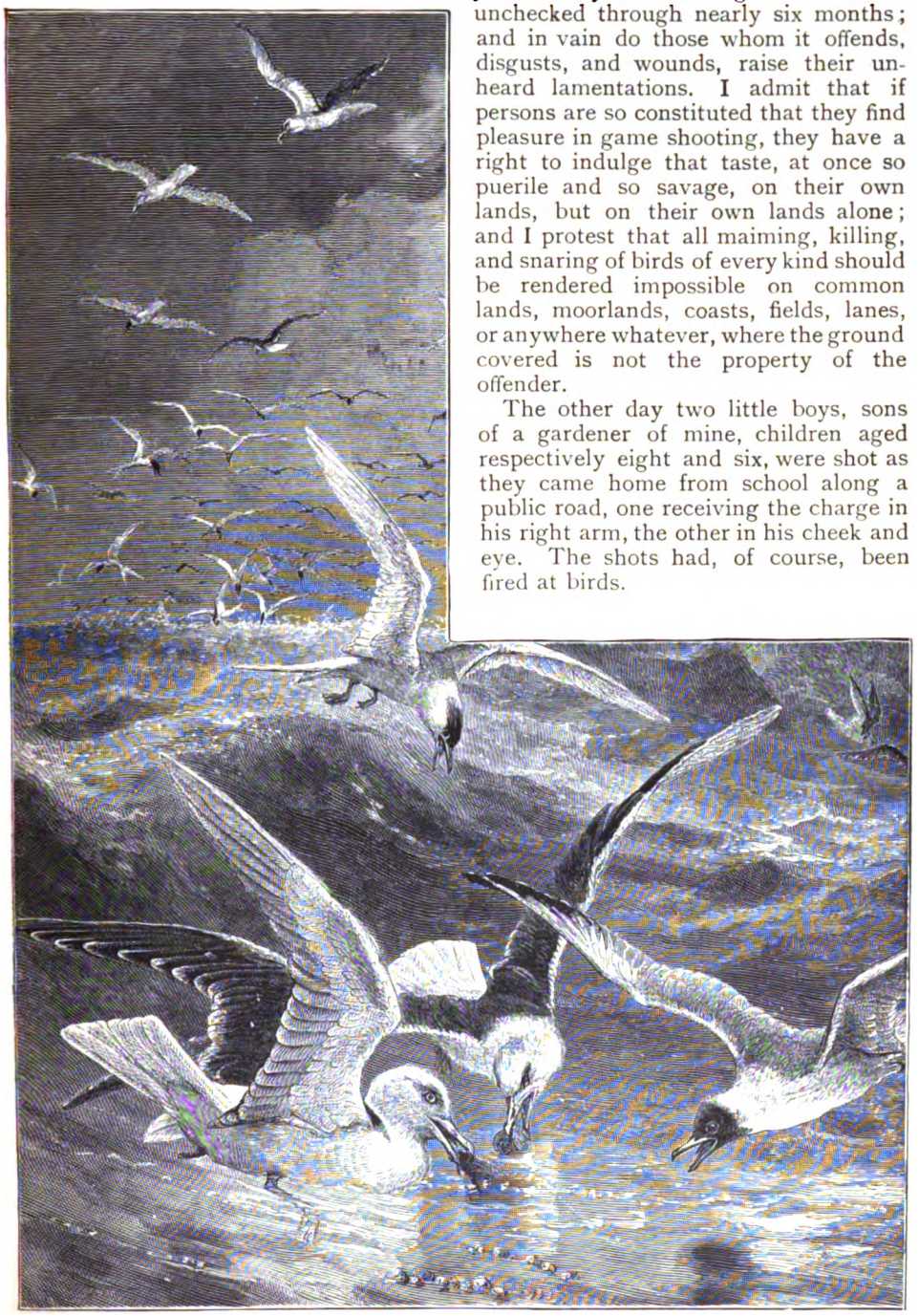
who make the laws are not without an unavowed sympathy with 'Arry, since they love themselves to make beautiful winged lives sad clots of blood and broken feathers.

In any commonly decent and educated community it would seem impossible that the shooting of seagulls and other marine birds, as it prevails along the cliffs and beaches, and on the home waters of England, Scotland and Ireland, could be for a single week tolerated, whether by local or by governmental authorities. Yet year after year this disgrace continues unchecked through nearly six months; and in vain do those whom it offends, disgusts, and wounds, raise their unheard lamentations. I admit that if persons are so constituted that they find pleasure in game shooting, they have a right to indulge that taste, at once so puerile and so savage, on their own lands, but on their own lands alone; and I protest that all maiming, killing, and snaring of birds of every kind should be rendered impossible on common lands, moorlands, coasts, fields, lanes, or anywhere whatever, where the ground covered is not the property of the offender.



The other day two little boys, sons of a gardener of mine, children aged respectively eight and six, were shot as they came home from school along a public road, one receiving the charge in his right arm, the other in his cheek and eye. The shots had, of course, been fired at birds.

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All over Europe and, I believe, America, this random shooting goes on, and highways and byways, sea-shores, and country fields are rendered perilous and odious by it. Unhappily there are many millions of persons to whom the sight of wounded gulls, or dying thrushes, or scores of linnets cooped up in a sack, is not painful; but there is not one amongst these to whom it would not be painful to receive a charge of small shot in his face or arm, or to see his child receive them; and such accidents must always be frequent so long as hordes of pot-shooters tear at pleasure in all directions over the land. Nor, although it may be derided as mere sentiment, should the more susceptible, delicate, and generous feeling of those to whom the sight of bird slaughter is loathsome enough for such a sight to dim a country side, and sully a sunlit sea, be utterly set aside and discarded as it is. If ever evolution develops mankind into a higher and nobler creature than he is now, it can only be so through the development of this tenderer and finer side of humanity. Browning has said, "It is not what man does which elevates him; it is what he would do," and it is only when this which he would do is instinct with the higher sympathies and the finer emotions, that it can raise him by a hair's breadth from his present state.

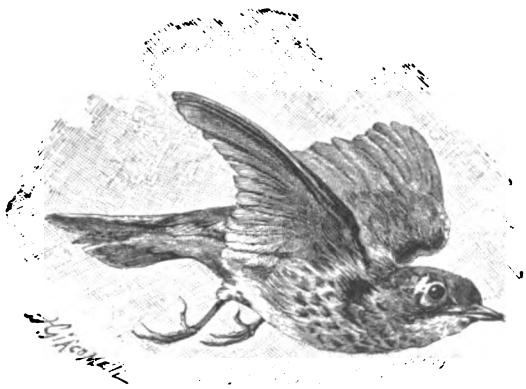
OUIDA.

A Naturalist's Plea from Scotland.

I would like to add a few remarks on the destruction of the sea-gull. Here, where I reside, the quantity of Herring-gulls, Black-headed and Common Gulls, which are shot is enormous, and those who shoot such charming birds cannot term themselves sportsmen—a more fitting name for them would be bird butchers. That beautiful bird, the Common Gull, is now more scarce than the Black-headed and Herring Gull, whereas not so very long ago it was much more numerous; hence its name—the Common Gull. I am sure there is nothing more beautiful, from a naturalist's point of view, than to watch a sea-gull skimming over the white-tipped waves, rising and falling alternately, until nothing but a white speck, resembling a small snow-flake, is to be seen, rapidly receding, and you will have noticed, too, how graceful are its movements, and how, with wings extended (and to the human eye immovable), it glides along, peering from one side to another, and ever and anon diving down and picking up some tit-bit from the surface of the ocean, until, with slow and regular beats of its large wings, it is lost to sight in the haziness. On all parts of the east coast is this poor and quite harmless bird shot at and killed in large numbers, the wings of some species being torn off to decorate some lady's hat. Winter is again with us, and I hope the readers of the *Animals' Friend* will feed and be kind to our persecuted sea-birds, and especially would I urge upon them to defend the Gull tribe.

GOLDFINCH.

Portobello, 26th November, 1895.



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CONTRIBUTORS:—

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MRS. STRATTON TELLS OF A DOG'S FAITHFULNESS.

I KNOW an interesting story exemplifying the patience and faithfulness which are often displayed by dogs. A few months ago a gentleman was accompanied to a country church by his retriever. While he himself entered the sacred edifice, the dog was placed in charge of his walking stick near a disused porch on the other side of the church. When the service was over the gentleman, meeting with friends, walked off and forgot all about the dog and stick. On the following morning he ordered a servant to call the dog, but was met with the reply that the animal could nowhere be found. Being about to start for London he thought no further about the circumstance, but went off on his journey. On Tuesday morning he called again for the dog, and an answer similar to the former one was given. It now occurred to him that possibly his poor canine friend was still guarding his stick at the porch of the village church more than a mile distant. He walked straight to the spot, and there he found the faithful animal patiently awaiting the approach of his master, whom he had not seen since the afternoon of the previous Sunday. This incident recalls to my mind those beautiful lines of Byron upon his Newfoundland dog:—

"But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend;
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone.
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in Heaven the soul he held on earth."

Let me appeal to our younger folk for gentle treatment of our faithful friends the dogs. They aid us in our labours, they sympathise with us in our sorrows, they guard us in peril, and no mercenary element enters into their devotion.

ALSO OF A REMARKABLE BLACKBIRD.

A FEW weeks ago a friend of mine told me of a very tame blackbird which shared homes with a cottager at Shepperton. It had its liberty by day, but always returned to the house at night. As I am exceedingly fond of all dumb creatures and like cultivating their acquaintance, I started off one fine morning to pay my respects to this specimen of the feathered tribe. It is the bird's custom early in the morning to fly across an orchard and a public road, to spend the livelong day with a dear old woman who lives not far off. On my arrival this person told me that the blackbird was in the garden, but had not been indoors for a day or two, as it had resented the presence of some workmen who had been putting up a new stove. Previously it had been in and out of her cottage continually, and had never failed to turn up at dinner time and partake of food off the table, which was served up for it in an egg cup. Sometimes this was covered over with a cloth, round which the bird would hop suspiciously and, finally plucking up courage to pull it off, would rapidly empty the contents of the vessel. I went into the garden, and, finding the blackbird, began to talk to it in coaxing tones. It was shy with me at first, but birds and children soon know who are sympathetic and like them, and, accordingly, this blackbird began to hop around about me and lessen the distance that separated us. This was soon followed by a bold plunge on to my outstretched hand and it commenced to peck vigorously and have a regular game with me. I felt flattered by its friendship, for I learnt that it was quite exceptional for it to be thus attracted by strangers, and such friendship as it showed me it withheld even from some members of the family. I was quite sorry to say adieu to so charming a bird, and I hope I may have an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with my feathered friend. The

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incident I have described proves how birds are to be won over and made tame. It is by letting them have a good look at us and by our talking to them in gentle tones.

MISS DE COCQ AND A SAGACIOUS NEW ZEALAND DOG.

MRS. H. was in the habit, while engaged in household duties, of leaving her baby in its bassinet on the floor of an adjoining room, and she had more than once remarked, with surprise, that pieces of bone found their way into the cradle in the most unaccountable manner. Hearing the child cry one day, she hurried in, when she saw entering through another open door her favourite spaniel (herself the mother of a litter of puppies at the time) carrying in her mouth a large bone, which she gravely deposited in front of the baby's face. The bone mystery was explained. The dog's experience had taught her that a bone was the most effectual means of quieting her own babies when fractious, so she wished to show the same kindness to the child of her mistress.

MR. WILLIAMS' DOG REMINISCENCES.

I HAD a little dog, a pug, a sweet wee body. She was most particular about her time of going to bed—ten o'clock was her hour—and no matter how inviting the lap or comfortable the chair, she did not forget her regular habits, but would begin to walk up the stairs and disliked being recalled to the sitting-room. The fact of her home falling in a most haphazard household as to hours did not affect her spirit of punctuality. She was, too, one of the most endearing of the non-human creatures in her ways, and most intelligent. Indeed, I have heard it said pugs are not clever, but I have a friend, a Mr. Crawley, of Ilkley, who possesses a pug, a marvel of intelligence. Alas, poor Dora's death came in a distressful way, it appeared to us as diphtheria, and neither the skill of the veterinary surgeon nor the care and devotion of my housekeeper could save her. The last time I saw her she was lying in her little basket before the fire, and as I passed her last Sunday night going to church to preach and pray with people (not excluding myself), who had far less of that single, simple adoring spirit of love that Dora possessed, remembering Miss Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem, I laid my hand in blessing on her head and breathed an inward hope, for it seemed her eyes had a strange pathetic look, and when we returned from church her spirit and soul had passed into other spheres and other scenes. Beyond the love and power of the Supreme Soul, who shall dare to say?

MR. RAYMENT'S EXPERIENCE OF AN AUSTRALIAN OPOSSUM.

IF you have ever been in the hot glare of a tropical sun or anything like it, not just for a day, but day after day, and month after month, you will perhaps admire the wisdom of the Australian opossums who prefer to sleep in the daytime in the hollows of trees, and to frolic about at night among the branches in the beautiful soft, cool light of a tropical moon.

These wise creatures are nearly as large as the wild English rabbit and almost as active in the trees as squirrels. Their furry coats would seem to be almost too warm to wear in a hot climate, but it must be remembered that even in the tropics the nights are often cool, with occasionally a slight touch of frost towards morning during the winter months. I have been told that the opossums will eat anything a man will eat, and I have reason to believe that they will eat some things that a man will not eat, for I once discovered an opossum curled up in a cask of resin, where it had apparently been rosining something, most probably its alimentary canal, after a first vain attempt, I suppose, to reach its vocal chords! I put my hand into the cask, and, feeling something warm and furry, instead of something hard and sticky, quickly withdrew it; and while I was considering how to catch hold of the dear creature without its first catching hold of me, it escaped into the roof of the building which sheltered the cask. A short time after this a friend complained to me that what he was pleased to call them pets of mine were nothing but pests to him, they

THE AUSTRALIAN OPOSSUM.

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having entered his tent during the night and raided his sugar and other provisions. This caused him to tie a young dog at the entrance to his tent. How effectual this plan was in excluding the raiders may be judged from the fact that he awoke one moonlight night and saw the young puppy playing at a sort of leap-frog with its friends, the enemy!

The Australian opossum is a marsupial, that is, it carries its young in a pouch. Its rightful name is, I am told, the phalanger, but should you go into the bush in Australia don't call it by that name, unless you wished to be laughed at, as I was when I ventured to speak of mosquitoes. An Anglo-Australian does not speak of mosquitoes or of phalangers but only of "miskitties" and "'possums." The latter would hardly make satisfactory pets, as they begin to be lively just about the time one wishes to go to sleep, and, so for that matter, do the mosquitoes.

MR. SIMPSON AND HIS CAT.

A FEW years ago I had a favourite cat. She was a very small tabby, the smallest full-grown cat I ever knew, with a pretty, intelligent face and fine bright golden eyes. As a kitten she quickly took to me, and thenceforward attached herself to me firmly and unalterably. I well remember how she captivated me with her fixed, earnest, appealing gaze. As a proof of her strong affection, when full grown but still hardly more than a kitten, I found that if she happened to be in another room when I wanted (as was my wont) to give her her evening meal of bread and milk, and I took it in to her and left it there, she would not touch it until she had first had her usual fondling caress on my knee or shoulder, her little face rubbed against my cheek, and an exceedingly loud purring going on all the while. If I merely put down the saucer and left the room without this mutual endearment, she would not touch the food, but would wait sadly for my return. I sometimes tried her this way, but always with the same result. When I re-appeared, after perhaps ten minutes or a quarter of an hour had elapsed, she would utter a little cry of joy, and jump up eagerly for the caress at once. That over, having lasted three or four minutes, she would quietly take her milk. Some people say that cats are only "cupboard lovers." Here was a proof to the contrary. If I had not returned to the room, or taken her out with me, she would not have touched her food. Never once did she did so until I returned to her. Nor would she ever go quietly to her comfortable bed unless I gave her a "goodnight" in the shape of a few affectionate caressings. So much for the "cupboard love," of which I have seen a great deal more among human beings than I ever saw among animals. I have many times seen how rich uncles and aunts are caressed and petted by their *affectionate* nephews and nieces who would have spurned and scorned any *poor* relation. Some persons, however, may call this petting of an animal "spoiling," but on my little cat's part it was so spontaneous and natural that I think it was *beautiful*. She never wavered in her attachment, and I am not ashamed to say that I loved her almost as a dear little child. She quite well knew my knock at the front door, and, if possible, would run at once to meet me; and *regularly* came up to my bedroom door before breakfast to salute me, though I had nothing *there* to give her; and very arch was she in her funny little ways. I had her all her life, and she was ten years and ten months old when she died.

Slaughter-House Horrors.

The slaughter-house and its horrors is one of the greatest and most crying evils of the day. Despite our boasted strides in civilisation we still kill dumb animals with all the bungling savagery of primitive man. It is the one matter in which we have made little advance. Skilful some butchers may be, but the methods are the old methods, and they are unspeakably bad, brutal and degrading. The butcher is the one workman who apparently finds the old methods good enough for him; they suffice for the public, his patrons, and why should he trouble? But do his patrons know of them? If not, they ought to know. A terrible volume has reached us, "Butchery and its Horrors," by Josiah Oldfield, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. It is a tremendous impeachment of our system of slaughter, and it throws a lurid light upon a vast and awful question. We have said the public ought to know. After skimming this volume, preparatory to a more thorough examination, we say frankly that the humanity of the people of our country, a flesh-eating country, is impeached before the Judgment Seat of Justice and Mercy, and no man or woman, with a scrap of human kindness, ought to dare to sit down to the table and eat in unconcern without doing something to mitigate the brutal horror of present-day slaughtering. Any ruffian is free to try his 'prentice hand in doing a living animal to death, and the minimum we can ask for is public abbatoirs, under constant and efficient inspection, where every slaughterman shall be a skilled and certificated operator. The private slaughter-house, and the brutal old methods, must go, and in their place must come better men and better methods. Every person of influence ought to get this brochure by Mr. Oldfield. It is published at one shilling, and can be had from the Ideal Publishing Union, 16 Farringdon street, London, E.C.

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WHY I OPPOSE VIVISECTION.

No. 11.—By JAMES MACAULAY, M.D., F.R.C.S.E.

DURING the meeting of the British Medical Association, at Norwich, in August, 1874, a French physiologist, M. E. Magnan, performed some operations which were highly applauded by the advocates of vivisection. The professed object was to show the effects of alcohol upon animals. Some dogs were tied down to a table at the Masonic Hall; and then, through tubes inserted into their opened thighs, absinthe was injected. The operator was assisted by four medical men of Norwich, whose names I refrain from giving, as they are probably now ashamed of the part they took in the wretched exhibition. There were many spectators, most of them young practitioners, but also some men of eminence in the profession, curious no doubt to witness the proceedings of the French operator, an adept in vivisection as practised in the Continental Schools.

The whole scene was one of low and stupid barbarity. The general effects of alcohol on the system are known, and any points yet undetermined can be ascertained by observation far more surely than by experimenting under unnatural conditions. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals very properly took up the case. M. Magnan was out of their reach. He had gone back to Paris, where he got great praise, and an award of 2,500 francs, for his share of experiments by which he had sought to educate English physiologists! Proceedings were taken against the Norwich practitioners who assisted at the operations. The Norwich magistrates agreed in the opinion that the experiments were cruel and useless, but eventually dismissed the case, on the plea that the offences did not seem to come within the meaning of the Act under which the prosecution was laid.

It must not be supposed that all those who were present regarded the exhibition with approval. For instance, Mr. Tuffnell, President of the Royal College of Surgeons of Dublin, appeared at the beginning of the experiments, but left the place in disgust, with strong protest against the atrocities that were going on. As he went out he unlocked the door of a room where a number of poor animals were waiting to be dragged to the hall of torture, and set them at liberty. Sir William Fergusson, the eminent surgeon, of King's College Hospital, was also there for a time, and afterwards described "the ghastly scene," the "groaning of the dogs," their "writhing agony," and in one of them "epileptic convulsions," adding an emphatic condemnation of the whole exhibition as a revolting scene of wanton cruelty. The opinion of the medical profession throughout the kingdom was that the experiments on this occasion were not demanded in the interests of science.

But this was more than twenty years ago. We have travelled far on the downward road since that. The result of the Norwich trial was that, in fear of further prosecutions, physiologists sought protection by obtaining an Act of Parliament, after a Royal Commission had printed its report. Of the story of the huge "Blue Book" of those days, with the comments and controversies arising out of it, we have no intention of here speaking. It was a miserable affair on the whole; the facts and arguments of the opponents of vivisection being inadequately represented, and a large number of witnesses in its favour pressed into the record. Sir William Gull was asked if he could name therapeutic remedies which have been discovered by vivisection. He replied in a jaunty way, "The cases bristle around us everywhere!" And what were his statements? These: That our knowledge of dropsical affections, of pulmonary apoplexy, and a multitude of other things, were "due to Harvey's discovery of the circulation,"! and that the discovery of vaccination was due to experiments on living animals. The majority of the Commission took in this nonsense, not knowing that Dr. Jenner's discovery was made by observation of the people in the dairy district in Gloucestershire, and that his great experiments were not upon animals but upon children and human subjects.

Another Professor, Dr. McKendrick, handed in a list of twenty-two discoveries

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which he said were due to vivisection. Every one of these alleged discoveries is known to be due not to experiments, but to clinical and anatomical and physiological research. This is demonstrated in the "Essay on Vivisection," published at Edinburgh, copies of which, reprinted by the American Anti-Vivisection Society, can be obtained of the Victoria Street Society for the Protection of Animals, 20, Victoria Street, Westminster. A small volume by Benjamin Bryan can also be purchased there, containing copious evidences of the futility and cruelty of operating on living animals. These books are referred to as giving ample details on the whole subject. The Norwich case, and the consequent appointment of the Royal Commission, and passing of the Vivisection Act, are here mentioned as showing the origin of the experimental laboratories, now so common, and every year multiplying in our Schools of Medicine. But there have always been men of eminence in the profession who have pronounced the asserted claims of vivisection to be baseless. And there are many physicians and surgeons now who maintain an honourable protest against experiments, which are cruel and unjustifiable, which are degrading to the profession, baneful to the students who practise or witness them, and opposed to true science, as well as to justice and humanity.

Vivisection is a new name for a very old thing. In the medical schools of Alexandria, to which students resorted from all parts of the world, there were some physiologists who had laboratories for performing experiments. The subjects upon which they operated, whether for research or for demonstration, were not "lower animals," as we call them, but human living subjects—malefactors who had been condemned to death. One vivisector is recorded to have operated upon many hundreds of criminals. Here was vivisection under the most favourable conditions for obtaining facts, whether for science or for practice. But these ancient vivisectors learned very little by these experiments. The Roman physician, Celsus, who lived in the reign of Augustus, and whose book "De Medicinâ," is still a classical work, very strongly condemned these researches. He says, "Of the things sought by these cruel operations some are altogether beyond the reach of human knowledge, and others could be obtained without the aid of such wicked means. If, in the healthy and uninjured human body we can often, by external observation, perceive remarkable changes, produced by fear, pain, hunger, weariness, and a thousand other affections, how much greater must be the changes caused by the dreadful wounds and cruel mangling of the dissector in internal parts, whose structure is far more delicate, and which are placed in circumstances altogether unusual?" And again, "The prudent physician will acquire, in the course of his prac-

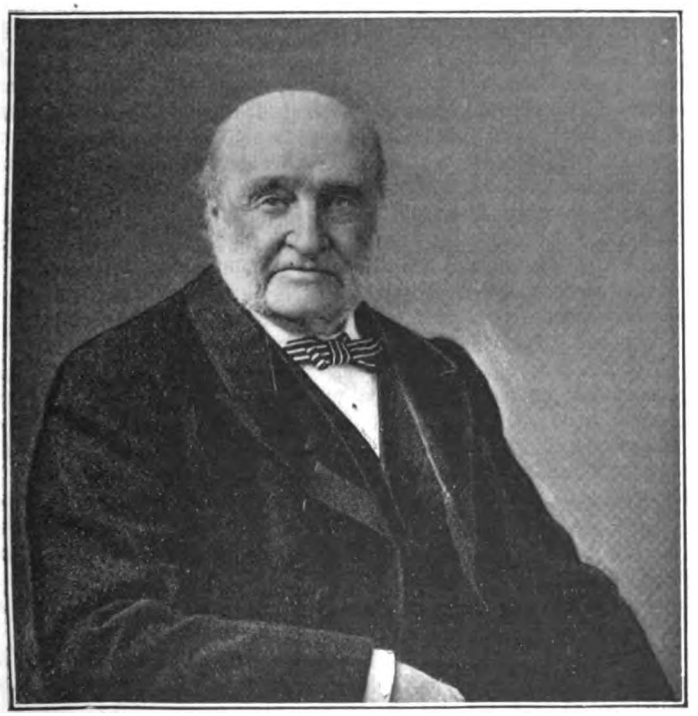

Photo by] DR. MACAULAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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tice, a larger number of facts than he could ever obtain by dissections; and he will, moreover, have the satisfaction that, while endeavouring to save life and performing offices of mercy, he is acquiring that knowledge which others vainly seek to obtain by inflicting death and performing deeds of dire cruelty!"

This testimony of an ancient heathen may well put to shame our modern vivisectors, not merely on moral grounds, but on the ground of sound science. Our great English moralist, Samuel Johnson, has dealt with the subject in one of his essays ("The Idler," No. 17), where he says, "What is alleged in defence of these hateful practices every one knows; but the truth is that by knives, fire, and poisons knowledge is not always sought, and is very seldom attained. I know not that by living dissections (vivisection) any discovery has been made by which a single malady is more easily cured. It is time that universal resentment should arise against these horrid operations."

It may be said that Dr. Johnson, not being a professional man, spoke in ignorance and with prejudice. Let us hear the testimony of Dr. Barclay, the founder of our own splendid museum in the Hall of the Royal College of Surgeons at Edinburgh, and the honoured master of many eminent physicians and surgeons. In his book "On the Muscular Motions" (p. 298), Dr. Barclay says, "In making experiments on live animals, even where the species of respiration is the same as our own, anatomists must often witness phenomena that can be phenomena only of rare occurrence. . . . Considering that our breathing is varied by heat and cold, by pleasure and pain, by every strong mental emotion, by the different states of health and disease, by different attitudes, and different exertions—we can hardly suppose that an animal under the influence of horror, placed in a forced and unnatural attitude, its viscera exposed to the stimulus of air, its blood flowing out, many of its muscles divided by the knife, and its nervous system driven to violent desultory action from excruciating pain, would exhibit the phenomena of ordinary respiration. If different anatomists, after seeing different species of animals, or different individuals of the same species, respiring under different experiments of torture, were each to conclude that the phenomena produced in these cases were analogous to those of ordinary respiration, their difference of opinion as to motions of ordinary respiration would be immense."

Dr. Barclay's statements have regard to respiration, but will equally apply to every subject investigated in a similar manner. I refrain from giving details of such experiments as they would only cause pain to sensitive readers. They are well known to readers of foreign journals, and I shall only say that they are disgraceful alike to the physiologists who have perpetrated the horrors, and to those of the medical profession who have approved and sanctioned them. But will it be believed that an English physician, a duly qualified M.D., performed the following experiments, and recorded them in the "Reports of St. Bartholomew's Hospital." He took a number of cats, and cutting open their sides, when under the influence of chloroform, tied up their bile ducts, and left them to expire slowly from the consequences of the operation. The professed object was to ascertain the changes in the liver, by examining under the microscope the morbid conditions resulting from his experiments. He preferred, he tells us, cats to dogs, because dogs have been found to live only from five to ten days, whereas some of the cats lingered for more than three weeks. Two of the cats were fortunate enough to die after two days of agony. One "old white cat" lingered for four days. One, which survived about a fortnight, is described as being "very feeble; when tumbled over it had great difficulty in regaining its feet." Two of the poor creatures lingered till the twenty-seventh and twenty-ninth days, when they were killed! The results of the experiments were, for any practical purpose, utterly worthless, and the whole affair was an example of pitiless and stupid cruelty. The wonder is that his "Barts" colleagues or pupils did not indignantly protest against proceedings which Abernethy, the pride and ornament of their school, would have regarded with disgust and horror.

Another "scientific" operator experimented on monkeys, destroying, with knives or with red hot irons, or in other ways, portions of the brain, in order to discover the uses and functions of the various parts of the encephalon!

Another operated on dogs—terriers and collies—animals with equal intelligence to their torturers, and with far higher moral qualities, in order to ascertain the effects of certain purgatives on their internal organs!

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But enough of these abominations, done in our own day by Englishmen of the same honoured profession which was in former times adorned by physicians like Sydenham and Mead, Gregory and Abercrombie, and by surgeons like Bell and Liston, Syme and Fergusson.

The present writer was a student at the University of Edinburgh from 1830 to 1841, taking the degree of M.A. in 1836, and that of M.D. in 1838. I went through a very complete medical and surgical curriculum, attending the classes both in college and in extra-academical schools. During three years I was under Dr. Robert Knox, and Fergusson. Dr. W. P. Alison was at that time Professor of Physiology and the Institutes of Medicine. The practice of vivisection was in those days almost unknown in our country, and no experiments on living animals were ever shown in the lectures. Dr. Fletcher, a favourite pupil of Abernethy, in his published "Introductory Lecture to Physiology," says, "During many years' experience in lecturing I have never found it necessary, in a single instance, to expose a suffering animal, even to students of medicine (who are necessarily, in some degree, familiarized with sights of horror), for the purpose of elucidating any point in physiology." This was the universal opinion of medical teachers in those days all over the kingdom.

In 1837 I went to Paris, with Edward Forbes and two or three fellow-students. Of course we went to the class-room of M. Majendie, then in the height of his popularity. Two or three visits were enough for us. We were repelled, not merely by the demonstrations of the operator, but by witnessing the monkey-tiger spirit of the students around. Recollecting that scene, one can understand better the words of Dr. S. Haughton, of Dublin, who said in his evidence before the Vivisection Commission, "I would shrink with horror from accustoming large classes of young men to the sight of animals under vivisection. I believe many of them would become cruel and hardened, and would go away and repeat those experiments recklessly. Science would gain nothing, and *the world would have let loose upon it a set of young devils.*"

After returning to Edinburgh it was gratifying to find that the feeling was still strong against the horrible cruelties of foreign schools. Dr. Burdon Sanderson, of Oxford, said that "he wished to see the type of education more like the type of education in Germany." He has got his wish. At the last meeting of the British Association, when the Marquis of Salisbury was president, I went to see the laboratory behind the Ashmolean Museum. There were no operations going on, but the rooms for experimenting looked ghastly places, even though no howling or quivering victims were on the tables. It was a disgrace to the majority of Convocation to vote money for such a torture chamber. It is a disgrace to degrade our English schools of medicine to the level of those on the Continent. Sir Henry Acland, the veteran ex-professor at Oxford, who in his early days lived with Dr. W. P. Alison, at Edinburgh, for a year, must mournfully witness the present state of affairs. In his evidence before the Commission he said that he feared "many persons engage in vivisection not for a humane purpose, but for acquiring abstract knowledge." "They deal with those wonderful and beautiful organisms just as they deal with physical bodies that have no feeling and consciousness." This was manifest in the evidence of Dr. Klein, who said that "a physiologist could not be expected to devote time and thought to inquiring what the animal feels while he is doing the experiment." He confessed that "he uses anæsthetics for convenience sake in operating on dogs or cats, and for no other animals, as a general rule." Dr. Klein formerly practised in Vienna, and he said that "he had never known of the hostility to vivisection which is shown in this country, not by physiologists, but by the general public."

Let us hope that this hostility will increase. The feeling against it, prevalent among all men of culture, in every profession, is strong! Sir Arthur Helps said that "every man known to have practised needless cruelties should be placed under a social ban." This is not so easily effected. A man will be ready to get the help of Mephistopheles himself for his wife or family if known to be skilful as a surgeon. More hope lies in the diffusion of knowledge among the people, and proving that sound science is on the side of humanity on this question.

(*To be completed in February.*)

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Nature Notes.

(*Copyright*).

By EDITH CARRINGTON, Author of "A Narrow, Narrow World," "Workers Without Wage," etc., etc.

"Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your Teacher."—*Wordsworth.*

THE MOLE.—THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK VELVET.

THIS little individual is a very shy personage indeed, in spite of his soft raiment and fine array. His manners and customs are almost a secret, dwelling, as he does, out of human sight and reach. What the sky is to the bird or butterfly, and what the river is to a fish, the dark earth is to the mole. It is his home; and he is just as beautifully made for living under its surface as the squirrel and dormouse are made for enjoying themselves above, in the light of day. He is a happy creature, too; as gay as they are. He is full of life, busy and active to the last degree, hunting with fiery zeal, feeding eagerly, fighting with fury, but showing care and fondness for his mate and young. Lastly, he is able to plan for himself and his family a most curious and wonderful place of shelter, a sort of castle, more remarkable in its way, perhaps, than the dwelling of any other animal.

THE MOLE.

Few people have seen a living mole, though now and then during the months of June or July one of them may be seen running from one field to another, or even swimming across a stream. The mole is a famous swimmer; his strong broad hands, or paddles as they may be called, aid him in passing through the water in the same way as they help him to force a path through the ground. The palms of his hands are turned outwards; if you place your own back to back and then moving the arms apart, draw the wrists near to your sides, you will have some idea of how the mole's paddles are arranged. These paws or hands are armed with strong nails for digging; the legs themselves are so short that, from outside the skin, they would hardly be noticed; though, if a dead mole's bones are closely examined, the limbs will be found strongly formed, jointed, and hinged, like the limbs of other beasts. The hind legs are smaller and less strong.

I was once just five minutes too late in seeing a mole cross a broad road, for I picked up his lifeless corpse, over which a light cart-wheel had passed. It was still warm, and though the spine was broken, it was not otherwise crushed or mangled. I was able to note how finely his shape was fitted for the task which the poor little miner had undertaken when he was alive. His body was shaped just like a large fir cone, tapering gently to a point; his nose, which was armed with a bit of gristle, was sharp, strong and elastic, exactly the right thing for ploughing a passage through the soil. The tiny eyes were so deeply buried in the short, velvety fur, that for a long time, I could not find them at all. What need had the little fellow of much eyesight, dwelling, as he did, in the dark? His eyes, therefore, were so small that a horse hair could hardly have been passed through the opening they made in the skin; yet they saw well enough for his purpose. The ears had no long flaps to get into their owner's way while he was burrowing. Although the mole's hearing is intensely keen, little is to be seen of his ears. He finds out his prey partly by listening for worms as birds do, and partly by smelling; but it has puzzled the wisest

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heads to understand how he contrives to find his way in a straight line under the ground to places where he knows that he will discover grubs and chrysalids buried.

It is supposed that the mole possesses some instinct which guides him, for no matter how "good a nose" any creature may have, it seems like a miracle that it should be able to lead him, through solid ground for many yards, to a spot where something nice is to be had. And the mole keeps his affairs obstinately to himself; he will not tell us how he does it; nor can anybody well find out, since, taken from his proper sphere, the creature shows nothing of his ordinary ways. A mole above ground is as helpless and out of place as a fish out of water; and it is as great an act of cruelty to take the former from *his* element, the earth, as it is to take the latter from his element, the water. Above ground the mole must first suffer much and then quickly perish; since a three hours' fast is fatal to him. He was made to seek without ceasing for creeping things which harm crops; torn away from the proper scene of his toils, he is a miserable, useless, aimless animal.

But, watch what a mole will do, if by any good luck you see one moving on his way across a pasture. Look at the hurry and haste with which he will vanish into his own kingdom! It must be seen to be believed. He seems to sink below the grass, to work his way as easily through it as a cheese scoop passes through cheese. In a moment he is gone. And where? The mole knows well enough; he does not go about at random; he has regular tunnels of his own, along which he can dart at so swift a pace as to keep up with a horse trotting above; the sides of these passages are polished smooth and hard from the constant rubbing of his coat as he rushes along them to his middle apartment. From these tunnels he makes others for purposes of hunting, but he never goes very far from the familiarplaces. Being a very thirsty creature he is said to sink shafts for use as little wells that he may have plenty of water to drink.

Ah! that fine plush jacket! How is it that its dainty master keeps it so silvery pure and the sheen unsullied? How is it that he cares not which way he is rubbed, either towards his head or tail? We all know what a fuss Miss Pussy makes if her fur is "rubbed the wrong way," and, indeed, few animals like it, beeause their hair nearly always has a backward slant. But Mr. Mole has none of these "fads." It is all the same to him whether his coat is stroked up or down, to this side or that. He is obliged to go backwards sometimes along his burrow, instead of forwards; so his clothes are made accordingly. There is no "bias" or "set" in the fur. In order to bring this about, the hairs of the mole, unlike those of most animals, are set upright in the skin; the hairs are not of the same thickness throughout, but each one grows thick and thin alternately,first swelling,then dwindling some three or four times between the skin and the point, the thickest part being at the tip. Also every hair is twisted like a corkscrew; a form which assists in throwing off dust, and also mats the fur together into a dense, thick, closely-knit mass, like velvet pile. It is not black, but rich brown, with glossy lights. As the small digger's "lodging is in the cold ground," this silken blanket is needful for him; he is a hot-blooded animal, and must wrap himself up in case of chill.

A Frenchman, who gave twenty years of close study to the habits of moles, found out that this creature makes for itself a fortress, from which its burrows stretch out on all sides, and near which it suffers no other male of its own kind to set foot. This inner keep, or set of chambers, consists of two galleries, one above the other, joined by about five passages. The upper gallery is the smaller. In the centre of the two galleries, but rather below them, is a larger room, which cannot be entered without going first into the lower gallery, mounting one of the staircase passages, and then coming down by another passage from the upper corridor into it. The middle room has, however, a second opening, through a sort of passage, into one of the burrows which lead away from the fortress. The object of this whirligig, "or upstairs and downstairs" arrangement, is, beyond all doubt, safety; not safety for the "little gentleman" alone, but also for "my lady's chamber"; for when she expects her family, it is believed that she always makes a nest where two or more of the tunnels branch forth, so that when her quick ears warn her of danger, she is able to escape with her little ones in that direction furthest from the approaching sounds.

The chief use of the mole in nature is to eat wireworm and cockchafer grubs. An old mole-catcher came to a farmer (John P. Clark) and asked whether he might have the job of killing moles on his land. "No," he replied, "if I had no moles I should have no crops." "Sir, you are the first I have heard say that, but you are right," answered the honest mole-catcher. "I once killed for a gentleman who had a field with a large hill in it. The soil was sandy and it was full of moles, and yet it used to give nice crops. I killed the moles; and it never grew anything to speak of afterwards. The wireworm, grub, etc., etc., used to eat the roots of everything, and the young plants died off."

Not for mischief, be sure, nor for any idle purpose, was this creature's wondrous frame moulded and clothed by Divine skill. He Who sent the swallow to save the air from plagues of flies, bade the mole, a silent, faithful servant, clear the clod: thinking of the creature's happiness too,and causing "things under the earth," as well as feathered fowl, to praise their Maker.

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Roman Catholicism and the Rights of Animals.

THERE being a conflict of opinion as to what is the position of the Catholic Church with regard to animals' rights,—the *dicta* of Father Rickaby being upheld by some and repudiated or explained away by others, we addressed a letter to three eminent prelates—Cardinal Vaughan, Cardinal Gibbon and Bishop Bagshawe (Nottingham) asking for an expression of their views. Cardinal Vaughan's opinion had been, rightly or wrongly, held to have been reflected by his brother, the Rev. John S. Vaughan, who, by his writings, certainly appeared to be no friend of animals' rights; Cardinal Gibbon and the Bishop of Nottingham, however, had long been known as sympathetically inclined, and both have for some time been vice-presidents of the Victoria Street Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection, a position also held by the late Cardinal Manning. The replies received were as follows :—

From CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,
4th October, 1895.

SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 28th ult., his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan desires me to say that he regrets he is unable to do what you ask, as his time is at present very much occupied.

Yours faithfully,
THOMAS DUNN, Sec.

Photo by] [Bachrach & Bro., Baltimore.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBON.

From CARDINAL GIBBON.

Cardinal's Residence,
408, North Charles Street,
Baltimore,
September 30th, 1895.

MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge your esteemed favour of September 20th. The solicitude for the lower animals which has been gradually growing both in this country and England, and has enlisted the kind feelings and unrequited services of many distinguished persons, will certainly exercise a humanizing influence upon the people in general. The church, so far as I know, has made no definite pronouncement on this subject. There are, however, two general principles which should guide us in our conduct towards the lower animals: first, man has "dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts, and the whole earth,

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and every creeping creature that moveth upon the earth" (Gen. i. 26); secondly, he should carefully refrain from inflicting any unnecessary pain upon even the least of God's creatures.

The old law commanded: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." Certainly the law of Christ is not less benevolent to the creatures that minister to the comfort and needs of man.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

✠ J. Card. Gibbon.

BISHOP BAGSHAWE'S VIEWS.

I have myself no doubt that the spirit of Catholic teaching, and of the Saints of the Catholic Church, has always been strongly in favour of gentleness and mercy towards animals, and condemnatory of useless cruelty. I am, however, equally sure that Catholic doctrine is not in accord with the principles of non-Catholic zoophilists in general, or with what Miss Cobbe calls the Golden Rule of Zoophily, "Treat the beings beneath you as you would wish to be treated by beings above you." I speak for myself only, because so far as I am aware, the subject is not much discussed in Catholic theology, and I know not of any pronouncement of the Church about it.

Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

Bishop Bagshawe.

Nevertheless we are bound to treat animals with gentleness and humanity, and to avoid all needless cruelty for three urgent reasons.

(i.) We should love them and treat them well, because they are made by the hand of God, our Heavenly Father. Though not made, like man, in God's image and likeness, with understanding and free-will, they are still His works, bearing the impress of His wisdom, power, and love. If we love our God and our Father, we must have at least some kind of love for the works of His hands, in which His perfections are manifested.

(ii.) Also because we are bound to perfect in our souls the likeness to God in which we are made, by making perfect and right our hearts and our conduct. We are bound to be truthful, not only because justice to man requires it, but also because God is the sovereign truth, and we are bound to be like unto God. Therefore as God is loving and merciful to all His creatures, we must be so always, not for their rights, but for the love of their Maker. When God inflicts pain it is always in the exercise of justice.

(iii.) Also because we are bound to root out of our souls propensities and vices which may lead us into sin. Now cruelty is a propensity which can be developed in most people, and which speedily grows into a monstrous vice when it is developed. A cruel nature is capable of all wickedness, and can hardly bear any fruit of virtue. Therefore we are most strictly and urgently bound to avoid being cruel to animals, since otherwise we should foster a vice which, perhaps more almost than any other, makes man resemble a devil, and be unlike unto God.

There remain the questions, whether field sports and vivisection can be carried on without culpable cruelty. I think that there are some very cruel and objectionable sports. I think vivisection in practice wholly abominable and detestable, and most dangerous to mankind. I do not believe it has produced any good results, but, rather, many mischievous ones, especially that of diverting young medical men from legitimate study and dissection. It is impossible that

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even a hundredth part of the atrocious cruelties which vivisectors (by their own account of themselves) spend their days in inflicting on helpless living creatures can be practised without turning a man into something like a cruel devil. The developed taste for blood and cruelty must in the end find its full satisfaction in the vivisection of human beings when they have the misfortune to come under the power of our future doctors. There is too much of it, I fear, going on already in our hospitals, and in practice among the poor.

✠ EDWARD, BISHOP OF NOTTINGHAM.

The Cathedral, Nottingham,
Nov. 15th, 1895.

Four Sonnets.

[Contributed by request of MRS. B. ST. JOHN ATTWOOD-MATHEWS, to the Brighton Bazaar, against vivisection, by MARTIN F. TUPPER, *November*, 1878.]

I.

IF ever thou hast loved thy dog or horse,
Or other favourite affectionate thing;
If thou dost recognise in God the source
Of all that live, their Father and their King,
Stand with us on this rescue ; for the force
Of sciolists hath legal right to seize
Such innocents, to torture as they please;
Alive and sentient, with demoniac skill.
Ungodly men ! hot with the lawless lust
Of violating Nature's holiest fane,
Breaking it open at your wicked will,—
Yet shall ye tremble !—for the Judge is just;
To Him those victims do not plead in vain,
On you for Æons crowd their hours of pain.

II.

Science ! how evilly those bastard sons
Blaspheme thy name of honour ; lo ! that name
They blast with turpitude and blight with shame;
Godless materialists, the selfish ones,
Who dare to track the naked strings of life
Up and down quivering creatures ; agonised
By the sharp probe or keenly-cutting knife,
In hope to find the spirit carnalized ;
And then away from God and soul to break,
For,—all is this world only ! so they take
The gently-purring cat, once loved and prized,
And carve it up alive ; ay, they will let
Some generous dog, in spite of torturous ache,
Lick their vile fingers with its life-blood wet !

III.

O horrors ; ill-considered and unknown,
Revolting tragedies of creature pain,
Where damned curare stifles howl and moan,
Yet sharpens up the nerves to thrill again,
Resuscitated to that devilish strife
Even when death would blunt the cruel knife!
Think it out feelingly; mere words are vain,
To paint this hideous crime, which less of hate
Than of hard-heartedness, men perpetrate
To make ther hearts yet harder ; and to prove
(If possible) no soul, nor future state,
Nor spirit in the flesh, save sensual love,
But all mere atoms, protoplastic germs,
To be dissolved to dust—by help of worms.

IV.

And if a crime, this is a blunder, too;
Which science, ever pious and humane,
Seeking the philosophically true,
Not falsified by wrong, nor warped by pain,
Refuses as her helper; all we need
For knowledge of the bodily frame is seen
When life has left it, and the image freed
Bursts from what long its prison-cell had been ;
Neither can torment in the shattered nerve
Show one calm truth ; such tortures only serve
To yield the mad result of agonies ;
We have no right to steal false knowledge thus ;
Use not the carcase till the spirit flies,
Or God shall judge between these brutes and us !

MARTIN F. TUPPER, Croydon.

[Dr. Garth Wilkinson, Mrs. Attwood-Mathews' father, is equally strong in denouncing vivisection.]

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Month by Month.

By the Editor.

THE world will be opening a new volume on New Year's Day, but not so we. We opened ours in October—quite in accordance with the fitness of things, for are not we, and the friends who march with us, in advance of our times? Faddists—sheer, hare-brained faddists, no doubt, we appear to great numbers of our fellows; but when was it that the moral reformer was not considered a person with a "kink" in his or her brain? What a faddist the Nazarene must have seemed to the Scribes and Pharisees who loomed so large in His day? Where are the Scribes and Pharisees now? They are lost in the hosts of the innumerable dead. And where is the Christ, and the faithful few who joined Him? The one word Christendom is sufficient answer.

* * * *

This magazine represents no class and no creed. It merely speaks and works for progress in the direction of bettering the condition of the dumb creation. But we are content at Christmastide and all other seasons of the churches to bring home to the hearts and the consciences of professing Christendom one, at least, of its many failings—its treatment of dumb animals. And we are gaining new recruits from all the churches. One of the most cheering signs of the times is the accession of clergy to our ranks. They do not as yet come in battalions, but the ethical character of the movement appeals to the minds of many of them, and they recognize that any cause which appeals to the sense of duty and to the spirit of unselfishness, in a word, which brings out the higher qualities of men and women, is a cause making for true religion and moral progress.

* * * *

We appeal to yet other persons on the score of justice. Minds not susceptive of theological dogmas recognize the inherent justice of the claims made on behalf of the (so-called) brutes. It is a curious but beautiful development of latter-day civilisation which sees in the animals *fellow creatures*, not mere animated brutes to be killed and eaten, or tortured and meanly treated by any callous ruffian; not to be ruthlessly shot, as was a golden eagle, a very rare species indeed, by some butchering marauder out with a gun in Kent last month; not to be ridden relentlessly to death, as a gallant young horse was in Devonshire last winter, by a farmer who rode to hounds. No; but fellow-creatures, willing to be man's friends and helpers, possessed of wondrous instincts which tell them far more than ever entered into the heart of man, or ever will enter there until his sense of honour forbids him to be guilty of the unspeakable meanness and cowardice of cruelty.

* * * *

The cabman or carter who over-drives, or cuts his horse with a whip when it stumbles on the slippery roadway or shies through fright, is a mean, despicable coward.

The huntsman who rides his horse to death, or the last stage of exhaustion, is a mean, despicable coward.

The person who shoots rare and beautiful birds, in order that he may have the selfish pleasure of possessing a stuffed specimen, or the man who, through mere delight of slaughter, kills time by shooting sparrows, is merely a butcher without even the butcher's justification.

The physiologist who rips up an unoffending animal, and gropes amongst its quivering nerves and sinews and entrails for the secrets which Nature hides, and, in so doing, inflicts pain he is not man enough to suffer himself in furtherance of the cause he says he has at heart, is a mean and despicable coward.

Beaded Ospreys.

LADIES desirous of dispensing with ospreys and egret plumes will find an excellent substitute prepared by a lady who makes beaded ospreys as ornaments for the hair. We do not wear such things ourselves, but then we haven't the great privilege of belonging to the fair sex. And, furthermore, we may not be considered capable of sitting in judgment on—or rather ought we not to say *standing* in judgment before?—such dainty confections; still, to our mind, untutored savage as man generally is in such things, a sample submitted to our exclusive view appeared all that could be desired. It was very pretty and very graceful. These beaded ospreys are made in any colour, in satin bows or rosettes, and when we say that the lady whose deft fingers fashions them, is engaged in the honourable task of supplementing a diminished income by such artistic work, we feel sure many of our fair readers who wear and appreciate pretty trifles, will be glad to "come and buy." It must not be forgotten that this is a humanitarian work in the highest sense. Anyone desirous of communicating with this lady should write to "Pioneer," care of the Editor of *The Animals' Friend*, 20, Victoria St., London, S.W.

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The Santa Claus Fund.

THIS fund originated last month in a suggestion by Miss F. E. White that every subscriber or reader would contribute their mite, from the smallest coin up to a shilling, to relieve the proprietors of the *Animals' Friend* of some at leastof the heavy burden of its production. The free distribution to mail and passenger steamships leaving British ports, to the Free Libraries, and to the Clergy and the Press, every month swallows up over 4,000 copies, which, with postage, involves a very large outlay. Miss White's appeal produced the following result up to December 18th:—

	s.	d.
Anonymous	5	0
Col. Coulson (balance of account)	9	0
The Matron of the Homœopathic Convalescent Home, Eastbourne, In Memory of Skye	1	0
,, ,, ,, Don	1	0
From Tony...	1	0
From Miss F. E. White:—In Loving Memory of Sonny White, a dear little pug. (From Mammy and Aunty)	2	0
To the Dear Memory of Vic, died 1867	1	0
A thankoffering from Jack the terrier, for a good home	1	0
Prince, a mischievous kitten	1	0
Miss Caird (balance of account)	3	10
Miss E. Domvile	5	0
"From dear little 'Archie,' who has gone to the 'happy hunting ground' for doggies"	1	0
In Memory of 'Twig' (Blenheim Lodge)	1	0
1s. in memory of "W.", and 1s. donation from "S." (two dear canine friends)	2	0
Miss F. Lewis	3	0
Mrs. S. Tyrer	2	0
From "A. H.":—"My children dead and alive send a little remembrancer, Jet, Chance and Freddy (3 dogs), 6d.; Leo (cat), 6d.; David, (thrush), 3d; Jacko and Joseph (parrots), 6d.; 2 Mags, 6d.	3	3
Miss Amey	3	0
Mrs. Paisley	7	6
"Patrick, Joseph and Jock"...	2	0
"J. M."	1	0
"Nelly, E.A.D., and Abra"	3	0

The Sustentation and Illustrations Fund.

THE Editor begs to acknowledge with most grateful thanks the receipt of the following sums within the last four months:—

	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Chambers	2	6
Mrs. Howey	5	0
Miss Beeby	5	0
Miss M. Miller	5	0
Miss M. Ranken	3	0
Miss V. Wentworth	20	0
J. F. Hewes, Esq.	1	6
Miss Syms	3	0
Mrs. Paisley	10	0
Miss Cazalar (per Mrs. Paisley) ..	10	0
Miss J. Perry	25	0
Miss MacDonald	5	0
W. Hathornwaite, Esq.	10	0
Mrs. A. M. Cummins	11	7
Mrs. Lockhart	3	0
Miss Lowry	16	1½

A PLEA FOR WILD BIRDS.—The Home Secretary (Sir M. W. Ridley) on December 11th received at the Home Office a deputation from eight County Councils having an area within the Metropolitan Police District, who asked that the Home Secretary would enlarge the list of birds protected under the Act of 1880, and protect still further the eggs of wild birds. The Home Secretary, while pointing out that it was inexpedient to do more than was necessary, expressed almost entire agreement with the proposals of the deputation, and said he would comply with their desire with regard to the scheduling of birds and their eggs.

"There are times," said the man with the oratorical manner, "when we are overwhelmed with humiliation at the powerlessness of the human mind." "That's very true" was the reply. "I am often made to feel so." "Indeed?" "Yes, I have a four-year-old daughter who asks questions."

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A Christmas Plea for Birds.

By Charles de Ossone, F.R.H.S., &c., &c.

FOR some years I have been fortunate in awakening and securing the sympathy of editors of journals and the Press for the beautiful feathered race. I have been helped in my efforts by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and many kindly journals, to awaken feeling for poor birds during the winter season, by urging that through "want of thought" a great crime is yearly enacted throughout the kingdom.

A Welcome Shelter.

Thousands will be surprised and pained to know that every year, at Christmas time, God's birds are robbed of every kind of berry (holly, mistletoe, etc.), for the purpose of adorning temples of worship and homes. These berries are the inherent right of the feathered race, being their food provided by God in winter. I have long entreated attention to the criminal act of depriving birds of their food, and trust it has checked the evil deed of robbing, for an ephemeral fancy, hundreds of thousands of poor, helpless, shivering birds of all their God-provided provender, leaving them to die lingering deaths from starvation. In the cases where the berries have been taken for decorations may I petition that the said berries, when done with, may be scattered in lawns, gardens, or fields, instead of being thoughtlessly thrown upon the fire or consigned to the dustbin.

A beautiful cloth called "zibelline" is stated to be obtained by the most refined cruelty. This cloth comes from France, and for its manufacture rabbits are plucked alive, the long fur thus procured being woven into the texture. A particular breed of rabbits only is suitable, the poor animals being carefully tended until the fur grows again. The torture both during and after the plucking operation cannot be imagined, and all right-thinking women will refuse to wear "zibelline," soft and fine as it is.

The pressure per square inch upon the bodies of every animal that lives at the bottom of the Atlantic ocean is twenty-five times greater than the pressure that will drive a railroad train.—*Harrison's Family Magazine.*

DANGEROUS DOCTRINE.

That animals feel little pain
  Science suggests—with scanty proof—
Shall the humane then lift in vain
  Their voice in animals' behoof?
It is a pleasant thing to think
  The horse we flog, the fish we hook,
Feel little pain—although they shrink.
  But *does* cool science know its book?
The poor crimped cod, the walloped moke,
  Can't tell us that they rather like it;
The dog smiles not as at a joke,
  When harsh Bill Sikes will kick or strike it.
Man is an animal after all,
  And if his faith is absolute
That pain hurts not the 'animal,'
  He'll very soon become—a brute

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OUR BOUND VOLUMES AT THE FREE LIBRARIES, ETC.

HE suggestion in our November issue—that friends of animals and haters of cruelty might undertake the task, impossible to us, of making a free gift of one or more of our Bound Volumes to the Free Libraries, Mechanics' Institutes, etc., more particularly in their own neighbourhood—has produced a welcome and gratifying response. We give below a list of the donors and the libraries, etc., supplied, and beg to tender to the givers our most sincere and hearty thanks. There are still several hundred volumes remaining on our shelves, and quite a list of anniversaries are within hail. Now one of our bound volumes is a welcome gift to anyone, whether it be for a birthday, or for Christmas, or the New Year, or as a Valentine, or an Easter egg. "What *is* there fresh to give. I want something *quite new*," say hundreds of folk. Adopt our suggestion; let us save you further trouble. On receipt of postal order or stamps for 2s. 10½d. we will send a Bound Volume anywhere within the United Kingdom; for 3s. we will send one to the uttermost parts of the earth. Parcels of six or more volumes sent carriage free within the United Kingdom, and at a small reduction in price, to friends abroad. This is our list of donors up to December 18th :—

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New Year's Day

AT THE

Home of Rest for Horses.

By Mrs. (Colonel) Benson.

ON New Year's Day, at the Home of Rest for Horses, Friars Place Farm, Acton, one of the many suburbs on the outskirts of London, was witnessed one of those kindly acts of human charity towards dumb animals, which tend so much to relieve the sordidness of life. For in the presence of a goodly company the inmates—the pensioners of some and the sick and broken-down of poorer folk, were treated to a New Year's dinner provided by one of the subscribers to the Home. This was the *menu*:—Carrots, brown bread, white bread, apples, and sugar. If the poor horses could only have spoken they would, no doubt, have told us how much they appreciated a little change in their every-day fare.

"'E Wus a Rare Un to Go."

At half-past two the feeding began in the presence of a goodly company of supporters and friends of the Home, and as the manager told the history of each case, the visitors were engaged in helping to distribute the food, many of the owners of the old pensioners being present to feed their own special favourites. Great sympathy was felt for a cab-horse in slings. He had met with a serious accident, but was quite able to enjoy his dinner. It was a great relief to hear that he had been purchased by a kind friend who will keep him in the Home for the rest of his life. Two fine carriage horses seemed much pleased with the dainties and the attentions paid them; their master is dead, but their mistress, with a fine blending of generosity and justice, has determined that the last days of such loyal and faithful servants shall be peaceful and happy. Two donkeys seemed to be having a good time. One was a pensioner, the other just recovering from a tumour. His owner, a costermonger, was present and was full of his praises. "There never was such a donkey to go, he never needed a whip," etc., etc.

"Bones," once a charger in the Horse Guards, was, when his service was over, bought by a well-known lady artist, and is comfortably established in the Home as a pensioner.

There were many other horses, about forty in all, some in for a short rest, some for treatment, and some lucky ones for life. Speaking as an owner of one of the old pensioners I must say you could not find a happier home. It is such a mistake

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to keep a favourite old horse in a field by himself unless you can have him properly attended to. In winter they are provided with comfortable loose boxes and good beds of straw, when the weather gets warmer they take their turns to have a run out in the nice fields. I have often been pained by seeing old horses kept in great misery through the carelessness and ignorance of their owners.

I should like, as a member of the Committee, to make an appeal for support on behalf of this Institution. It is the only *bona-fide* Home of its kind. The "pensioners" are *entirely* supported by their owners; the need for funds is to assist. still further than it has yet been possible to do, the owners of horses, ponies and donkeys belonging to the poorer classes. The Acton Home of Rest for Horses has a very large field of operations. Miss Rhoda Broughton has pointed out that "In London alone, the number of cab horses amounts to thirty thousand; of omnibus horses to twenty thousand. In addition to these, and yet more unfortunate, are the very large number of underfed, belaboured, over-driven animals in the employ of costermongers, laundrymen, street hawkers, small coal merchants, etc., etc. How many of these, one asks oneself with heartache, are performing their life's work with ease and comfort to themselves? are in the possession of that humble modicum of happiness and enjoyment which is the birthright of all God's creatures?"

I hope that some humane readers of *The Animals' Friend* may be induced to help so meritorious a work.

The Craze for Killing.

By Col. William Lisle B. Coulson, J.P.

GARDENERS are now deploring the horrible and uncalled-for destruction of birds. Mr. Leach, F.R.H.S., writing from Albury Park Gardens, near Guildford, has lately appealed, through the columns of a northern paper, for their better protection. Too many protestations against their wholesale destruction can hardly be made, for the mania for depriving something of its life seems general. Too well I know it. In a sweetly-situated plantation close to my house, which we zealously endeavour to form into a sanctuary for birds, animals, and trout—for through it runs a stream fresh from the adjacent moors—life of every description year by year diminishes. This season there are, alas! fewer than ever. A blackbird or two, some chaffinches, a family of long-tailed titmice, and a couple of wrens are about its sole occupants. Even the robin, usually *en evidence* at this season of the year, is conspicuous by its absence, and from other parts I hear the same sad story. "Take life, no matter how, but take it," appears to be the great doctrine of the day. The craze for killing is, indeed, rampant. And can we wonder at this wholesale destruction, this lust for killing? I do not. The "cultured" and "upper classes" are always at it, and doing it, too, under most cowardly conditions. The other day a wretched fox (brought into existence solely to afford fun (?) for the human animal) rushed through the streets of Faversham in its frenzy, and thence into a gentleman's garden, where it jumped on a window-sill and tried to enter the dining-room. The master of the hounds arrived and had it killed. Let any one imagine what the terror of this wretched, hunted creature must have been to enter a town at all. And then, when, as it were, it appealed for human aid and sympathy, it was heartlessly denied both, but killed from the window-sill—one against scores, to say nothing of the hounds.

This may be called "sport" (pity it is that it is considered such!), but it is cruelty, cowardice, and savagery all the same, and calculated to nurse that hideous craze for destruction that is such a mean characteristic of many of our natures.

The want of chivalry in this our day is as humiliating as it is reprehensible. If the creatures we term "lower" (I much question their being so) reason, and I am confident they do, what mean, contemptible tyrants they must vote us!

As example is contagious, let but a better one be set in things done (gracious heavens!) for *pleasure*, and there would then be more hope for an all-round improvement in conduct to creatures that share with us the mystery of life.

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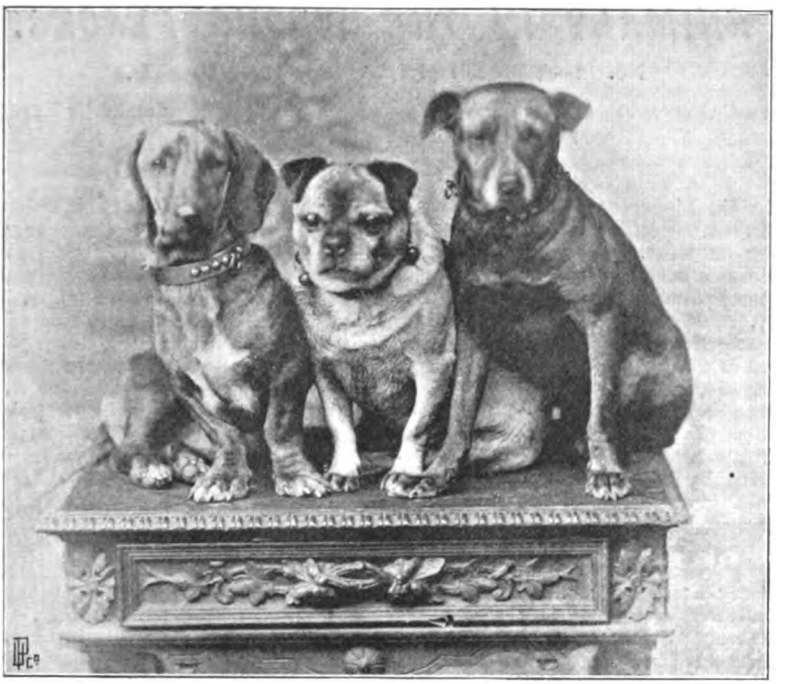

Our Dogs.

By Mark Thornhill, J.P. (Ex-Judge of Sakarunpore, India).

HERE are our three dogs—three beauties. They represent popular varieties, and each of his class is nearly perfect. Let me introduce them. The one on the left is "Skylark," a Dachshund. Directly facing us, he displays his solemn countenance, his long pendant ears, his short strong legs bending slightly inwards, and his large plump paws. But his attitude conceals some of his other excellences, not permitting us to observe his Roman nose, his great length of body, or the correct form of his tail. I may add that he is in the very prime of life, being just two years old.

I wish I could say the same of "Punch," the pug, who sits beside him. For alas! he is getting advanced in life. Formerly very active, he now passes his existence chiefly on the rug before the fire. He has become too, like most elderly pugs, portly in figure. He still, however, displays in his person, all the points that constitute excellence in his race. He has the compact body, the short nose, the closely curling tail, the wrinkled brow, and the large prominent eyes, characteristic of the high-bred pug.

From "Punch," let us pass on to "Roy," who sits on his right. "Roy," or to give him his full designation, Rob Roy, is a smooth-haired Irish terrier. He is one of the best specimens of that variety I have ever seen. He is my especial dog. He sleeps in my room, accompanies me in my walks, and mostly remains, when I am in the house, lying by my chair. He is very friendly and gentle to human beings, but to those of his own race he is less amiable. The many scars on his countenance bear evidence to his pugnacity, but advancing years have a good deal softened this quality. They have too, I am sorry to say, a little whitened the brown of his muzzle, and also a little diminished his activity.

I have now introduced our dogs. I will, perhaps, on some future occasion, relate some anecdotes about them. Also about former dogs whom time has removed, as well as of pets of other species.

Bobby: Papa, what is reason?

Fond Parent: Reason, my boy, is that which enables a man to determine what is right.

Bobby: And what is instinct?

Fond Parent: Instinct is that which tells a woman she is right, whether she is or not.

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ANIMALS IN THE WRONG PLACES.

No. 2—A BIRD IN A CAGE.—*(Copyright.)*

By EDITH CARRINGTON, Author of "Workers without Wage," "Animal Life Readers," etc.

"How shall a bird that is born for joy
Sit in a cage and sing?"—BLAKE.

THE right place for a bird is the open air, with nothing overhead but the sky or trees. The wrong place for him is a cage, as will be seen in some small degree from the following reasons:—

Firstly, the bones of birds differ greatly from those of four-footed animals, being composed of a thin, firm, elastic substance, and being almost always hollow. They are tubes, not filled up with marrow, but empty of all except air, which is pumped into them by the bird's lungs. There are holes connected with the lungs by means of which air passes into the bones. Unless the bird has power to fly as much as he likes, he cannot properly aërate his lungs and fill the spaces in his bones with renewed air. He must then become diseased, just as a child would, if never allowed to run about. The wild bird knows not what sickness is; he dies when his time comes, but is not a martyr to gout, rheumatism, asthma, consumption, indigestion, tumours, etc., a list of ailments dragged down on the caged unfortunate. In fact, when a bird becomes "accustomed to a cage," he has grown used to a wretched life. How can a creature having four limbs be kept satisfactorily while two of them, the most important to be exercised, cannot be properly used?

Then, as to the foot of a bird. This is a wonderful piece of mechanism. A muscle running down the leg is so contrived as to cause the foot to contract of its own accord, so that it grasps the twig on which the creature rests. The action of this muscle may easily be noticed by watching a hen as she walks; when her foot is taken up from the ground it closes of itself, it is an effort to the bird to spread its foot flat, but it costs it no exertion to clasp a branch with its toes. So beautifully does this arrangement work, that by night the little bird can roost in perfect safety, knowing that it cannot fall, adjusting its weight so delicately that the peculiar leg muscle gets a good grip of the bough.

But the feet of birds require frequent change of position. The smooth, round slippery perches of a cage do not afford a proper standing place or enough variety; he would like now to be on a sloping bough, then on a straighter one, first resting his foot on a thick twig and next on a thin; afterwards he wishes to stand, not on a flat sandy floor, but on a rough clod. Moreover, the knotty and irregular bark is a great help to him. Caged birds, condemned to lose all this, suffer almost habitually from sore feet, sooner or later. The fidgety restlessness of a bird, as it dolefully goes the old monotonous round of its cage, is often mistaken for liveliness, just as his song is thought to be an outpouring of a joyous heart. Both ideas are mistaken.

Watch a bird in a tree, free and happy, and you will see none of these jerky, aimless hoppings to and fro. In the caged bird it is an expression of discomfort, and his song under these sad circumstances is an outburst of sorrow, rage, or ungratified longing. To a practised ear its melody is as different from the warble of a free bird among the woods as a human shriek of pain is from a human song.

But a worse woe is the substitution of artificial or unnatural diet for those healthy foods which the wild bird is taught to seek for himself with a wise instinct.

This deprivation goes side by side with that of being bereft of mate and young, objects of his existence for which he cannot but pine, though perhaps it is but a vague yearning that he feels for something absent which ought to be present. It is impossible to feed caged birds rightly, to guess at all they want, to give them enough air without draught, water for drinking and bathing of the right temperature, or sunshine and shade as they would select it for themselves. When allowed their liberty, these winged ministers to the earth roam far and wide, tasting now this food and now that, warding off illness by the use of simples which they turn to account by inborn skill, ridding the world of insect pests, seeds of weeds, etc., blessing as well as blessed, while they choose the right dish. No man alive can do this for them in a cage.

Setting aside the horrors of bird-catching, kept afloat by caging birds, each bird when caged means the loss, not of one, but of a family. The captive wild bird, even when in an aviary, so seldom succeeds in pairing or rearing young successfully that one may say that it never does so. This is because it cannot have seclusion, nor the option of selecting materials, nor of using artful wiles of concealment according to its fancy. As they are usually kept, either singly or together in cages, these unlucky victims of man's idle and selfish caprice are robbed of the highest joys they know as surely as if they had been shot, indeed more grievously, for if dead they would know no bitter longings.

Animals enjoy occupation; the wild bird is always busy, earning daily bread by earnest search, or caring for the wants, present or future, of its brood. This is a labour of love

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which it undertakes with zeal; so dear are her duties that a mother-bird has often preferred death to desertion of her post.

A touching little story is told of a blue-tit, who was seen to mend her nest after a cat had clawed it out from the hole in a wall where it had been hidden. The tiny mother hovered, mourning pitifully, over the tattered tangle of moss, hair and wool, once so tidy a home; at last she spied some of her babies still left among the ruins, and she contrived to pull the whole back again into the cranny, where she and her faithful mate redoubled their cares for the rescued children till all were safely fledged.

What a stony-hearted person must that have been who first caged a bird!—thereby setting up a custom fraught with misery to myriads of gentle, lovely creatures. Were such an object as a caged bird to be seen now for the first time, all would shrink from the shocking spectacle with loathing; but habit has rendered it familiar. To a truly merciful man or woman, a bird in a cage is a source of lasting sorrow, and the question of slavery is of all others the most difficult—the tyrant is punished by the impossibility of finding a remedy. He hesitates before casting loose on a cold world the creature he has made unfit to cope with its hardships, and which therefore clings to its old bondage. The solution is to choose summer or spring as a time for liberation, and to hang the cage filled with supplies near. No bird will be long in returning to its natural wild state if thus allowed choice; but this cannot of course be done in a town. Whatever steps those wishing to set birds free may elect to take, it is to be hoped that no one will encourage the practice of caging by example or precept. We must trust that in a generation or two "its name may be clean put out."

"Band of Mercy" Work and its Fruits.

THE following true account of good resulting from the distribution of humane literature may cheer the hearts of those working on behalf of our "lower brethren":—

A gentleman living in Nottingham, who had never before had his attention drawn in any special way to the just claims of animals, happened one day to hear a Band of Mercy address. It greatly interested him, and he began to notice things going on around him that previously he would have passed by unheeded, so that he now observed with compassion a lonely dog in the garden next his own. The poor creature was always chained up; food was daily thrust before him, but never a kindly word or caress. His kennel stood in an exposed position in the yard, open to the biting winds of winter and glaring sun of summer. He was never allowed a rnn in the garden, much less a joyous scamper in full freedom on the road or in a field, and his plaintive moans for liberty were disregarded. The children of the household, a boy and girl, would sometimes strike him. The gentleman, anxious to improve the lot of the dog, without raising animosity in the mind of the owner, with whom he was on neighbourly terms, resolved to consult the Band of Mercy lecturer as to the wisest course to pursue. The lecturer forwarded a carefully assorted packet of humane leaflets and books. These the gentleman handed to the family, and in order to draw attention to Miss Carrington's interesting and instructive book on "The Dog," he told the children that if they liked to study it and then give him an outline of its contents, he would present them with a prize. This offer was gleefully accepted by the youngsters, and they began with eagerness the study of the book and the illustrations. Their parents being devotedly attached to them, and pleased to have them noticed, at once set about helping them, and for days the whole family, including the servant, were busily engaged in reading the book on "The Dog." In due time prizes were honestly earned by both children, and so well had the entire family caught the spirit of the teaching, that their former thoughtlessness towards the dog was replaced by better treatment. It was, in fact, a transformation scene. He was now frequently let loose, sometimes permitted to join the family circle in the house, and spoken kindly to by all; his kennel received attention, and was raised from the damp ground on pieces of brick, and straw or shavings provided for a bed. The children one day meeting the gentleman said, with great earnestness, "We shall never beat our dog again."

E. G.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S KINDNESS TO BIRDS.—Abraham Lincoln (the great President of the United States) was once on a journey with some fellow travellers, and when they stopped to water their horses he did not appear. The inquiry was made of the last man who came, "Where is Lincoln?" "Oh," he replied, "when I saw him last, he had two young birds which the wind had blown out of their nests and he was hunting for the nest that he might put them back in it." When Lincoln came up the party began to laugh at his care for the young birds; but he said, "I could not have slept if I had not restored those little birds to their mother."

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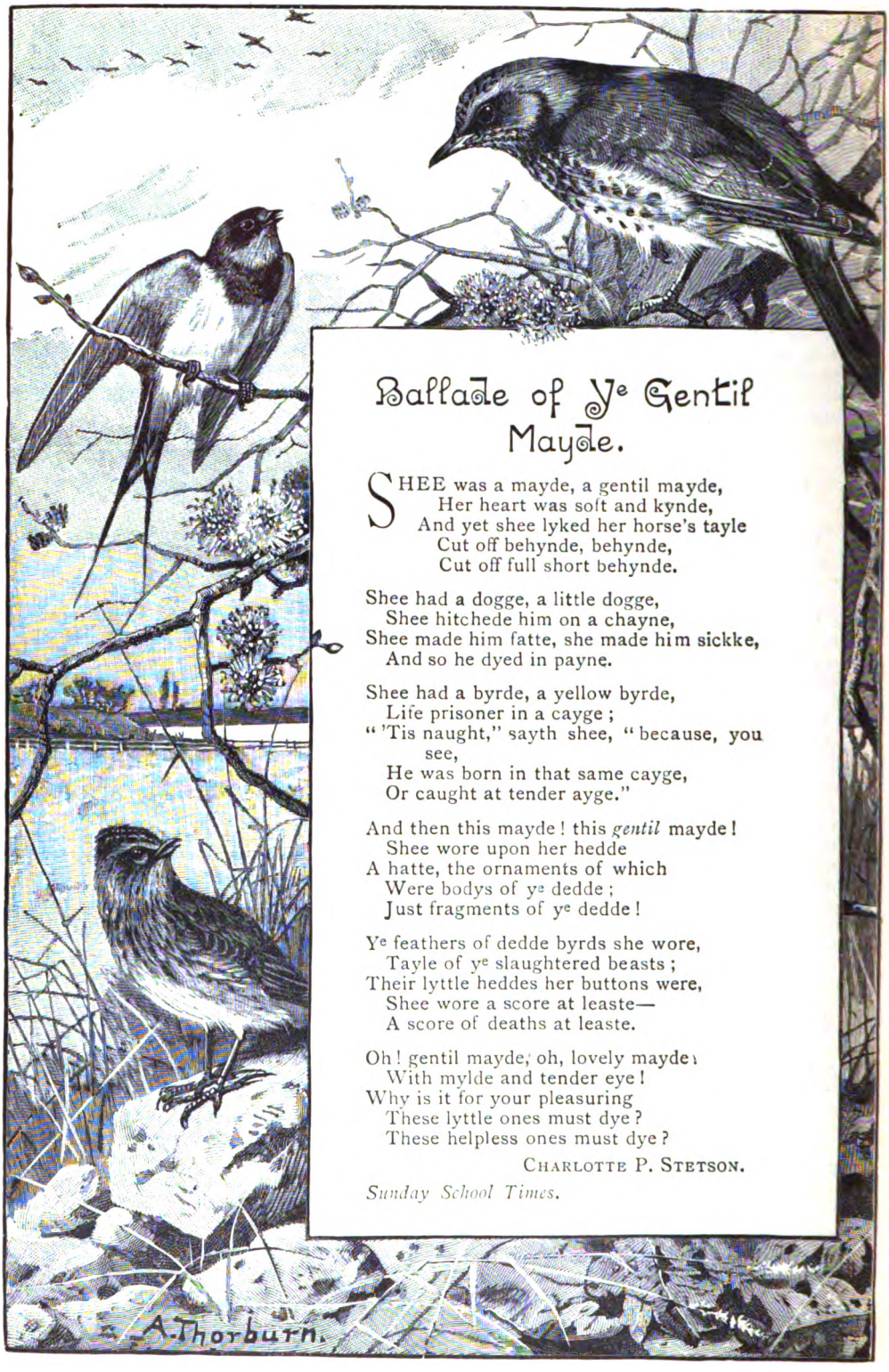
Ballade of Ye Gentil Mayde.

SHEE was a mayde, a gentil mayde,
Her heart was soft and kynde,
And yet shee lyked her horse's tayle
Cut off behynde, behynde,
Cut off full short behynde.

Shee had a dogge, a little dogge,
Shee hitchede him on a chayne,
Shee made him fatte, she made him sickke,
And so he dyed in payne.

Shee had a byrde, a yellow byrde,
Life prisoner in a cayge;
"'Tis naught," sayth shee, "because, you see,
He was born in that same cayge,
Or caught at tender ayge."

And then this mayde! this *gentil* mayde!
Shee wore upon her hedde
A hatte, the ornaments of which
Were bodys of ye dedde;
Just fragments of ye dedde!

Ye feathers of dedde byrds she wore,
Tayle of ye slaughtered beasts;
Their lyttle heddes her buttons were,
Shee wore a score at leaste—
A score of deaths at leaste.

Oh! gentil mayde, oh, lovely mayde!
With mylde and tender eye!
Why is it for your pleasuring
These lyttle ones must dye?
These helpless ones must dye?

CHARLOTTE P. STETSON.

Sunday School Times.

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WHY I OPPOSE VIVISECTION.

No. II. (PART 2*)—BY JAMES MACAULAY, M.D., F.R.C.S.E.

There are thousands of medical practitioners who have not committed themselves to the advocacy of vivisection. Let them read the following personal testimonies:—

Mr. Lawson Tait, whose success and eminence as a surgeon all will admit, says, "Like every member of my profession I was brought up in the belief that by vivisection had been obtained almost every important fact in physiology, and that many of our most valued means of saving life and diminishing suffering had resulted from experiments on the lower animals. I now know that nothing of the sort is true concerning the art of surgery."

Another surgeon, equally distinguished, Mr. Clay, has declared that he owed not a particle of his knowledge or skill to vivisection, and has challenged any member of his profession to prove that vivisection has in any way advanced the science of medicine, or tended to improve the treatment of disease. In the debate in the House of Lords, Dr. Magee, Bishop of Peterborough, made a great impression by saying, "A London medical man of the highest eminence owes a discovery by which he has saved hundreds of lives to a series of experiments performed on a dozen rabbits." This was understood to refer to Sir Spencer Wells and ovariotomy. If Mr. Wells said this to Dr. Magee, he was guilty of what was an unjustifiable misrepresentation. His reputation arose after having, in 1857, witnessed Mr. Clay operate, who, since his first case in 1842, had saved hundreds of lives, fifteen years before Sir Spencer Wells had ever performed the operation. Sir J. Y. Simpson wrote to Dr. Clay in 1847, "The operation is your own, none can rob you of your claim."

Mr. Macilwaine, a pupil of Mr. Abernethy, and up to extreme age a recognized master in surgery, gave a strong testimony before the Royal Commission. He was about to quote instances of dangerous errors arising out of such experiments, but was courteously reminded that he was not before a professional committee. He afterwards, however, published an essay on vivisection, in which he showed that surgeons so distinguished as Sir Astley Cooper and Mr. Travers had been misled sadly by the reports of such experiments.

The confessions of vivisectors themselves should be regarded. M. Legallois, one of the most zealous and extensive experimenters, at last laid aside his implements of torture, and thus wrote, "J'eus presque autant de résultats differens que d'expériences; et après bien des efforts inutiles pour porter la lumière dans cette ténébreuse question (the influence of the nervous system on the circulation) je pris la partie de l'abandonner; non sans regret d'y avoir sacrifié un grand nombre d'animaux et perdu beaucoup de temps."

M. Colin, another persistent vivisector, confesses that "he had often repeated the same experiment twenty times with twenty different results, even when the animals were placed apparently in the same conditions. Sometimes the same experiment gave contradictory results." After making this confession, he speaks of the necessity for multiplying experiments—"It is necessary to recommence in order to learn!" It would have been better had M. Colin, like M. Legallois, resolved to abandon the vain and disreputable line of research.

Claude Bernard, a noted leader in experimenting, has said, "Doubtless our hands are as yet empty of useful results." The same may be said of Béclard, whose "treatise on physiology" is the basis of the "Handbook of the Physiological Laboratory," prepared for the use of teachers and pupils in England. It is a disgraceful book. Not in French schools only, but at Berlin, Vienna, Leipsic, and Florence under the notorious Dr. Schiff, and alas! now in England, Scotland, and America, these torture-dens, called physiological laboratories, are multiplied. Hundreds of thousands of experiments have been performed, all under the plea of the advancement of science. Science, forsooth! M. Nelaton, a surgeon in Paris as eminent as Syme and Fergusson with us, had the wisdom and courage to

* The first part of this article appeared in our January number, with a portrait of the author.

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denounce the proceedings of vivisectors as opposed to true science; and, professing to belong to the pre-scientific school, declared that every attempt to acquire knowledge is futile and delusive when not derived from direct observation, through clinical and pathological study.

I once asked Sir J. Risdon Bennett, a physician and teacher of long experience (among whose pupils was Dr. Livingstone) and who near the close of his life was repeatedly elected President of the Royal College of Physicians, why he could allow his name to appear as sanctioning such a vile system as vivisection. His reply was, "I never witnessed a vivisection experiment in my life, but my friend, Pye Smith, of Guy's, says we must not oppose scientific research!" Sir Thomas Watson, a former President of the College, and for more than fifty years a leader in the profession, also admitted that he had never witnessed a vivisection experiment. I believe the same may be said of other veterans of the profession, who have given their names to shield the experimenters. At the Church Congress at Folkestone, a meeting was allotted to this subject—a very discreditable proceeding, since Archdeacon Emery's Committee of Selection knew there was no medical or surgical man present to state the facts opposed to the assertions of Professor Victor Horsley. The simple clerical auditors did not know that the speaker owed his reputation to his skill and daring in surgery, good instruments, Lister's antiseptic treatment, and the *vis medicatrix naturæ*. Vivisection has had no more to do with his success than it had with the skill of Dr. Bell Taylor, of Nottingham, as an oculist, or the experience of Sir James Paget as a physician.

Allowing that all vivisectors are actuated by ardent zeal for science, and that all of them are honourable and humane men, as we know Sir J. Erichson, the Chief Inspector to be, how can the details of licensed laboratories be known, and what superintendence can be exercised over experiments made by students or practitioners in private or in unregistered places?

I wrote to my old master, Dr. Christison, asking his opinion, and in his reply he said, "I object to all public demonstrations by experiment on living animals, and have always done so. I admit that students ought to be discouraged in repeating experiments already so sufficiently carried out as to convey all the information of value which they are capable of supplying." Dr. Christison added that he hesitated to express his opinions more decidedly, as experiments "might be useful in toxicology." In this department the highest English authority, the late Alfred Taylor, of Guy's, has left on record his strongest protest against any reliance being put on experiments on the lower animals. Opium has been given to a pigeon without any effect, in quantity that would kill a strong man. Goats have been seen to browse on tobacco leaves, and rabbits on belladonna, without harm. Many such anomalies have been recorded by Mr. Berdoe and others, as may be seen in Mr. Bryan's book; and the only certain knowledge of the effect of poisons must be ascertained by observation of cases in private or hospital practice. One writer has cited the discovery of chloroform among the blessed results of experiment! He was ignorant of the fact that the experiments in this instance were performed by Dr. J. Y. Simpson and Dr. Keith on their own persons, as they have told in their graphic narrative.

A letter from the Queen to Lord Harrowby, as President of the R.S.P.C.A. in Jermyn Street, dated June 19th, 1874, gave great satisfaction to all advocates of the merciful treatment of animals. In this letter it was said, "The Queen hears and reads with horror of the sufferings which the brute creation often undergo from the thoughtlessness of the ignorant, and she fears also sometimes from experiments in the pursuit of science. For the removal of the former the Queen trusts much to the progress of education; and in regard to the pursuit of science, she hopes that the entire advantage of those anæsthetic discoveries from which man has derived so much benefit himself, in the alleviation of suffering, may be fully extended to the lower animals."

On this latter point it is surely unworthy conduct on the part of courtly physicians to have withheld from Her Majesty the fact of the trifling initial relief from pain due to anæsthetics, and the fact moreover that in thousands of the so-called "scientific experiments" the use of chloroform vitiates the results.

Unhappily some friends of vivisection have got the ear of the *Times* and other newspapers, and abuse this influence by getting articles occasionally inserted in

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favour of experimenting, and often suppressing the decisive testimonies on the other side. But this concealment and deception cannot be kept up indefinitely.

It is pleasant to turn to the other part of our good Queen's letter, where she hopes that the sufferings now caused by the thoughtlessness of the ignorant may be much lessened by the progress of education. From the earliest years, whether at home or in schools, kindness to animals should be taught; a mother or teacher can never be at a loss for methods of impressing the minds of the young with tender feeling and gentle treatment of animals. In an early report of the schools in the Borough Road, London, when Mr. Lancaster was head master, it is stated that of 7,000 boys not one had ever been charged with a criminal charge in any Court. Mr. Lancaster ascribed this to the fact that kindness to animals was specially taught and inculcated in the school. Many testimonies of a similar nature have been given, and it is to be desired that in the National and Board

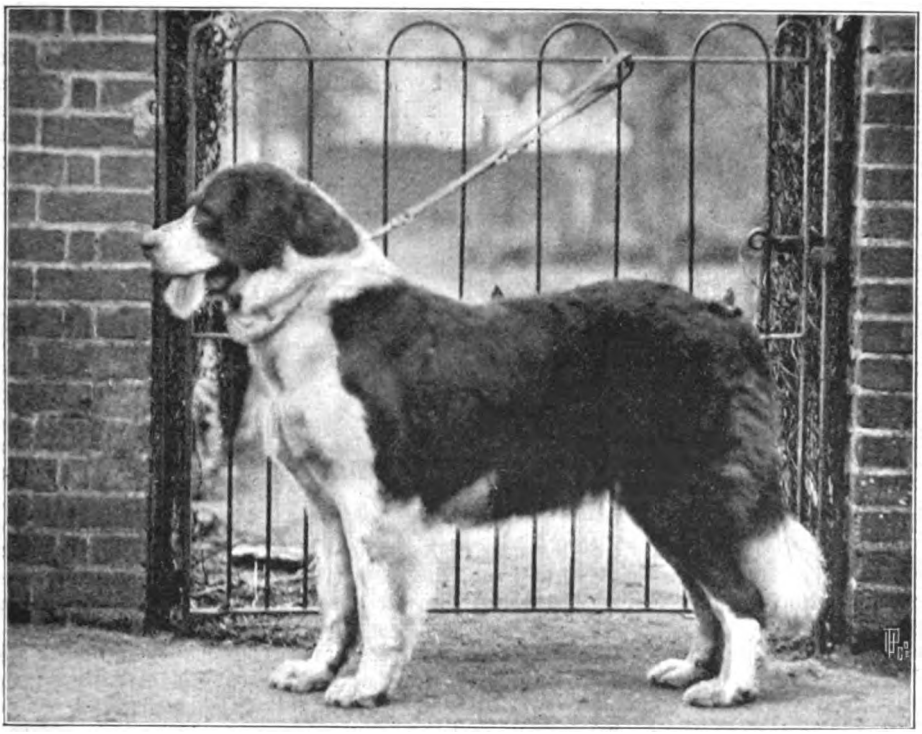

Photo by Jerrard,] [*Claudet's Studio, 107, Regent St., London, W.*

NOTABLE DOGS.—"GRACE," A CHAMPION ST. BERNARD, THE PROPERTY OF MR. T. DUERDIN DUTTON.

schools of our time this special training should be regarded. In the training schools for masters and mistresses this ought to be attended to, even if displacing a small portion of the mere intellectual forcing and "cramming" in useless knowledge. The press teems with publications suitable to be helps in this moral training. Messrs George Bell and Sons have just issued a series of "Animal Life Readers" for the standards of elementary schools, prepared by Miss Edith Carrington. The books of the Rev. F. O. Morris, of Nunburnholme, "the Selborne of the North," are prepared for such use. In the volumes of the *Leisure Hour* for many years there were anecdotes and stories contributed by Frank Buckland, J. K. Lord, and other eminent naturalists. From these a delightful book could be prepared by any one with sufficient intelligence for selection. A volume of this kind has lately been issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin, containing anecdotes from the *Spectator*, "Dog stories, showing the instincts, reasoning power, affection, and sympathy of these faithful friends of man." For Scottish schools there should be

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a reading book, with the wonderful anecdotes told by James Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd," and Sir Walter Scott, and John Wilson, and the author of "Rab and his Friends," Dr. Guthrie, Robert Louis Stevenson, and others. It would be well, also, to have a selection of pictures by Landseer, Wolff, Harrison Weir, and many others—for all artists are friends of humanity, and detest the "cruelties perpetrated under the pretext of science," as strongly as Sir Walter Scott, who used these weighty words. In former days Hogarth, a shrewd observer of character, in publishing "The Four Stages of Cruelty," thus wrote:—"The leading points in these prints were made as obvious as possible, in the hope that their tendency might be seen in men of the lowest rank. In expressing them as I felt them I have paid the utmost attention, and as they were addressed to hard hearts, have rather preferred leaving them hard to rendering them feeble by fine strokes and soft engraving. The prints were engraved with the hope of, in some degree, correcting the barbarous treatment of animals. If they have this effect, and check the progress of cruelty, I am more proud of having been the author than I should be of having painted Raphael's cartoons."

Miss F. P. Cobbe has lately discovered a new advocate for vivisection. Father Rickaby, S.J., whose "Moral Philosophy" is the text-book at Stonyhurst College, maintains that brute beasts, not having understanding, and therefore not being *persons*, but *things*, cannot have any rights. "In all that conduces to the sustenance of man we may give pain to brutes, *as also in the pursuit of science.* Nor are we bound to any anxious care to make this pain as little as may be. Brutes are *things* in our regard." The whole of Father Rickaby's argument is deplorable, but we have space only to speak of the Jesuitical division of living sentient creatures into *persons* and *things*—persons having rights, and things having no rights! The Provincial Letters of Pascal have made us familiar with the miserable casuistry of the Schools of Suarez, and Escobar, and other members of the Jesuit Order. "Morality" of this sort may be approved at Maynooth and Stonyhurst; but men of higher principle, whether Catholics or Protestants, have other ideas concerning *rights* and *duties*. Lord Bacon (De augmet, Scient., Book VIII. c. 2) says: "There is implanted in the heart of man by Nature an excellent affection of mercy, extending even to the brute animals, which, by the Divine appointment, are subjected to man's dominion. This, moreover, we may be assured of, that the more noble the mind, the more enlarged is this affection." Nor is Father Rickaby likely to have ever heard of Lord Erskine, who, in trying to induce the Government of his day to legislate for the protection of animals, said, "The dominion of man over the lower world is a moral trust—a proposition which no man can deny without denying the whole foundation of our duties."

The books of Holy Scripture are full of lessons and precepts of mercy and kindness to animals. Dr. Chalmers preached a most eloquent sermon on the subject, showing that the duty of humanity to animals is to be regarded as a Christian virtue of the highest order. "Had there been no current of love and benevolence from above, what would have become of ourselves? Our Saviour came down from heaven's heights to our lowly platform for the purpose of an example, as well as for the purpose of an expiation, that every Christian might extend his compassionate regards over the whole of sentient and suffering nature."

In the same spirit as this noble appeal of Chalmers are the words of a distinguished man of science, Dr. George Wilson. "There is an example as well as a lesson for us in the Saviour's compassion for men. Inasmuch as we partake with the lower animals of bodies exquisitely sensitive to pain, and often agonized by it, we should be slow to torture creatures who, though not sharers of our higher mental joys, can equal us in bodily suffering. We stand, by Divine appointment, between God and them, and are as gods unto them. . . . We shall be worse even than the forgiven debtor, in the parable, who shewed no mercy to his fellow, if we wrong servants who have excelled us in faithfulness, or fail in compassion for the dumb creatures of God which He has committed to our care."

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LA PRIÈRE DU SOIR.

A Hymnal Prayer.

In our September number for 1894 appeared a children's hymn, written specially for us by Miss Betham Edwards, the well-known author of "France of To-Day," and other important works. These verses have been reproduced in the *Revue de Bordeaux et du Sud-Ouest*, Noël, 1895, an interesting and charmingly illustrated magazine. We reprint below the English (original) version and the French translation, feeling sure that many of our readers will thank us for doing so :—

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

NOW pray for all in pain and woe,
The greatest and the least,
And let our tears of pity flow
For helpless bird and beast.

They cannot speak, their eyes entreat
For kindness at our hands,
Let young and old together meet
And join in mercy's bands.

They cannot thank us as they would,
But oh! we gain from each,
Service, and love, and gratitude,
Beyond the powers of speech!

Thank God for beauteous things that move
In ocean, air and field;
Pray God that all of us may prove
Their guardian and their shield!

ET NOËL POUR LES ANIMAUX AUSSI!

CRIONS pour qui peine et travaille,
Qu'il soit noble ou qu'il soit vil,
Et donnons un peu de pitié
Au frêle oiseau, à l'animal sans défense.

Ils ne peuvent parler, mais leurs bons yeux ;
Implorent notre bienveillance.
Que chacun donc, petits et grands,
S'efforce d'adoucir leur sort.

Le voudraient-ils, ils ne peuvent remercier
Mais de chacun n'avons-nous pas
Service profit et dévouement
Au-delà de toute expression ?

Louons Dieu pour tous les êtres
Qui peuplent l'air, les champs, la mer ;
Et qu'en chaque homme ils rencontrent
Un ami et un défenseur!

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Month by Month.

By the Editor.

The Demon Printer.

MARK TWAIN once edited a journal. His experiences must have sadly tried his amiability of temper, for he wrote, somewhere, that he was wishful of meeting correspondents who wrote illegible hands, and of taking them for a walk, along quiet lanes, into lonely woods, to the darkest and innermost recesses, and there shooting them. Most Editors are troubled in this way, but, though greatly tried, not one has yet avenged his race by dipping his hands in human gore. Some of our lady correspondents at times provoke most vengeful feelings. One wrote about half-a-column on a post-card the other day—we had to borrow a microscope to read it! Others fill three sheets, and then start afresh on the first and write across what they have already written! But this is not what we started out to write. It is the Demon Printer who is for the present the object of our special aversion.

It was the day before Christmas Eve. The Foreman Printer sat in his den with wrinkled brow. He had undertaken to deliver the January number of the *Animals' Friend* at the offices at an early hour on the following morning. Some of the lady readers had solicited the Editor to let them have it for Christmas reading, and one fervent friend had asked for a short review of the year's progress, and a word of encouragement to humane workers, with which to start the New Year—some workers get so despondent at times. The latter task was accomplished, the New Year's number was to fall in a shower on an expectant world when it was desired that it should do so. But the Editor proposed, and the Foreman Printer (or the Fates) disposed. He (the F. P.) could not accomplish the impossible, he was overwrought with work, the staff could do no more than they were doing, and—well, he was desperate. A "printer's devil," the youngest imp on the premises, bustled into the den. "Please sir," he said, "the Deputy Foreman Printer says he can't get all the matter into the *Animals' Friend*. There's half-a-page too much." "What is the half-page about?" moodily inquired the F. P. "Oh!" replied the boy, "it's something by the Editor about the golden year that's comin'." "Sordid soul!" muttered the F. P. "I suppose it's about that blessed 'Santa Claus Fund.'" And then he pondered. Why should he worry about New Year's numbers for Christmas reading? Hadn't he already had a surfeit of Christmas numbers? He hadn't had time to think of Christmas for himself and his wife and family, and, as matters were going, it didn't look as if he was likely to be home in time to join in the Christmas festivities at all. And then he thought of his family circle,—

> There were his young barbarians all at play,
> There was their work-worn mother—he their sire,
> Worried to make a Christmas holiday

for people he didn't know, and who didn't know him. "Editor's Notes and Golden Years be blowed," he shouted to the youngster; "Here! tell the Deputy F. P. to leave 'em out." And the imp retired with a delighted grin. Not often did a desperate Foreman summon up courage to perpetrate so dreadful an omission and dare the anger of a Fighting Editor.

But the deed was done, and that is how it happened that half the Editor's comment on the Past and the Future was left to repose in the racks of matter "held over." And so we take up our parable where the Foreman Printer—who has had a narrow escape of his life—cut it short last month.

The Golden Year.

IN the long run no just cause can be served by cruelty, and a recognition of the claims of dumb creatures must result in sweetening human manners and human life. "Justice to defenceless creatures" blesses him who gives and him who takes; it ought to be a guiding rule of life to every self-respecting and honourable man and woman.

We are going forward, there cannot be a doubt of that. The general tone of society is being leavened and raised. The time is fast coming when people will be as ashamed of cruelty as they are now of drunkenness, and yet drunkenness was not thought unbecoming a gentleman only a decade or two ago. There is a more earnest repudiation of cruelty and of cruel intent even by the very persons most prone to it. We are approaching, even if by slow stages, Tennyson's "Golden Year":—

> "We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move;
> The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun;
> The dark Earth follows, wheel'd in her ellipse;
> And human things returning on themselves
> Move onward, leading up the golden year.
> Ah, tho' the times, when some new thought can bud,
> Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
> Yet seas, that daily gain upon the shore,
> Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
> And slow and sure comes up the golden year.
> . . . well I know
> That unto him who works, and feels he works,
> This same grand year is ever at the doors."

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And so we must plough and sow for the harvest of the Golden Year, and no fitter watchword could we have than the invocation to men and women which Goethe makes in his hymn to the future—"Work and despair not."

How many of us will be in the battle, or have left it, when 1897 comes round, it is not given to us to know. We have in a measure reformed ourselves; we have cut ourselves adrift from habits "sanctified," as Dean Farrar says, "by guilty custom," which served our pleasure or our pride. And just as much as we endeavour to help, some of us in our life, and others of us after our death as well, by providing for the work, shall we be bringing nearer realization the beauty and the wholesomeness of "The Golden Year."

Notices.

WE find it necessary to inform our readers that we do not hold ourselves responsible for all the views expressed by our contributors and correspondents. The Humane Army must have a broad platform and adopt a policy of give-and-take. We cannot all think alike, nor is it desirable that we should, for the whole of Truth is not contained in any one section of mankind or school of thought. Though divergent views are expressed by different writers they must be taken for what they are worth. We cannot better our old watchword—"In things essential, Unity; in things doubtful, Liberty; in all things, Charity."

We have a large number of manuscripts in hand, some awaiting perusal, and others publication.

A quantity of matter is in type and held over owing to want of space. Our friends may understand our difficulties when we state that some matter in this number has been in type *nine months!* Matters of urgency are dealt with as they arise, but as, owing to ours being an illustrated magazine, we have to "make it up" (that is, arrange the order of the pages and their contents) about eight or nine days before we issue the journal to the public, it is practically impossible for us to accept either news or advertisements for the ensuing number after the 19th of the month. "Brevity" and an easily read manuscript, written on *one side only* of the paper, is the royal road to early publication.

A lady supporter, Mrs. Richardson, has some pretty match-boxes for sale—sixpence each, the proceeds of which she kindly hands over to us for our Sustentation Fund. Friends desiring to purchase should write to Mrs. Richardson, 65, Park Road, Battersea Park, London, S.W.

Mrs. Howey, Mill Bank, Cradley, Malvern, will be glad to receive foreign postage stamps for sale for the benefit of the Humane Cause. We have already received donations from this lady as the result of sales.

Our further list of donations to the "Santa Claus Fund" is unavoidably held over until next month, together with the list of donors of our bound volume to free libraries, etc.

De Mortuis.

WE much regret to hear of the death of the Earl de la Warr, at an advanced age. The deceased peer was, from the first, a warm supporter of the *Animals' Friend*, and subscribed for a large number of copies. He was also a Vice-President of the Victoria Street Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection. Staunch to principle, he served many good, though unfashionable, Causes with unobtrusive devotion. Though inevitable, the death of so good a friend cannot but be sincerely deplored.

There is no death, though earthly lives depart;
'Mid changing forms a secret strength remains:
All work endures, strong mind and noble heart
Touch to fine issues nobler hearts and brains.

True word, kind deed, sweet song, shall vibrate still
In rings that wander through celestial air,
And human will shall build for human will,
Fair basement to a palace yet more fair.

W. M. W. CALL.

Hunting the Timid Hare.

ONE of our Bath friends, writing under the *nom de plume* "Zoophilist," protested in the *Bath Chronicle*, of Jan. 9th, against

"The jubilant exultation in cruelty manifested by your correspondent "Subscriber" in his description of a day's sport with the Bath Harriers. He gloats over the sufferings of miserable hares, hunted to death and torn to pieces by dogs amid the wild holloaing of men and boys who were present at the edifying spectacle, and who no doubt had their morals vastly improved by the scene they witnessed on the auspicious occasion. . . . Cruel and unmanly sports such as hare coursing and rabbit coursing have a hardening and also a demoralizing effect, with a tendency to induce callousness towards the sufferings of human beings as well as animals."

We are glad one of our readers has made so public and powerful a protest. Another of our readers, Mr. Worledge-Green, of Gloucester, has also written us concerning the popularity of the "pastime!" in his neighbourhood. Indeed it prevails very largely all over the country, particularly in the North, amongst the miners. There is nothing manly in setting dogs on to chase and worry a harmless hare or rabbit to death. On all hands such a practice ought to be frowned down, particularly by newspaper editors, who can assist so much nowadays in the formation of a proper public view of so cruel and cowardly a sport (!).

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Cruelty to Lobsters.

[From our Correspondent.]

Stuttgart, January.

LIVE lobsters are sent from Holland to different parts of Germany packed up in grass, with their claws fastened tightly together by wire that they may not maim each other on the way. In this cramped position the finest are then placed in the shop windows of the "Delicatessen Handlungen" to attract customers, who prefer to buy live lobsters as a warrant for their being fresh. The poor creatures lie there for hours in the glaring light and heat of the lamps, unable to move! How delightful to feast on such tortured creatures! I spoke to one salesman at Heidelberg about it, and he said he would much prefer to have them ready boiled, but the customers would only buy them alive. He promised me not to let them lie in the window with their claws tied up, and I hope he keeps the promise.

The Extermination of Quails.

[From our Correspondent.]

Leipsic, December, 1895.

IN the month of March last 265,000 living quails were forwarded from Egypt to London, *via* Brindisi, Gotthard, Basel and Luxemburg, the transport through France being forbidden by the French laws during the "preserving time." The unfortunate birds are packed in small cages, each cage holding as many as can be stuffed in, and about a quarter of the number arrive at their destination alive. Eight millions are caught every Spring, and, consequently, there will soon be no more quails left in the world, and great harm will result to agriculture. The S.P.C.A. in Dresden is doing its utmost to put a stop to this phase of civilization's cruelty to animals, and there is some reason for hoping that its efforts may be rewarded with success.

The Social Traits of Animals.

[From our Correspondent.]

Tongoat, Natal.

IN my last paper (April, 1895), taking Tennyson's beautiful lines as a basis for the idea of wild animals claiming the help and protection of man, I mentioned two facts, which are both well known in South Africa, first, about the little honey bird, which twitters to ask the help of the traveller to obtain the coveted honey; and second, about the various birds which call the attention of man to get rid of their mutual enemy, the snake.

We had another illustration of this confidence shown a short time ago, by one of the very field mice which Burns immortalized, on our sugar estate, when a gentleman who was overlooking the burning of the grass (a common process here) suddenly felt something run up the leg of his trousers and then on to the sleeve of his coat, and found it was one of the pointed-nosed little mice which abound in the fields. It appeared then that the fire had reached its hole, and it rushed up to him for protection. Need I say its confidence was not misplaced, and that when the fire had passed over it was restored to its "wee bit housie" none the worse for its "sudden wild alarm."

I must also mention two curious instances of the way animals of different species fraternize with each other, and in both cases the sociable animal was no other than piggy wiggy! In the old days, when we had to travel to Maritzburg by post cart, at one of the stations where we changed horses a pig used always to accompany the horses out of the stable, and run along with them a good way to give them a *pas de conduite;* while another little pig fraternized with a dog, a species of terrier, to such an extent that they used to play hide-and-seek together, to the immense amusement of the by-standers, and when the owner of the dog, who lived about ten miles from piggy's home, after paying a visit there, called his dog away, it was seen trying to drag the pig by the ear to the carriage to come with it! This happened twice.

I have also met with an interesting proof of the intelligence of a cat during my residence here. I had given away a splendid tabby tom cat, whose stately beauty gained him the sobriquet of "His Serene Highness," to a friend living some eight miles off, and to reach her house there was, at least, one swift stream of water to cross. He seemed happy at first in his new home, but very soon disappeared, and was neither heard of nor seen for about *six months*, when he sud-

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denly reappeared at his old home, and settled down again as if he had never been away. After this he usually went away again whenever I left home, and when I returned used to seem to know by intuition, and join me in the garden with a "mew" of recognition.

How Ceylon Cattle are Branded.

Ceylon Cattle.

[From our Correspondent.]

Colombo, December.

It is a common practice in Ceylon to brand cattle—either to identify stolen cattle or to prevent, according to native belief, certain diseases which cattle are subject to. This branding is sometimes done in such elaborate designs as actually to render it cruel. The accompanying illustration will give the reader an idea of the branding the most useful animal in Ceylon. Not only is it used in the field, but also on the roads, in carts, for the transport of traffic and passengers.

As a rule the Sintalese (otherwise known as Cingalese—natives of Ceylon) are very kind to these beasts of burden, but it is pretty hard to convince them of the cruelty of branding. Occasionally a cry is raised in the local press to enact legislative measures to prevent all cruel forms of branding, and, unfortunately, they seem to have no effect on the authorities.

Will any of our friends in London try to make a move in the right direction on behalf of our cause? With best wishes for the continued success of the *Animals' Friend*, etc.

Lord Erskine and the Driver.

Lord Erskine (the famous judge), whose kindly nature could not brook any wanton infliction of pain, whether on his fellow-creatures or on the inferior race, was sometimes only restrained from personal interference with brutal fellows, who illtreated their cattle in the streets, by the probability that his mediation would be revenged in the aggravation of inhumanity to the objects of his care. On one occasion, however, in the neighbourhood of his own residence on Hampstead Heath, where a ruffianly driver was pummelling a miserable, bare-boned packhorse, Lord Erskine's sympathy so far overcame his discretion, as to provoke him to a smart remonstrance. "Why," said the fellow, "It's my own, mayn't I use it as I please?" And, as he spoke, he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of his beast. Lord Erskine, excessively irritated at this new movement, laid his walking stick, with two or three strokes, over the shoulders of the cowardly offender, who crouching and grumbling, asked him what business he had to touch him with his stick. "Why," replied Lord Erskine, to whom the opportunity of a joke was irresistible, "It's my own; mayn't I use it as I please?"—Taken from the *Family Herald*, No. 67, Vol. II., 1844, p. 240.

The Courtship of Birds.

This is the attractive title of a charming paper in the Christmas number of the *Gardeners' Magazine*, from the pen of the well-known naturalist, Dr. W. T. Greene. Many of our familiar birds are passed before us in their most engaging moods, and the article is of interest to every lover of our songsters and every lover of outdoor life. The writer, in introducing the subject, remarks:—

"Most birds pair for life—possibly, indeed, all do; but further observation is needed to fully confirm, or disprove, this point. One thing, however, is quite certain, the courtship is renewed every spring with all the fervour of a young attachment, as if the pairs were coming together for the first time, and had not already passed through the trying ordeal of paternity. The old wife is courted with as many demonstrations of devotion as the bride, and this it is that imparts such a degree of interest to the proceedings, and establishes the superiority, in this respect at all events, of the avian over the human animal."

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Animals' Rights.

SOME REPLIES TO BISHOP BAGSHAWE

By Henry S. Salt, Author of "Animals' Rights," and "The Life of Henry David Thoreau."

THINK a good many humanitarians, while heartily agreeing with Bishop Bagshawe's views on the wickedness of vivisection, must have read with some amazement his extraordinary justification of "field-sports," and must have suspected the validity of the principles which led him to so contradictory a conclusion. Let us examine the arguments put forward by him in the January number of the *Animals' Friend*.

(1) "They [field-sports] are not carried on so as to appeal to and excite the bad passion of cruelty." Are they not? Take fox-hunting, for example. I should say that, if it were deliberately desired to find a practice which, from one end of the land to the other, in every class and every age of life, should publicly inculcate a ferocious, cowardly, and brutal habit of mind, it would be difficult to invent anything more effective than fox-hunting. It demoralizes every man, woman, and child who takes part or interest in the "sport," from the proudly-equipped huntsman to the little village urchin who gapes after him as he passes. It sets everywhere an example of cruelty and hardness of heart, and perpetuates in a (so-called) civilized country, and under quite artificial conditions, a form of chase which ought long ago to have died out. It ends with a savage scene of killing and mutilation, which is a disgrace to the manhood or womanhood of every one who is concerned in it. And now, when the conscience of the more humane part of the nation is beginning to resent these utterly unnecessary barbarities, we have a Catholic Bishop and an anti-vivisectionist coming forward to make excuse for them!

(2) "The suffering they [field-sports] inflict resembles the sufferings universally inflicted on one another by animals, since God caused all creation to 'travail and groan' because of the sin of man." I would fain hope that the lack of time of which the Bishop complains in another part of his article is responsible for this sentence. Surely he cannot really have meant what he here says? For consider the sequence of the argument—so fearfully and wonderfully made that the thinking mind stands aghast at it! Man sins. Therefore God causes all creation to "travail and groan." Therefore the animals prey on one another. Therefore it is right for man to inflict unnecessary suffering on the animals. That is to say, it is right for man to kill for *sport*, because the animals kill for *sustenance*; and the "travail of creation," which was due in the first instance to man's own sin, now justifies this further infliction of pain on the innocent animals! Was there ever such a "vicious circle" of reasoning as this, in which man is made out to be morally inferior to the animals, and God scarcely better than man; and this by a writer who has just said that "as God is loving and merciful to all His creatures, we must be so always, not for their rights, but for the love of their Maker"!

In offering this criticism of Bishop Bagshawe's arguments, my object has been not merely to condemn "field-sports," or "blood-sports" as they are more properly called; that is quite a minor and subsidiary matter. I wish rather to show how very insecure and treacherous a foundation for a humane treatment of animals is that which is laid indirectly on a supposed religious duty, instead of being based directly on a recognition of the inalienable rights of all sentient beings. Humanity has nothing to do with creeds and formulas and theologies; it rests on wider and deeper ground than that. The best reason for being humane is that we are *human*; we do wrong to our own nature, our own wisest instincts, when we inflict any unnecessary suffering on any living creature whatsoever. And I would add that the true condemnation of vivisection, and the only hope of abolishing the horrors of the laboratory, must be sought in the fuller and fuller recognition of this great humane principle—that the lower animals, like the human animal,

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have rights. The man who condemns vivisection, while he sanctions the other forms of cruelty which spring from the same source, simply puts himself *hors de combat* in our intellectual battle with Injustice, and retards, instead of promoting, the cause which we have at heart. As I have said in my book on "Animals' Rights," "vivisection is not the root, but the fine flower and consummation of barbarity and injustice, the *ne plus ultra* of iniquity in man's dealing with the lower races. The root of the evil lies in that detestable assumption (detestable equally whether it be based on pseudo-religious or pseudo-scientific grounds) that there is a gulf, an impassable barrier, between man and the animals, and that the moral instincts of compassion, justice, and love, are to be as sedulously repressed and thwarted in the one direction as they are to be fostered and extended in the other."

With all possible respect for Bishop Bagshawe, and for the personal kindness of heart which makes him an opponent of vivisection, I must say that the general principles professed by him appear to be substantially the same as those of the Catholic vivisectionist school. If "by cruelty to animals we do not offend against justice," it is impossible to find any moral basis for humane treatment of animals, and we have to fall back on our duty to the Supreme Being, with the result, in Bishop Bagshawe's case, that we find the cruel sports of hunting, shooting, and fishing justified as "legitimate recreations," and of great value to mankind!

The official attitude of the Catholic Church towards animals is hard, cold, and unsympathetic. The best that Bishop Bagshawe can say of it is that he "knows not of any pronouncement of the Church about it," which means, in plain language, that the Church is perfectly unconcerned on the subject. We learn from Cardinal Vaughan's reply to the editor of the *Animals' Friend* that his time is at present "so much occupied" that he cannot even express an opinion on this question of humanity. It matters so little whether a few thousand animals are daily done to death with every kind of unnecessary torture. When we contrast this sacerdotal indifference with the "Golden Rule of Zoophily," so well advocated by Miss Cobbe—"Treat the beings beneath you as you would wish to be treated by beings above you"—we may well ask, Who are the religious?

ROMAN CATHOLIC AND ANGLICAN VIEWS OF ANIMALS' RIGHTS.

Mr. W. Theobald, J.P., Budleigh Salterton, Devon, writes:—

Towards the close of an address I delivered at the Annual Meeting of our Branch, R.S.P.C.A., on December 12th, 1895, occurred the following words:—"Happily there are men like Cardinal Manning who rise superior to the dictates of a creed, who, without challenging the letter of its sanctified iniquity, with consummate ingenuity hold that the duty we do not owe to the animals themselves, we for all that owe to the animals' Maker."

This, to many, may seem a distinction without a difference, but as it is, I believe, at the bottom of the cruelty which so prevails in some Roman Catholic countries, the question merits close attention, the more so as an Anglican critic informs me "that those who have made a special study of Christian morals, Anglicans as well as Romans, almost unanimously assert that the Christian Law of Morals does not allow that animals have any rights." My Anglican friend goes on to remark, "Duties to animals and rights of animals involve the exclusion of a personal Supreme God, and, therefore, I say that your words condemn Christian teaching." Now here we are face to face with the following *dogmas*. Firstly, *that man owes no duty whatever to animals*, and secondly, *that the man who believes he does owe a duty to animals must be a disbeliever in a "personal Supreme God."* Both these *dogmas* I hold to be *miserable*, "pestiferous" and *false!* The reason assigned for man not owing any duty to animals, is that animals themselves can possess no rights. This I hold to be nonsense; but before endeavouring to clear up this point, it is necessary to say clearly, what is meant by the words *duty* and *right* as used in this connection. Now *duty* I define as an *obligation imposed by law*, and *right* I define as a *claim, admitted as such; or sanctioned by law.* Now when man has attained that point in moral growth whereat the idea of *obligation* dawns on him (whether direct or indirect is immaterial), he automatically, so to say, creates this claim, or (as we may equally call it), the *right* of an animal to his tenderness.

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The animal possesses no clear perceptions on the matter, but it is man himself, coerced by the laws of his own moral nature, who frames the charter of the *rights* of animals concurrently with the code of *duty* imposed on him. It seems, therefore, to me, the most *miserable* of dogmas, the most contemptible and pernicious sample of hair-spliting, to question the essentially complementary relationship of *duty* and *right* in this matter. Practically, the result of this dogma is the fearful crop of brutality to dumb animals which so appals us in such countries as Italy and Spain. One does not look for any solid knowledge of the mental phenomena of animals in adherents of so unprogressive a church as that of Rome, and I have little doubt that the abnegation of all rights to animals originated in the idea, now scouted by all students of natural philosophy (though still lingering in the cloister), that man alone possesses reason, and that brutes are entirely destitute thereof.

BY THE EDITOR.

We understand from our friend Miss A. L. Woodward, Secretary of the Church Anti-Vivisection League, and of the Society for United Prayer, that it is erroneous to suppose that either the Roman Catholic or Anglican Communions teaches, as a Church, that animals have no rights. Miss Woodward is pursuing historical researches into the question with a view to elucidating the real position of both, and we hope to have the pleasure of publishing the result of her labours. Meanwhile we have pleasure in quoting the following extracts as further evidence of the mind of the Churches:—

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

"Now what is it moves our very heart, and sickens us so much at cruelty shown to poor brutes? * * * It is *the cowardice and tyranny* of which they are the victims which make their sufferings so especially touching: * * * There is something so very dreadful, *so Satanic*, in *tormenting those who have never harmed us*, and who cannot defend themselves, who are utterly in our power."—(From a sermon).

REV. A. L. LILLEY, B.A.

"I feel that our treatment of animals will become morally fruitful for ourselves just in proportion as we think of them as not merely made for us, but made primarily, as we are, to express some aspect of the nature of God, and secondarily for themselves. With this principle the conscience of Christendom will have a surer touchstone in difficult matters of practical decision than it has now. The questions of sport, of all unnecessary slaughter, of all unnecessary torture, of all excessive and thoughtless labour, will come at once under the ordinary tests of the Christian temper. I do not think that so far the Christian conscience has created a tradition about any of these questions. But this matter of the treatment of animals is unquestionably one which is certain very soon to try the sincerity of the Christian temper.—*Humanity*, January, 1896.

An appeal to other heads of Churches, the Church of England and Nonconformist communities, elicited but two replies. One, from the Secretary of the Bishop of London (Dr. Temple), was to the effect that his lordship had no time to give to the subject. The other was from the revered Rev. Newman Hall, LL.D., a "leader in Israel" of the Congregationalist body. His reply was as follows:—

REV. DR. NEWMAN HALL.

"I consider that the lower animals are with ourselves, on a humbler scale, creatures of God, under His inspection and care; that many of them have intelligence, some in a high degree; and are capable of reciprocating affection—and are sensitive to the reverse, besides being capable of physical pain equally with ourselves; and that, therefore, reverence for our own nature, compassion for them especially as unable to plead with us in language, and responsibility to God, to whom we must give account, demand that we care for them, and avoid causing them any unnecessary pain."

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Children's Page.

CONDUCTED BY EDITH CARRINGTON ("COUSIN CARRIE.")

MY DEAR LITTLE COUSINS,—We are very fond of calling animals "dumb," though they can talk in their own way as well as we can. I wonder why we don't call ourselves "deaf animals" instead, or "blind animals," for not understanding better what they mean?

The bark or whine of a dog, the purr or miew of pussy, and the pleasant little laugh with which a pony greets his kind master or mistress, are all different ways of talking without words. But besides this, all animals are very clever in making signs. When my puss wants a little milk what does she do? Why, she walks straight to her empty saucer, looks at it and then at me. If I am not near the place where it stands she finds me and goes gliding about the room, rubbing herself against me and purring to beg for the milk.

WHO SAID MILK?

If my dog wants to get a little run in the garden how does he ask to be let out? He goes to the door, scrapes it with his paw, and either fetches somebody or waits, looking over his shoulder, till some passer-by opens it for him. He gives a short bark outside when he wants to come in again.

And there is one thing which animals can do very well—they tell tales of their masters and mistresses. By crouching down or running off when they see you coming, doggy and pussy give you a bad character. By running up and seeming glad to see you they say plainly how good you are to them.

Horses and donkeys, as well as dogs and cats, say much about their owners, though we call them "dumb." I once heard of a donkey who told everybody that his master had once been too fond of drink. How? the donkey would never go by the door of a public-house till a little drop of ale had been given him. The man left off drinking and signed the pledge, but the ass did not know the meaning of such a change as this. He refused to budge from the old places, where he had stopped so often, till the day of his death. By this he showed too plainly that his master had taught him to like beer as well as he did himself.

There was a horse named Jack whose master was not cruel to him in other ways, but who was too fond of leaving poor Jack to stand outside in the cold and wet while he sat drinking in the snug parlour of an inn. One day, when his master was inside, Jack grew tired of waiting. He could not call out "Come along, master! Don't sit wasting your time and mine there," so he found a way of speaking which was plainer still. What was the surprise of the men in the room when they saw Jack's honest old nose poking in over the half-door of the bar! Stretching out his neck, Jack took hold of his master's coat-collar with his teeth, and very gently drew him out.

Another horse belonging to a good and brave man, spoke very highly of his master behind his back. This master had a very long name; he was a famous Polish soldier called Kosciusko. Well, one day Kosciusko wanted to do a kindness for some sick person, and as he did not wish to trouble the invalid to thank him, and disliked being praised, he sent a young man on his own horse to do the errand.

When the messenger came back he said, with a smile, "Next time that you lend me your horse I wish you would lend me your purse too."

"Why?" asked Kosciusko.

"Because," replied he, "whenever your horse sees a poor man he insists on stopping, no matter whether he is galloping or not. Nothing will make him go on again till the poor man or woman has had some money. Just think how awkward it was for me! I had not a penny with me, and so I was forced to pretend to give something from my pocket each time he stopped. All the way along the road I have been shamming in this way!"

You see the good man's horse knew his kind habits, and spoke of his secrets to a stranger. It is the same thing with all animals. They speak *of* us as well as *to* us, and their good opinion is well worth having. Human beings sometimes flatter each other and say things which are not true in order to make themselves pleasant and polite. But we may be certain that when animals speak well of us we deserve it, for they can tell no falsehoods.

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Those who keep animals as pets must be sure to learn their language, or the poor creatures will ask in vain for what they want. Animals must wonder how it is that people do not listen when they plead so plainly and well. Much love to you all, my dear little cousins, and may you have a very happy year.

A LITTLE KITTY'S COMPLAINT.

I wonder in my little soul
If folks are hard of hearing?
I do so want a drop of milk!
I'm tired out with purring!
A puss can't purr and purr and play
Without one sip the livelong day,
My throat's as dry as sand;
Yet what I say
In my own way
They *will* not understand!

I hear them call me "poor dumb thing!"
But what does talking matter?
They're deaf, I think, so I can't see
The good of all their chatter!
I've rubbed myself against the chairs,
With all my pretty silken airs,
And tail stuck stiff on end;
For milk again
I've asked them plain,
And yet they *won't* attend!—*(Copyright.)*

Leech Breeding.

I COPY the following paragraph on the "Horrors of Leech Breeding," from *Pearson's Weekly*, November 9th, 1895—and trust that it is too dreadful to be true:—

"Certain speculators some years ago made artificial swamps on the banks of the Garonne, and filled the swamps with leeches. To be profitable these leeches must multiply themselves by millions; to do this they must be liberally supplied with food; to thus supply them the Bordelais speculators buy up all the old and worn-out horses of the province, and drive or drag these horses into the swamps, which are subdivided by wooden compartments, so placed that when these unhappy animals have been forced into the mud there is no escape for them. The leeches fasten on them instantly by thousands. The horse is in a few moments black with crawling creatures; the blood-suckers fix themselves most of all on the open wounds and galls that these poor horses have incurred in their many years of service. The frantic terror of the poor animals is indescribable, as bleeding from all their sensitive parts, they try vainly to shake off the leeches, but are at last sucked down into the noxious slimes and seen no more. Nearly 20,000 horses—aged, infirm, weak from overwork, starving and fatigued—are said to be sacrificed annually in this way at Bordeaux. The agonies of the horses are not a sufficient reason to check the barbarities of greedy speculators, but it has been pointed out that leeches nourished on agonising and often diseased horses are very likely to convey ulcers, inflammations, and scrofulous maladies into the human system."

LILIAN M. PLAYER.

An Anti-vivisection Hospital.

I HAVE been thinking much lately whether the time is ripe to found a hospital in London where Vivisection should be wholly prohibited, and which should be served entirely by doctors (and there are many) who disapprove of it, and disbelieve in the necessity for it. I feel persuaded that if the matter were brought forward in the public press by some one whose opinion has weight, numbers of people would come forward to support it, certainly those who have withdrawn their subscriptions from hospitals on account of the vivisection of animals being bound up with their whole system. It seems a monstrous thing that the moral sense of those who disapprove of this revolting and barbarous practice,—and many of them are among the most enlightened of the community, names eminent for qualities of the heart and head—should perforce be over-ridden by a majority composed largely of men and women, who neither have any knowledge of what Vivisection really is, nor will allow themselves to be informed of its horrors; they are only perfectly contented to accept anything which *they are told* is to benefit the human race.

Many of us would not, if we could help it, receive the ministrations of doctors who have gone through a training in the art of healing! (save the mark) by means of this gruesome practice; it would, therefore, be an unspeakable comfort to know where we could find true physicians whose hands are not dyed with innocent blood.

Such a hospital would also be an immense benefit to many a medical student whose higher sense revolts against Vivisection, but who, under the present system is forced to witness it as part of his training, at the imminent risk, nay, the certainty, of blunting his finest feelings, and noblest sensibilities.

We have already a somewhat parallel case in the Hospital founded by Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., to prove the truth of his theory that alcohol is not, even in sickness, a necessity. Cannot we anti-vivisectionists also give such a practical proof as I suggest of the courage of our convictions, and at the same time provide the public with an object lesson; a method of teaching acknowledged to be simple, and within the capacity of most learners.

JULIA ANDREWS.

Teddington, 25th October, 1895.

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DRUM-HORSE AND DRUMMER 17TH LANCERS (*See* "The Cavalry Horse," page 108).

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The Love of Animals.

By Frances Power Cobbe.*

READERS who have reached the twentieth chapter of my "Life" will smile (as I have often done of late years) at the ascription to me in sundry not very friendly publications, of exclusive sympathy for animals and total indifference to human interests. I have seen myself frequently described as a woman "who would sacrifice any number of men, women and children, sooner than that a few rabbits should be inconvenienced." Many good people apparently suppose me to represent a personal survival of Totemism in England; and to worship Dogs and Cats, while ready to consign the human race generally to destruction.

The . . . . pages, describing my life in old days in Ireland and the years which I spent afterwards working in the slums in Bristol, ought, I think, to suffice to dissipate this fancy picture. As a matter of fact, it has only been of late years and since their wrongs have appealed alike to my feelings of pity and to my moral sense, that I have come to bestow any peculiar attention on animals; or have been concerned with them more than is common with the daughters of country squires to whom dogs, horses and cattle are familiar subjects of interest from childhood. I have indeed always felt much affection for dogs; that is to say, for those who exhibit the true Dog-character,—which is far from being the case of every canine creature! Their eagerness, their joyousness, their transparent little wiles, their caressing and devoted affection, are to me more winning, even I may say, more really and intensely *human* (in the sense in which a child is human), than the artificial, cold and selfish characters one meets too often in the guise of ladies and gentlemen. It is not the four legs, nor the silky or shaggy coat of the dog which should prevent us from discerning his inner nature of Thought and Love; limited Thought, it is true; but quite unlimited Love. That he is dumb, is, to me, only another claim (as it would be in a human child) on my consideration. But because I love good dogs, and, in their measure also, good horses and cats and birds (I had once a dear and lovely white pea-hen), I am not therefore a morbid Zoophilist. I should be very sorry indeed to say or think like Byron when my dog dies, that I "had but one true friend, and here he lies!" I have,—thank God!—known many men and women, who have all a dog's merits of honesty and single-hearted devotion *plus* the virtues which can only flourish on the high level of humanity; and to them I give a friendship which the best of dogs cannot share.

That there are some Timons in the world whose hearts, embittered by human ingratitude, have turned with relief to the faithful love of a dog, I am very well aware. Surely the fact makes one appeal the more on behalf of the creatures who thus by their humble devotion heal the wounds of disappointed or betrayed affection; and who come to cheer the lonely, the unloved, the dull-witted, the blind, the poverty-stricken whom the world forsakes. I think Lamartine was right to treat this love of the Dog for Man as a special provision of Divine mercy, and to marvel,—

"Par quelle pitié pour nos cœurs Il vous donne
Pour aimer celui que n'aime plus personne!"

Not a few deep thanksgivings, I believe, have gone up to the Maker of man and brute for the silent sympathy,—expressed perhaps in no nobler way than by the gentle licking of a passive hand,—which has yet saved a human heart from the sense of utter abandonment.

But *I* have no such sorrowful or embittering experience of human affection. I do not say, "The more I know of men the more I love dogs"; but, "The more I know of dogs the more I love *them*," without any invidious comparisons with men, women, or children. As regards the children, indeed, I have been always fond of those which came in my way; and if the Tenth Commandment had gone on to forbid coveting one's neighbour's "*child*," I am not sure that I should not have had to plead guilty to breaking it many times.

* From the "Life of Frances Power Cobbe," by Herself. With Illustrations. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

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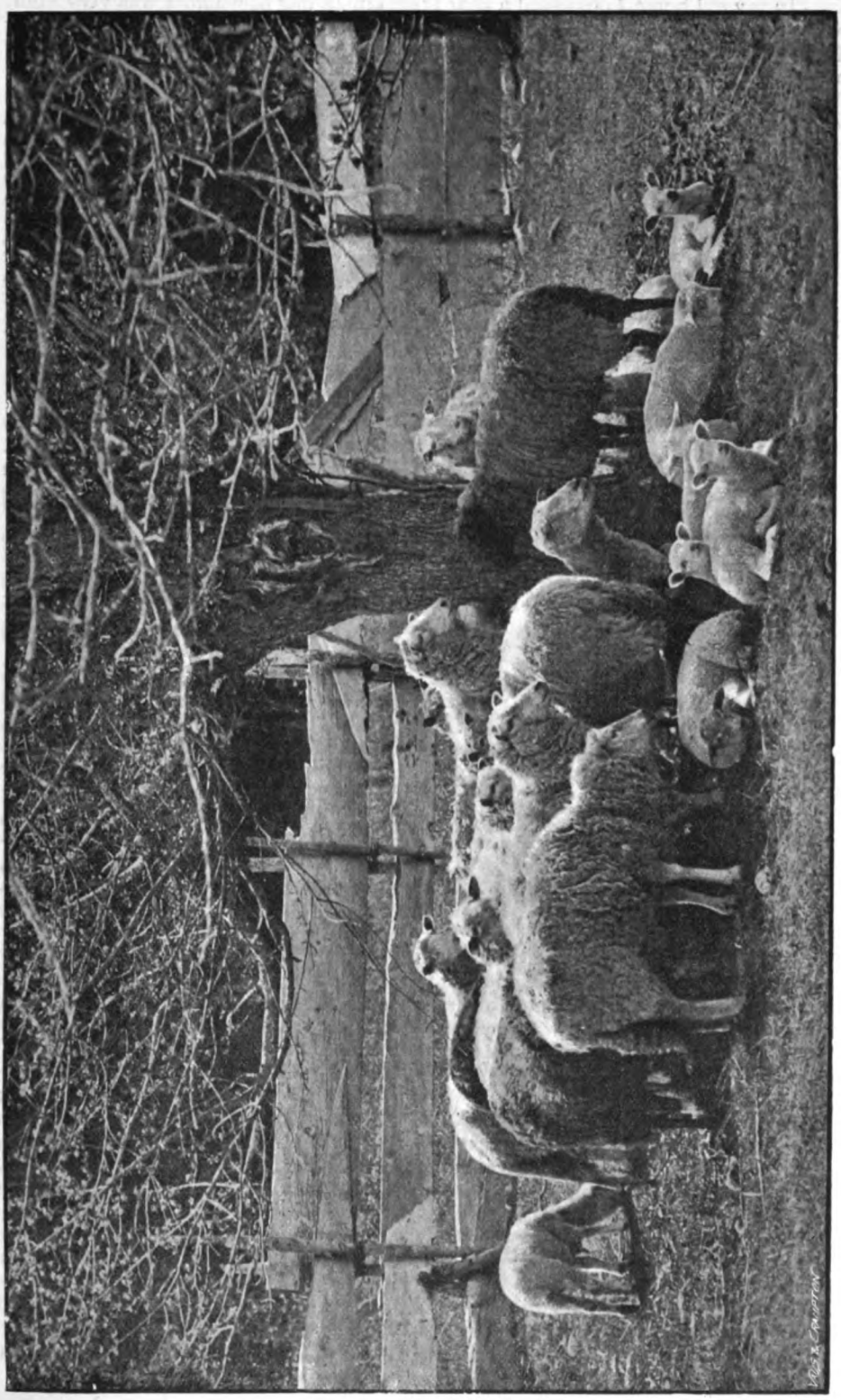

A Mothers' Meeting.

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In my old home I possessed a dear Pomeranian dog of whom I was very fond, who, being lame, used constantly to ensconce herself (though forbidden by my father) in my mother's carriage under the seat, and never showed her little pointed nose till the britzska had got so far from home that she knew no one would put her down on the road. Then she would peer out and lie against my mother's dress and be fondled. Later on I had the companionship of another beautiful, mouse-coloured Pomeranian, brought as a puppy from Switzerland. In my hard-working life in Bristol in the schools and workhouse she followed me and ingratiated herself everywhere, and my solitary evenings were much the happier for dear Hajjin's company. Many years afterwards she was laid under the sod of our garden in Hertford Square. Another dog of the same breed whom I sent away at one year old to live in the country, was returned to me *eight years* afterwards, old and diseased. The poor beast recognised me after a few moments' eager examination, and uttered an actual scream of joy when I called her by name, exhibiting every token of tender affection for me ever afterwards. When one reflects what eight years signify in the life of a dog,—almost equivalent to the distance between sixteen and sixty in a human being,—some measure is afforded by this incident of the durability of a dog's attachment. Happily, kind Dr. Hoggan* cured poor Dee of her malady, and she and I enjoyed five happy years of companionship ere she died here in Hengwrt. I have dedicated my *Friend of Man* to her memory.

Among my smaller literary tasks in London I wrote an article for which Mr. Leslie Stephen (then editing the *Cornhill Magazine* in which it appeared) was kind enough to express particular liking. It was called "*Dogs whom I have met;*" and gave an account of many canine individualities of my acquaintance. I also wrote an article in the *Quarterly Review* on the *Consciousness of Dogs* of which I have given . . . (p. 127) Mr. Darwin's favourable opinion. Both of these papers are reprinted in my *False Beasts and True.* Such has been the sum total, I may say, of my personal concern with animals before and apart from my endeavours to deliver them from their scientific tormentors.

It was, as I have stated, the abominable wrongs endured by animals which first aroused, and has permanently maintained, my special interest in them. My great grandfather had an office in the yard at Newbridge for his magisterial work, and over his own seat he caused to be inscribed the text: "*Deliver him that is oppressed from the hand of the adversary.*" I know not whether it were a juvenile impression, but I have felt all my life an irresistible impulse to rush in wherever anyone is "oppressed" and try to "deliver" him, her, or *it*, as the case may be, from the "adversary!" In the case of beasts, their helplessness and speechlessness appeal, I think, to every spark of generosity in one's heart; and the command, "Open thy mouth for the dumb," seems the very echo of our consciences. Everything in us, manly or womanly (and the best in us all is *both*) answers it back.

When I was a little child, living in a house where hunting, coursing, shooting and fishing, were carried on by all the men and boys, I took such field-sports as part of the order of things, and learned with delight from my father to fish in our ponds on my own account. Somehow it came to pass that when, at sixteen, my mind went through that strange process which Evangelicals call "Conversion," among the first things which my freshly-awakened moral sense pointed out was,—that I must give up fishing! I reflected that the poor fishes were happy in their way in their proper element; that we did not in the least need, or indeed often use them for food; and that I must no longer take pleasure in giving pain to any creature of God. It was a little effort to me to relinquish this amusement in my very quiet, uneventful life; but, as the good Quakers say, it was "borne in on me," that I had to do it, and from that time I have never held a rod or line (though I have been out in boats where large quantities of fish were caught on the Atlantic coast), and I freely admit that angling scarcely comes under the head of cruelty at all, and is perfectly right and justifiable when the fish are wanted for food and killed quickly. I used to stand sometimes after I had ceased to fish, over one of the ponds in our park and watch the bright creatures dart hither and thither, and say in my heart a little thanksgiving on their behalf instead of trying to catch them.

* The late Dr. George Hoggan, whose premature death must be ever lamented.

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Fifty years after this incident, I read in John Woolman's (the Quaker Saint's,) *Journal*, Chap. XI., this remark :—

"I believe, where the love of God is verily perfected and the true spirit of government watchfully attended, a tenderness towards all creatures made subject to us will be experienced, and a care felt in us that we do not lessen that sweetness of life in the animal creation which the great Creator intends for them under our government."

To me as I have said it was almost the *first*, and not an *advanced*, much less "perfected," religious impulse, which led me to begin to recognise the claims of the lower animals on our compassion. Of course, I disliked then, and always, hunting, coursing and shooting; but as a woman I was not expected to join in such pursuits, and I did not take on myself to blame those who followed them. I do not now allow of any comparison between the cruelty of such *Field Sports* and the deliberate *Chamber-Sport* of Vivisection.

Sir Henry Hawkins and Cruelty.

The Rev. J. Stratton, M.A., writes :—

As our vivisectionist opponents never lose an opportunity of trying to make out that we, who hate their practices, are a weak sentimental folk, it is perhaps worth while to mention the opinion about vivisection held by one whom nobody in his senses would consider the victim of weak sentimentalism. I refer to Mr. Justice Hawkins. In a letter to me, under date December 1st, 1895, Sir Henry writes :—

"My horror of 'Vivisection' cannot be too strongly expressed."

On the general subject of cruelty, Sir Henry is equally explicit. I have an utterance of his, bearing date, March 1st, 1895, which runs thus :—

"I need not repeat to you how much I *abominate* cruelty in any form—it never can be justified. We ought 'never to blend our pleasure or our pride with sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.'"

Nature Notes.

(*Copyright*).

By Edith Carrington, Author of "A Narrow, Narrow World," "Workers Without Wage," etc., etc.

"A skylark wounded on the wing
Doth make a cherub cease to sing."

MINSTRELS AND MURDER.

THERE is likely to be silence in Heaven if the above couplet is as true as it is fancifully beautiful. At any rate we who love music upon earth are likely to find the sky above us robbed of its only audible melody before very long; the celestial minstrelsy hushed; the blue dome a cathedral empty of its choir! It is impossible that any species of living creature can stand such a raid upon it as that which the Press yearly reports in the case of skylarks. We cannot eat our cake and keep it too, and as this persecuted little bird is regarded as a *bon bouche* to be swallowed by greedy people, or a toy to be caged for the amusement of selfish ones, or as a target for that implement which commonly has a mere stupid destroyer at one end and a cartridge in the middle, while practically no restriction is enforced as to its slaughter, the race must inevitably perish. It is only a question of time.

A recent correspondence in the *Daily News* reveals that skylarks are brought into Leadenhall market in sacks, and sold by the bushel at the rate of 10,000 per diem at least, and that there is no hope of replenishment from across the English Channel by migration, because the work of annihilation goes on as furiously abroad as it does in England. The inhabitants of Dieppe alone consumed one million and a quarter of larks in a single year!

And then the farmer, as usual, with his short-sighted and dangerous half-knowledge, steps in, oblivious of the fact that larks are insectivorous as well as seed-eating birds. He shoots them pell-mell, the modern development of murderous weapons making the work of slaughter hideously easy. One man boasts of having shot seventy-four skylarks in one day, and grumbles at obtaining seven pence a dozen only; while another hero, naïvely commencing his letter "No one loves Nature or the song of the lark more than I do," adds, "I have killed them on the latter crop (turnips) from 25 to 35 at a shot." A singular mode, this, of showing

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one's love! But, perhaps, this romantic gentleman's affection for skylarks inside puddings is greater than elsewhere.

It is a serious matter for national consideration,—whether the few shall interfere thus with the pleasure as well as the profit of the many. The blunders of ignorant agriculturists, the disgusting epicurism of gourmands, and the more refined cruelty of those who net the skylark (as the same writer says) by thousands every night, are depriving the country of one of its sweetest charms, to say nothing of the substantial harm which must follow the extinction of a tribe of creatures employed for a large proportion of their time in doing good to the land.

Though it may be taken as a maxim that few birds which do great good for mankind abstain from also doing a little harm to crops, it is equally a fact that no bird whatever does all harm and no good. If land owners and farmers would but study the habits, not only of wild birds but of insects, they would avoid many of the errors into which they fall. Nature appointed insects to check the superabundance of vegetable growth, she created small birds to prevent over-multiplication of insects, and birds of prey to thin out the number of small birds. The natural enemies of the skylark are many—the crow, shrike, hawk, who pounce on nestlings or mature larks, the weasel, hedge-snake, rat, hedgehog, and a dozen others who steal and suck the eggs. The ever-ready gun upsets all Nature's wise plans. Man shoots (because he likes shooting, and afterwards finds an excuse for it), everything that is big enough to afford a mark. What will he do—and the time is fast approaching—when nothing is left in his fields but innumerable legions of foes too small to be grasped, yet so overwhelming in number and so hostile in character as to place his very existence in jeopardy? Insects can make the air unfit to be breathed, render the water unfit for our drinking, and break the staff of life by spreading ruin far and wide among our foods.

A great outcry is made by those who would fain demolish the skylark on the score of the awful damage done by these birds. Such men deny that any impression is made on their numbers by the policy of wholesale killing, ignoring the fact that the birdcatcher's vile trade, and the subsequent long-drawn anguish of the cage, make fearful havoc in their numbers. In most big towns skylarks can be bought for sixpence each; they are exposed for sale in piteous rows, tier above tier, each little captive wild with terror, appealing to the passer by against such a disgrace to civilization; or they may be seen huddled by scores into larger cages at a few coppers apiece. Each caged lark represents the death of many, who pine to death or kill themselves in frantic struggles to soar upward, besides the loss of broods which each should, by rights, be rearing.

With regard to the assertion that larks are to be seen in profusion still, people forget that these birds fly during winter in large flocks, and that the presence of one of these crowds is no indication that the birds are plentiful on the whole. It is in summer alone, when the birds are scattered, that any correct estimate can be formed, and nobody who has eyes and ears can fail to know that nowadays but one or two songsters are to be found where once one might stand and listen to a perfect concert of winged warblers.

As regards the terrible damage reported, one would think that death was the only remedy for every living obstacle in man's path, real or imaginary. Why not scare the birds from newly-sown crops? The expenditure now wasted in powder, shot and gun licences, would cover the cost of boy labour. Again, why not sow a little more deeply, in the case of wheat especially? The skylark is not a digging bird. If he cannot reach the tender white bit between the blade and the stem of young wheat he will not touch it, and it is not his habit to attempt breaking up clods of earth, nor can he get at any seed carefully sown. The skylark is not always in search of grain when he is seen to alight on fields, but is on the lookout for what he likes far better, an animal diet. The eggs of insects are the skylark's special "fad," and it is noteworthy that just as he is bringing up his family among the crops, many terrible destroyers, and among them the dreaded turnip moth, are busiest laying their eggs. As the young larks troop after their mother in a little flock, like chickens with a hen looking for a meal, their services are priceless. The same may be said of wheat. Some of its worst insect-enemies attack the principal stem, just above the root, where a ground-bird would most easily find and pick them out.

There is no doubt that many an insect-eating bird is shot mercilessly under the idea that he is a marauder, whereas in reality he is a benefactor. Plants like rape, clover and cabbage are liable to be literally cut down by weevils and smothered by blight. The keen eyes of birds spy out the stems which contain weevils, or other tiny beetles and flies in their various stages, as well as blight, and after gobbling up the destroyer are themselves martyred by the very man they are serving. A plant occupied by an insect is doomed in any case, and the insect which was the real culprit would have multiplied itself a thousand-fold if left alone. But the farmer strolls by, he sees his plants coming to grief, thinks with Sam Weller that "somebody ought to be whopped for it," and pitches into the wrong person.

Prevost Paradol, a great authority, tabulates the food of the skylark during the year as follows; "January, seeds of wild plants; February, seeds and corn; March, various insects, worms, seeds and corn; April, insects, beetles, corn; May, beetles; June, flies and various insects; July, grasshoppers,

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"Up springs the Lark,
Shrill voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations."

THOMSON.

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worms and corn ; August, crickets and grasshoppers ; September, insects, corn and seeds of weeds; October, seeds, worms and barley ; November, seeds, corn and berries ; December, seeds of wild plants." From this list it will be seen that the tiny harmonious husbandman pays the rent of his night's lodging under the wide star-spangled tent. Besides singing for his supper he earns that thrifty meal, for by eating it he is a boon to the land. His dinner is of many courses, and includes the mischievous germs of weeds as well as eggs of noxious insects. If he varies his *menu* sometimes, being forced by stress of drought to nibble a juicy morsel or two, or driven by hard times to snatch a scantling of bought grain, niggardly must be the hand that grudges it!

There are those among us who feel that life was not made for eating, drinking, sleeping and hoarding money only. We have souls to feed as well as bodies, and we can ill afford to stamp out all the melody, poetry and sweetness from this work-a-day world. To do so is to starve the immortal spirit. Since no mortal power can create one skylark, it is a pity that by some energetic, prompt and well-organised effort the people do not forbid its extermination. If something be not done—and that soon—posterity will find that airy singer "at Heaven's gate" a thing of the past, a dream of bards, something which Shakespeare raved about, haunting perchance some bank whereon the wild thyme grew, but mythical as any other sprite beneath its perfumed canopy.

"Punch" joins Hands with "The Animals' Friend."

HARK! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
But will it sing there long?
To market man in thousands brings
These tiny sons of song.
Now *gourmets* eat the morsels sweet;
They're strung upon a string,
With plumpy crops, at poulterers' shops,
No more to soar and sing.
A shameful sin! Will none begin
To ope the public eyes?
Let everything that pretty is
Against this outrage rise!
Arise! Arise!
My public sweet, arise!

The kestrel and the sparrow-hawk,
The pole-cat and the shrike,
Pursue the bird. But how absurd,
That man should do the like!
O, Shakespeare's shade; O, Shelley's sprite!
Arise and scourge base cits,
Who'd rob our sky of minstrelsy,
To fill their pies and spits!
Kind *Punch* forswears the pretty dears,
On toast and eke in pies—
Let everything that gentle is
Against this horror rise.
Arise! Arise!
My public sweet, arise!

January 18th, 1896. *Punch.*

The Cavalry Horse.

EVERYONE has heard of the "Arab and his Steed," and the writer has witnessed, on the African desert, the truth of the song which portrayed the Arab's reluctance to part with his friend. The horse, to the wandering Bedouin, is not only his beast of burden, it is his familiar companion, the pet of the tented household, and though he rides hard and far, positive cruelty is unknown to him.

Perhaps to no one in this country is our equine friend so dear as to the cavalry soldier. It is his first thought on rising, and the constant care and attention bestowed on the horses of our thirty-one cavalry regiments is practically unknown to civilians. All sorts of horses, once passed by the veterinary authority, come under the "ken" of the mounted Tommy Atkins. We have horses from Ireland, these being really our first line of supply. Then there are Australian horses, Indian horses, and Americans, the latter not being a favourite in military circles.

From the time which elapses between their drafting into a regiment, and their being cast and brought under the auctioneer's hammer, the cavalry horses have a real good time. If they could only speak and tell us about it, their preference for a military life would be decided at once.

The soldier may retain his horse for a long number of years, and, unless in hospital, under punishment, or various duties, such as being on guard, etc., he only is the man to groom, feed and ride Number so-and-so, for all military horses have their respective numbers. When regiments are going to, or leaving India, of course a change takes place; the new arrivals take over the horses left in the station by those vacating it, and then horses and men of both regiments have to make themselves acquainted with each other.

Civilians would do well to study the kind thoughtfulness shown by the soldier to his horse. It is his friend and companion, and, I may add, his pride. Cruelty, whether in the stable or on the field, or march, would bring down severe punishment on the delinquent. The writer, who passed some years of his life in a crack cavalry corps, rising to sergeant, and spending most of that time in the riding school, surely will be

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allowed to testify on behalf of his loved four-footed friends.

Once, some years ago, whilst lying at Kensington (all regiments stationed at Hounslow send a detachment there for orderly duty at Horse Guards), I was walking down Piccadilly, when an opportunity occurred of showing the driver of a furniture van, who had a "jibber," that more can be done by kindness to such an animal, than by the dreaded lash. Jibbing is another name for nervousness, and, to that horse's mind, straining at a load is coupled with the memory of the whip. After a tremendous bout of thrashing on the part of the driver, and a remonstrance from the writer, which, as usual, brought on a volley of abuse, I begged some lumps of sugar from a good-natured cook, at an opposite house, and after a bit of coaxing and a taste of the sweet morsel, the animal walked away with its load easily and cheerfully. And to those who have a jibbing horse, the writer would say in every case, try sugar, or something sweet. The horse immediately becomes pleased, fear of the load is forgotten, and he will walk quietly for miles, after the extended piece of sugar.

Some day, if the Editor finds room, a few anecdotes of military horses may be told in these columns. Surely, humanity forbids a cruel whip for what is, after all, easily cured by kindness. The whip for hard use ought to be unknown. Far too many drivers fail to understand the relative dispositions of their horses. Animals differ, like men, in their

A BRITISH HUSSAR.

tempers, and "charity covers a multitude of faults." Let us try charity to our dumb friends.

ALAN FALCONER.

[We shall be very pleased to hear further from Mr. Falconer.—EDITOR, A.F.]

Surgeon-Genl. Thornton on Scientific Cruelty.

THE following is an extract from a letter to a London Member of Parliament, on the subject of Vivisection, which I forwarded on his election in July last:—

". . . The subject to which I refer is the question of Vivisection. You will see from my article in the *Animals' Friend*, that, although I am a member of the medical profession, I condemn and oppose this practice as immoral and unjustifiable. All forms of cruelty are immoral, and the whole tendency of modern thought and legislation has long been towards their suppression, as they are justly considered contrary to the public weal and likely to make people brutal and cruel. Accordingly various cruel sports, such as bull baiting, cock fighting, etc., have been made illegal, and cruelty to animals generally is punishable by law, except the very worst form of it—the refined cruelty of scientists in their laboratories. The consequence of this exemption is that vivisection has increased in the most astonishing manner during the last twenty or thirty years, and experimenters are now no longer satisfied with animals, as they admit that the results of their experiments are so doubtful and inconclusive as to be of little if any value. Hence a desire has arisen in some quarters to experiment on living human beings. Perhaps you may doubt this, but I happen to know that a Bill was recently introduced in the Legislature of the State of Ohio in America, for the purpose of legalizing the vivisection of criminals under sentence of death! That Bill was strongly supported and it was very nearly carried. It will assuredly be brought forward again and it may then become law. I cite this instance to show you that the danger of human vivisection, a thing too horrible to contemplate with equanimity, is not at all imaginary, or even remote, but, on the contrary, it is both real and imminent. It therefore behoves all who would avert such a terrible calamity and crime as the legalized vivisection of human beings, to do their utmost to prevent the possibility of it, and the best way of doing so is to suppress the practice of vivisection altogether. Twenty years ago the Royal Commission on Vivisection declared in their report that this method 'is from its very nature liable to great abuse.' It is quite evident that this abuse cannot be prevented except by putting a stop to the practice entirely, as was done in the case of slavery.

I hope that these views will commend themselves to your judgment. Of course those interested in the maintenance of vivisection would raise a great outcry at

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any attempt to deprive them of their favourite method, but I can positively assure you that no human being would be a penny the worse were the practice interdicted forthwith. Had Mr. Ridley Smith been returned for Battersea he would have brought in a Bill totally prohibiting experiments on living animals. I earnestly hope that you will take up this question and introduce a Bill to prohibit vivisection in every shape and form."

J. H. THORNTON, C.B., M.B., B.A. LOND.
(Deputy Surgeon-General I.M.S., Retired.)
Kensington, *October*, 1895.

Deer in Richmond Park.

THE beautiful animals shown in the photographs opposite are, or were, in Richmond Park. I went there last summer in company with a friend, and we induced them to stand for their portraits. The deer are very tame, and in the picture showing the three large ones, they were looking steadfastly at a piece of bread held out to them by my friend. The large animal in the foreground became quite friendly, and afterwards ate from our hands a quantity of bread, for which he continued to ask, by pushing us gently with his horns, when our hands became empty. Others now came up, and we stood surrounded by the gentle creatures, some of them, too timid to eat direct from us, would take pieces thrown on the grass, but were somewhat suspicious of any new substance. Brown bread caused them much questioning and some panic before they ventured on trying it. The keeper presently came up and told us it was not allowed to take photos without a special permit (I had already taken five!), but that this was easily obtainable, which, on applying, I found to be the case.

From these comparatively happy creatures turn to another scene. Often as I look on their picture the fate of the hunted deer comes to my mind, and I wonder at the degradation of man. One of the hunts of last season rises before me as I write—the hideous cry of the pack as it gained on, and came up with the quarry; presently one or two men riding up on strained horses, shouting hoarsely in tones of brutal excitement. Then a silence, one or two calls, and men on foot cross the field to the pond where the ill-fated—no, rather fortunate!—deer, happy now in death, has taken refuge. Here the dogs had come up with it, far in advance of the hunters, and had overpowered and drowned it; nothing remained but to secure the carcase and *send it to the butchers to be dressed for the table*. What shall we say of the men and women that take their pleasure in such a way as this? Probably, most of them call themselves Christians. Does it ever occur to them, I wonder, as it occurs to me, that if the God whom they worship has found it worth while to create animals, it is not in order that we may amuse ourselves by tearing them in pieces?

We, who think ourselves so far in advance of all other animals, and boast of having reached the topmost step in creation. How is it that of us it can be said with truth, that, "Man is the cruelest beast of prey?" With shame I write words which I dare not deny, but the denial is withheld, while the fact stares us in the face.

ELEANOR M. BEEBY.

The deer in the picture are, of course, not the red deer, which are, as a matter of fact, the species used in the chase. This, however, does not touch the question of what I deem to be the cruelty of hunting, for pleasure, any animal. E. M. B.

The Horse that Remembered.

IAN MACLAREN, in his most touching, pathetic story, "A Doctor of the Old School," describing the behaviour of the doctor's horse, "Jess," after his death, shows the heartbreak of a speechless beast in the following moving fashion. It will be appreciated by those who have studied the emotional side of animal nature, says our Philadelphian contemporary, the *Journal of Zoophily*:—

"After the funeral, Drumsheugh came himself for Jess and took her to his farm. Saunders made a bed for her with soft, dry straw, and prepared for her supper such things as horses love. Jess would neither take food nor rest, but moved uneasily in her stall, and seemed to be waiting for some one that never came. No man knows what a horse or a dog understands and feels, for God hath not given them our speech. If any footstep was heard in the courtyard, she began to neigh, and was always looking round as the door opened. But nothing would tempt her to eat, and in the night-time Drumsheugh heard her crying, as if she expected to be taken out for some sudden journey. The Kildrummie veterinary came to see her, and said that nothing could be done when it happened after this fashion with an old horse. 'A've seen it aince afore,' he said. 'Gin she were a Christian instead o' a horse, ye micht say she was dying o' a broken heart.'

"He recommended that she should be shot, to end her misery, but no man could be found in the Glen to do the deed, and Jess relieved them of the trouble. When Drumsheugh went to the stable on Monday morning, a week after Dr. Maclaren fell on sleep, Jess was resting at last, but her eyes were open and her face turned to the door."

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From Photographs by] [*Miss E. M. Beeby.*

DEER IN RICHMOND PARK, SURREY. (*See* page 110.)

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On the Petting of Animals.

By H. S. Salt.

THE domestic animals are necessarily the first with which children are brought in contact; hence such attempts as are made by parents and teachers to inculcate the duty of kindness are directed in most instances to animals of this class. And here, at the very outset, it seems to me that a mistake, however natural and pardonable in itself, is often made by Zoophilists in trying to teach humanity by the system of "petting." In face of the shocking ill-usage to which animals are so generally subjected, it is of course extremely difficult to know where and how to begin the lesson of humaneness; and the practice of encouraging children to keep pets, and to keep them properly, has the advantage of being the readiest and most obvious method, and up to a certain point a fairly successful one. In the long run, I believe it to be wrong and disastrous, and for this reason, that petting, like persecuting, draws away the attention from the very fact which it is most urgently necessary to emphasize—the fact that animals are not mere "things," not mere chattels and automata to be used (however kindly) for the amusement and recreation of man, but intelligent and highly-developed personalities, whose innumerable services to human kind, faithfully performed through the centuries, have rendered them an integral and important element of civilized society. It is the *individuality* of animals that needs to be impressed on children, and for that matter on adults also, who for the most part treat animals as if they were utterly devoid of individuality or intelligence. What we should aim at is to make animals our friends, not our pets; for a pet, however carefully it is petted, can hardly be respected; and it is precisely this lack of *respect* for animals as intelligent beings that is at the root of so much brutality and roughness.

For the same reason great care should be exercised in appealing to the humane sentiment of children by means of poetry and fiction as is frequently done in Zoophilist pamphlets and journals. There is no more precious gift than the innate sense of humanity, when it is balanced and safeguarded by consistency and judgment; but it should be remembered that, without these qualities, it is apt to degenerate into that false sentiment, or "sentimentality," from which it is most important that genuine humanitarianism should be kept free. . . .

I suggest that the first object of the teacher—and in this case the parent and the teacher will often be identical—should be to diminish, rather than encourage, the practice of keeping "pets," and to lead their pupils to regard animals seriously as intelligent friends, and not to sentimentalize over them as puppets and playthings. There is no more miserable being than a lap-dog; and the lap-dog is the sign and symbol of that spurious humanity which is the final outcome of "petting."

Dean Vaughan on the Moral Aspects of Vivisection.

THERE is a reverence due to life as life. . . . . Suffering inflicted for the bare chance that something may come of it—suffering inflicted on peradventure and in the dark, on the speculation that nature may reveal this, that, or anything, you know not and care not what, to a blind and unscrupulous explorer—this is cruelty, this is impiety. God who gave you your life gave that other, and He gave it not to you but to the other. For that life, invaded, experimented upon, tormented, depend upon it an account must be rendered—first in conscience, secondly in consequence, thirdly in the judgment. It is plain that curiosity alone, discovery alone, is an insufficient justification. . . . you must settle the morality of the means, before you can urge the importance of the end.

Bounds are set to human knowledge. . . . It is no disparagement of physical science to say that there is one thing higher. It is no indication of an indifference to human suffering to say that there is one thing more important. The prolongation of earthly life, the mitigation of bodily infirmity, the cure of

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diseases hitherto counted mortal, the performance of operations formerly reckoned impossible, the restoration of halt or lame to disused functions by the discovery of modes and appliances formerly not dreamed of—these are great and noble objects, the value of which any one of us may live to learn afresh in some hour of distress and anguish. . . . There is a life higher than the earthly, and whatsoever exaggerates this dishonours that. If you speak as though this life were all—if you act as though you thought so—if you once admit that every unrelieved pain, every undiscovered secret, in the life that now is, is so great an evil that it matters not how presumptuous or how cruel the method, it must be, by fair means or foul, vanquished and brought under dominion—you are pampering the lower nature at the cost of the higher; you are running the risk of making mankind more coarse, more cruel, more brutal, and in the same degree less worthy of that place at the head of creation which yet you insolently assert for it—you are helping to make the life which we share with the brute predominate over the life of eternity and heaven—you are disparaging the Gospel virtues of patience and hope in comparison with heathen estimates of sense and time.

Selections from the Post Bag.

AN ANTI-VIVISECTION HOSPITAL.

I WAS much pleased to see in the February number of the *Animals' Friend* an inquiry from a correspondent with regard to an Anti-Vivisection Hospital. It would be a grand step to take—to found a hospital of our own, to which those could subscribe who withhold their help from pro-vivisection institutions. Indeed, I think we should all help to the utmost of our power. The Victoria Street Anti-Vivisection Society has been at work now many years, and there would seem to be enough medical men, old and young, and patrons and patients, who would gladly welcome and take advantage of our Anti-Vivisection Hospital. JULIA JENNINGS.

London, W., February 2nd, 1896.

A BURGLARY FRUSTRATED BY A JACKDAW.

ABOUT 12.15 a.m. on the morning of Monday, January 6th, Mrs. T. H. Rowell, of Haddenham, was startled in the stilly midnight by the terrified cries of her jackdaw. "Jack!" "Jack!!" "Jack!!!" screamed the bird in an agitated tone, and being convinced that something unusual was occurring, Mrs. Rowell immediately aroused her husband. Quickly donning his dressing-gown, he descended the stairs to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. Here, he found the jackdaw greatly excited and trembling violently; the dog was also barking furiously. Mr. Rowell released the animal, and he at once ran across the garden to a gap in the wall. On making a tour of the garden, Mr. Rowell found the fowl-house, and the gate leading to it, open. There were signs that the back window had been tampered with, and, undoubtedly, it was this which frightened the jackdaw, thereby causing it to scream out for its master, and at the same time scaring the would-be burglar. In the morning footprints were distinctly visible in the garden. However, nothing was missing with the exception of the "catch" of the fowl-house. Mr. Rowell informs me that the bird is exceptionally clever. It is evident, although the bird himself is not strictly honest, like the rest of his species, he cannot countenance wrong doing by others.

J. H. DAVIES.

High Wycombe, January, 1896.

A HUMANITARIAN HOSPITAL.

A CORRESPONDENT in your last issue raises the question of the advisability of founding a Humanitarian Hospital. May I draw her attention—and that of your readers generally—to the fact that such a hospital is already in existence. In April last a cottage hospital was opened at Oriolet, Loughton, Essex, upon lines so strictly humanitarian that no animal is allowed even to be killed for either patients, staff or servants.

The institution is conducted in such a way that every patient can join daily in the hospital chapel at evensong, and to the chant of praise "we thank the great Creator" can respond "For all that lives."

Over 100 patients of all sorts, from the very poor to those who can afford the luxuries of private rooms, have been treated as in-patients during the year with remarkable success and splendid results.

I very cordially invite all who are interested in securing true humanitarian hospitals in the future to pay a visit to this little pioneer institution.

Loughton is half-an-hour from Liverpool Street Station, and Oriolet is only a quarter-hour's walk from Loughton station. The Matron receives visitors on Wednesdays from 3 to 5.30 p.m.

I will very gladly give any further information.

JOSIAH OLDFIELD, M.A. (Oxon),
Warden.

I ADMIRE the structure and the, I may say, reverent spirit that pervades the *Animals' Friend*, believing, as I do, that as God created all animals and other parts of Nature, when we give thought and care to their protection we are pleasing God, and affording comfort and a holy peace to our souls and hearts, hence we are purchasing peace and happiness by doing good, a possession worth all labour to attain.

I now place in your hands a biographical record of a dearly-loved pet, who approached Reason, if not absolutely treading on the threshold. She was of our own rearing, a thorough-bred Skye, one amongst others. From early puppyhood "Campy" manifested an absolute preference for my library. She had not "a round basket," but

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a comfortable structure about two feet long, and eighteen inches wide, with edges raised about six inches, the floor duly carpeted. During an illness of her loved mistress, "Campy" took a station whence she could see her day and night, having to be absolutely carried downstairs to lap some milk, the only food she would take. Her extraordinary efforts at apparent Reason were wonderful. She had seen her mistress's slippers put inside the fender in cold weather to be warmed. One evening her mistress went out, and in the dark, without any hint or incitement "Campy" set off upstairs to the dressing room, and returned shortly after with a slipper in her mouth, which she deliberately placed inside the fender to warm, and then set off for the other slipper, and brought it and placed it with its fellow. When she heard a double knock she went and sat beside the fender, apparently to be ready to deliver her charge. On entering the room her mistress sat down and asked for a slipper. The saucy pet seemed to shake her head, and merely reached a slipper from the fender, and kept it beside her. A motion was made to take off a boot, "Campy" stood up with the slipper in her mouth, ready to act, but moved no further. Again her mistress asked for the slipper, but there was no move. Then the first boot was taken off, and immediately "Campy" stood up and delivered the warmed slipper into her mistress's hand, who, having put the slipper on, asked for the one in the fender, "Campy" only took the other one out of the fender, and kept beside her, declining repeated invites to bring it. No, "Campy" only looked on till the other boot was off, then she stood up as before, and placed it into her mistress's hand. Then, without a word, she took up a put-off boot, carried it to where they were kept, and returned for the other. Does not this look very much like Reason.

CHARLES DE OSSONE,
late F.R.H.S., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c.

Windsor, December, 1895.

My Feathered Lady.

BY CANON RAWNSLEY.

WHERE'ER of old my lady went
All art, all nature seemed to be
Attuned in soft accompaniment
To sing her praise to me.
With her all gentleness would move;
Her smile was life, her look was love.

Within her bonnet shone the rose,
A lily sheltered at her breast;
But now, where'er my lady goes
No human heart can rest:
The very stones beneath her feet
Cry Murder! Murder! down the street.

For in her bonnet is the plume
That waves above her head, to tell
She has within her soul no room
For Pity's self to dwell;
That she can see, unmoved of pain,
Homes plundered, babes and mothers slain.

Lo, in the hall of dance and song
The maiden clad with snowy grace;
No more she glides like light along,
How changed and slow her pace;
Knee-deep she seems to wade thro' death
Of white-winged creatures cast beneath.

Now at the altar kneels the bride,
Pure joy and spotless womanhood.
Ah! pluck that dainty veil aside!
Her hair is red with blood!
Hark! thro' the hymn of praise a cry
Of birds in bridal dress that die.

Beside the infant's cot there stands
A mother robed for evening rout
The fury in her jewelled hands
Would cast her own child out!
She has but killed for fan and lace
A heron's offspring in its place.

There in the land of sun and flowers,
With orange scent upon the air,
When egrets build their bridal bowers,
They take them plumes to wear,
Such plumes as with true love in sight
Will tell the fluttering heart's delight.

They mate, and happy is the breast
That feels one day its softness stirr'd
By that new life within the nest,
Loud calls the parent bird;
The very savage in the wood
Must share the joyance of the brood.

But hands, whom Fashion arms with greed,
And hearts made cruel by the chase,
These know how English ladies need
Some little borrowed grace;
The merchant unto murder dooms
A whole bird-nation for its plumes.

Fierce shouts are heard, and up there springs
A palpitating cloud of sound,
The shadows of ten thousand wings
Move trembling on the ground,
And seem in silence to entreat
For mercy round the murderers' feet.

Gun answers gun, the cloud that rose
Lies warm and wounded underneath,
In all the heart-appalling throes
Of agony and death;
From quivering flesh the ruffians tear
The feathers for my lady's hair.

There falls a hush upon the wood,
Where gun made echo unto gun,
But still the branches drip with blood
And, fainting in the sun,
Unfed, unsheltered now by breast,
The children perish in the nest.

Wings, meant for flight, that could not fly,
Are rotting, high above, in air;
Beneath the carrion bodies lie,
Whose fault was being fair;
And *Vanity* that wrought this doom,
Goes dancing off with egret-plume.

Oh! English mother, maid, or bride,
Who seek for Fashion's feathered grace,
Come in your beauty and your pride,
And gaze upon the place;
Then, say, if Love can wear again
For Pity's sake, such plumes of pain.

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MY DEAR LITTLE COUSINS,

Not long ago I came to live in a new house. As I sat by the fire on the first evening it was very comfortable, but I thought to myself, "the next thing I must do is to get a dog and a cat, since I have nobody else to live with me." Now you will hardly believe what I am going to tell you, because it is rather strange, yet it is quite true. There was a pattering sound in the passage, and then I heard somebody trotting downstairs, only it sounded like a four-legged person instead of a two-legged one. At the same time I felt a cold wind and knew that the last visitor who had opened the hall door had forgotten to shut it.

I went down too, and, with his front paws on the kitchen table, and his nose buried in the rest of my dinner which had been left there, was a beautiful collie dog! He was too hungry to take much notice of me, except that he wagged his tail very fast when he heard me coming, without leaving off gobbling. I did not say a word to him till he had done, for he looked very thin and starved, and ate in such a fright and hurry! When it was all gone and the dish cleanly polished he came up to me and buried his face in my dress, and when he moved I saw that he was very lame; so terribly footsore that he could hardly crawl along. He must have come a long way, and lost his master, for his eyes looked full of trouble; his legs were thickly covered with mud, and his coat, once glossy as black satin trimmed with gold, was matted and rough. "Give me some water, please," he seemed to say; so I set a pan full before him, and I thought he never would have done drinking. After that he lay down flat on his side and went to sleep, but woke up to bang the floor with his tail whenever he heard my step as I moved about the house.

The poor doggie was almost too weary to drag himself on to the bed which I made for him, but next morning he looked much fresher, and when I sat down to breakfast he ran frisking up and put his head into my lap to say "I am come to live with you." All that day he lay upon the hearthrug sleeping off his tiredness, but kept up a pleasant conversation with me by the "thump, thump, thump" of his tail as he flogged the ground with it whenever I drew near. I don't know where he came from, but guessed that he was a young cattle-dog who had been brought in one of the boats from Ireland with some sheep or cows. He had no hope of finding his old master, who had gone off again in the steamer without him. He can't tell me anything about it himself. He can only fix his deep brown eyes on mine and let me read in them: "I have had much pain and grief to bear, though I am not old yet. How thankful I am to have someone to love again and not to be homeless any more!"

Well, but this is not all my story. One snowy morning, only a few days after, I was very much surprised to meet a nice little pussy coming up the stairs. When she saw me she crouched down, lifted up one velvet paw, and stood still, as much as to ask "Where shall I run? Are you going to drive me about like everybody else?" And at the same time she raised her clear pretty eyes to my face. When I spoke gently to her and stooped to stroke her soft coat she burst into a torrent of purring and crept after me into the room where I was going to sit. After lapping up a saucerful of milk she jumped on to the couch and began to put herself tidy. She seemed to say, "Now that I am a respectable cat again and belong to someone, I must wash my face and hands and clean

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my clothes, and not go about looking shabby."

When I asked the maid where this pussy came from, she said: "I found her curled up against the front door, in the snow, and she ran in." There never was a merrier little cat than this small waif. She keeps the whole house alive with her romps, playing with bits of string and corks or cotton reels all day long. She cannot bear me out of her sight. At first, when I went out, she began to cry, and never stopped till I came back. I fancy that she must have been left behind in an empty house once, and that she feared it would happen to her again. But now she seems to have learnt that I do not disappear for ever each time I take a walk. When she hears me come in again she rushes to meet me, making a little tender sound inside her throat, which is half a purr and half a "mew."

Now and then, when she is in the mood, she will go with me to the post, running along behind like a little dog and strutting back in front of me after the letters are posted, as if she were more glad to go towards home than away from it. Is it not sad to think of what the fate of both these poor wanderers might have been if they had hit on the wrong house? A lost dog or cat in a big town is quite as forlorn and helpless as either of the poor little "babes in the wood."

And is it not touching to think that creatures can tell you nothing of their past history except what can be guessed from the marks of suffering which you may see on their bodies or written in their faces? This should make us try to be very clever in understanding the wants of animals, and quick to help them in times of need. The

AFTER PUSS HAD MADE HERSELF TIDY.

love which they give in return is a rich reward, and besides this, in showing kindness to His creatures we are serving their Maker, Who will not forget the smallest good deed done to one of the least of these.

Your loving Cousin,

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The Speechless Ones.

THEY cannot speak—
But they can utter sighs;
And you may read upon their faces meek
And in their eyes
Deep love, and faithfulness beyond our own,
And sorrows that would melt a heart of stone.

They cannot spell—
But they know how to play,
Like little children merrily and well
The livelong day;
Oh, that their Maker might look down and see
His mute ones gay as He would have them be!

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Santa Claus Fund.

THE following further list of subscriptions to the Santa Claus Fund (a Christmas Box from our readers towards the expenses of production) have been received:—

"Little Joe, a dear little fox terrier," 3s.; Mrs. Howard, 1s.; "Jacky, a fortunate little cat," 2s. 6d.; Miss S. N. Woodford, 6d.; "From May, for Johnnie (a horse), Kitty (mare), Victor (a Dalmatian), Crack (a wire-haired terrier), and Jack (fox terrier)," 5s.; Miss Averdieck, 1s.; Miss E. Price Sayer, 1s.; "Turk, a dear little pug, and his friend Billy, the cat," 2s.; Mrs. Daly, 5s.; Miss Boyle Meyer (collected by), 2s. 6d.; "Princess, a cat," 1s.; W. J. Wilson, Esq., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. Hamilton, 2s. 6d.; Thomas Fall, Esq., 3s.; "In memory of dear faithful friends, Neptune and Tip," 1s.; Miss Garrate, 2s. 6d.; F. Gunning, Esq., 5s.; Miss E. J. Clarke, 2s.; Mrs. Boult (balance after paying account), 1s. 1½d.; Mrs. Bell, 1s.; George Gibbs, Esq., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Hyde, 2s.; Mrs. Cuthbert, 2s.; Mrs. Robie Uniacke, 2s.; E. B., 1s.; Mrs. Sheriff, 2s.; Miss Deighton, 1s.; "From Nurse, in memory of her dear dog Prinnie," 1s.; "Wix," 1s.; collected by Little Joe, fox terrier, City Arms, Esher, 3s.; Mrs. Howard, 1s.; Miss Marriott, 5s.; Miss Moss, 2s. 6d.; "In fond memory of Ness and Brucie, two much-loved retrievers, 2s. 6d.; "M. B., in memory of four dear companions,—'Rough,' 'Waif,' 'Impey,' and 'Snow,'" 4s.; "Nellie, a faithful dog," 5s.; 5, York Street, Covent Garden, Possum, 1s.; Cats, 6d.; Carlo, 6d.; Jumbo, 2d.; Stoat, 6d.; Punch and Judy, 6d.; Nell, 3d.; Jim, 3d.; Lily, 3d.; Fan, 3d.; Irishman, 3d.; Corvine, 1s.; Black Cap, 1s.; Pug, 6d.; Trilby, 6d.; Tootsie, 3d.; Wisp, 3d.; Tibby, 3d.; Tony, 1s.; Rough, 4d.; Nell, 3d.; Tibbells and Kitten, 9d.; Total, 10s.6d.

NOTICE.—Several contributions, Reviews of Books, and Editor's Notes are held over until next month.

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THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND, WITH "SWELL," HER IRISH SETTER.

(*H.M. Wilhelmina, Koningin der Nederlanden*).

THE Photograph from which the above is reproduced was taken about seven years ago. This little lady is, we have heard, on very friendly terms with our own Queen, with whom she is in frequent correspondence. Her dog, "Swell," was born January 29th, 1887, his parents being Mate, K.C.S.B. 16991 (a son of Ch. Garryowen), and La Rousotte, L.O.S.B. 1149. He was exhibited once at Brussels, as a puppy, by his breeder, H. Sodenkamb, and secured an h.c., but never since.

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Birds and their Destroyers.

By Edith Carrington,

Author of "Workers without Wage," "Animal Life Readers," etc., etc.

THE selfish and grasping spirit which makes a man desire to appropriate that which catches his eye as beautiful or rare is terribly rife in our islands. For this unworthy lust the barbarous "sporting instinct" which even nineteenth century civilization appears unable to eradicate from his breast, is largely responsible. It is strange that the Britisher of to-day does not see what an odd patch of old cloth on a new garment this same "detested sport that owes its pleasures to another's pain" has now-a-days become. "I came, I saw, I killed," may have been an excusable boast from the lips of a Briton who went about his murderous work stained blue with woad; but it seems incongruous, in an age of broad-cloth, refinement, and anti-cruelty societies. Recent revelations in the columns of the *Standard* show a lamentable state of things. Nature, like the beneficent mother that she is, never wearies in trying to set straight the havoc wrought by her blundering human son among the lower branches of her great family; mankind as persistently labours to frustrate her efforts.

Peregrine Falcon.

In obedience to certain mysterious laws of which we as yet know little, though Darwin threw some light on the subject by his theory of Natural Selection, birds occasionally wander or migrate into spots hitherto unvisited by them, or revisit places where their species has been exterminated. As human colonists investigate a strange country to see whether or not it may prove habitable, these flying scouts test the nature of the climate, propensities of its inhabitants, and conditions of life which it affords. If the surroundings should prove suitable, the feathered strangers will adopt a district as their home, and, like the spies sent to examine the Promised Land, will furnish a report to their brethren. After America was discovered it took certain birds from remote regions more than half a century to discover that suitable food, in the form of imported grain, was to be found in Carolina. Probably a single bird of an inquiring turn of mind, a sort of Christopher Columbus among birds, discovered the fact that rice was to be found there, and told the rest. There is no manner of doubt that sociable birds like rooks tell their fellows when they light upon provisions in plenty. Solitary birds like the peregrine falcon and buzzard, specimens of which have lately been slain in Bedfordshire—the latter cruelly caught in a trap—obey the same law, and from time to time seek new quarters. It is as if Nature, who abhors a vacuum, were constantly sending out feelers to ascertain in what direction she may extend her growth. She finds out where there is a scarcity of any particular plant or animal, and endeavours to supply that want.

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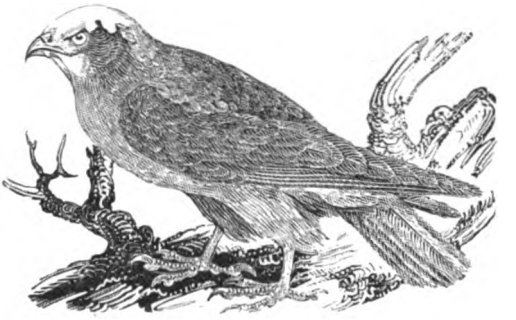
The immediate impulse that actuates the bird in seeking fresh fields and pastures new is the desire for food. A hawk, owl, falcon or woodpecker, for example, finding the supply of mice, small birds, or insects running short in one place, would naturally wander wide in search of a new sphere for his energies. Very complicated, of course, are the causes which regulate such a failure of food supply, but the bird's motive is simple. Then the pseudo-naturalist, the savage sportsman, or the ignorant agriculturist, sees the new arrival and shoots him. Thus the beautiful balance by which Nature would fain keep this world in order is overset. She even sends new varieties of the same creatures into the world sometimes, such as a white sparrow, a piebald rook, or a dappled moorhen, to see if they will find or "select" some place unfitted for ordinary rooks, sparrows and moorhens; a niche to fill, unfit for the common species, where they can live happy and useful lives. As soon as found, these experiments on the part of Nature are killed, like the unfortunate pied moorhen just discovered in Bedfordshire. No bird is more useful as an insect eater than the moorhen, and it is perfectly harmless.



THE BUZZARD.

Many persons complain of the situation which they themselves create, as if Providence were to blame. The farmer grumbles about the harm done by sparrows, forgetful that he himself has destroyed their natural enemy, the hawk, and is responsible for their consequent over-increase. He thinks to better himself by a general massacre of sparrows, oblivious that Hungary, after committing this folly, was obliged to import sparrows at great expense to supply the blank. Setting aside the number of grubs with which they feed their young, said to be 4,000 per week, sparrows feed after the rooks in ploughed fields and grass lands, consuming fabulous numbers of insect eggs; they search manure for the grubs of bot-flies, breeze-flies, and gad-flies; those torturers of horses, sheep and cattle Besides this they may be seen hovering rather clumsily over the grass in Autumn, chasing the daddy-longlegs or crane fly, and eating these insects just as they are laying their eggs, to produce swarms of the grubs which devastate whole acres of pasture. If sparrows were to become "rare birds," the open country would be ruined, and the towns in which they act as scavengers would be fever-stricken. But if we want sparrows kept within reasonable limits, we must protect the hawks.

An acquaintance with the habits of such a bird as the green woodpecker might have prevented the slaughter by dozens of that useful and delightful bird, which is reported from the county before-named. The marksman was under the impression that he was shooting a rare bird, and the bodies were stuffed. It is comfortable to see that the Marquess of Granby has taken notice of the matter; we must be thankful for small mercies. From no sportsman must we expect any but homœopathic doses of that "quality" which "is not strained, but droppeth as the gentle dew from Heaven." He protests, however, against the slaughter of owls, hawks, buzzards and green woodpeckers, adding "I much prefer the keeper who keeps his eyes on the ground *and traps properly*, to the one who is always staring at the sky for something to shoot." As a matter of fact, more owls and hawks are slain by brutal traps than otherwise, and the buzzard-hawk alluded to was captured in this way. Still, it is satisfactory to hear any protest raised by anybody, against any form of cruelty whatever.

A very slight observation of the green woodpecker will show the magnitude of his services, and prove that we cannot spare him to be set up inside a glass case. It is absolutely impossible for him to "destroy timber," as he is often accused of doing. His bill is scarcely more than a sheath for the wonderful tool within, and is incapable of breaking up solid oak, or any other healthy wood. The tongue, which, by means of wondrous cartilages acting like steel springs, he can dart out some inches from his beak, has feathered barbs at the tip like the beards

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of an arrow. Its owner spits the insects which he finds thereupon, transfixing them as with a dart. He tests every tree by tapping it, as a carpenter knocks a wall with his hammer to find out where it will best hold a nail. The bird's skilled ear tells him where the wood is already unsound, and where certain grubs have already begun to undermine the doomed tree. *Scolytus destructor*, the goat moth caterpillar, the larvæ of the skipjack beetles, and a host of others, are dragged forth and swallowed with lightning speed. The same correspondence has elicited a satisfactory letter from Mr. Herbert Allchin, who, in reply to a circular issued to farmers and fruit growers, has received letters from practical men, recommending the protection of "nearly all birds." Well, well, in time we shall hope to drive home the lesson that ALL, and not "*nearly all*" birds merit protection, even the bullfinch and sparrow, now universally persecuted, may be recognized as helpers. An examination of the digestive system of the former shows that crude vegetable products do not afford him sufficient nourishment. He rids the fruit trees of insect plagues, though he picks off buds also. He also destroys many weeds by eating their seeds. Bullfinches may be kept from any tree by white-washing the trunk, and sparrows can be scared from newly-sown or ripe crops.

THE GREEN WOODPECKER.

When will the human race recognize that Nature is no such fool as she looks? Looks, that is, when scanned through some folks' cloudy spectacles. It is impossible to draw any line across and say "this bird is helpful, and that baneful"; they are all good, provided that man's intermeddling does not cause one species to predominate at the expense of another. The visitors which Nature sends us from time to time, in order that the breaches made in bird ranks by misguided people should be repaired, must be protected; they claim hospitality, and if they receive it, will build, breed, and dwell with us to our infinite advantage. As for the familiar winged friends who are always with us, they are the guardians of our food, and we should make ourselves, in common gratitude and common sense, the guardians of their lives.

Since the power vested in County Councils is allowed to lie idle, we must push for stricter legislation from head-quarters, and an amendment of the Act which shall make it efficient to protect all birds, in all places, at all times. By their work birds preserve our lives, not to mention that by their music they make this earth like Paradise.

A WORDLESS PRAYER.

Only a bird of plumage bright,
With dainty breast, and gleaming wings,
And warbling throat that gaily sings
A morning song of rich delight,
Greeting with merriest roundelay
The breaking of another day.

Five tiny eggs of speckled blue
Are cold within a silent nest;
No more a mother's downy breast
Conceals the treasure from our view;
No more the breezes waft on high
That soul-inspiring melody.

Only a hat, with twists of lace,
And bows of dainty satin sheen
With limbs of slaughtered birds between,
And underneath—a maiden's face!
Kneeling, she prays God's grace to gain,
Decked with those spoils of death and pain.

Ah! would that in each hallowed place
A soul-compelling voice were heard
Pleading for tortured beast and bird—
Poor playthings of the human race.
"Where is your God of Love?" they cry,
"Doth He not heed our agony?"

"Bid His unsuffering Kingdom come!
"Our wails of anguish pierce the sky,
"Yet wrest no answer from on high—
"For us the heavens are cold and dumb;
"Sure, if a God of Love be there,
"He soon will hear our speechless prayer."

SPES.

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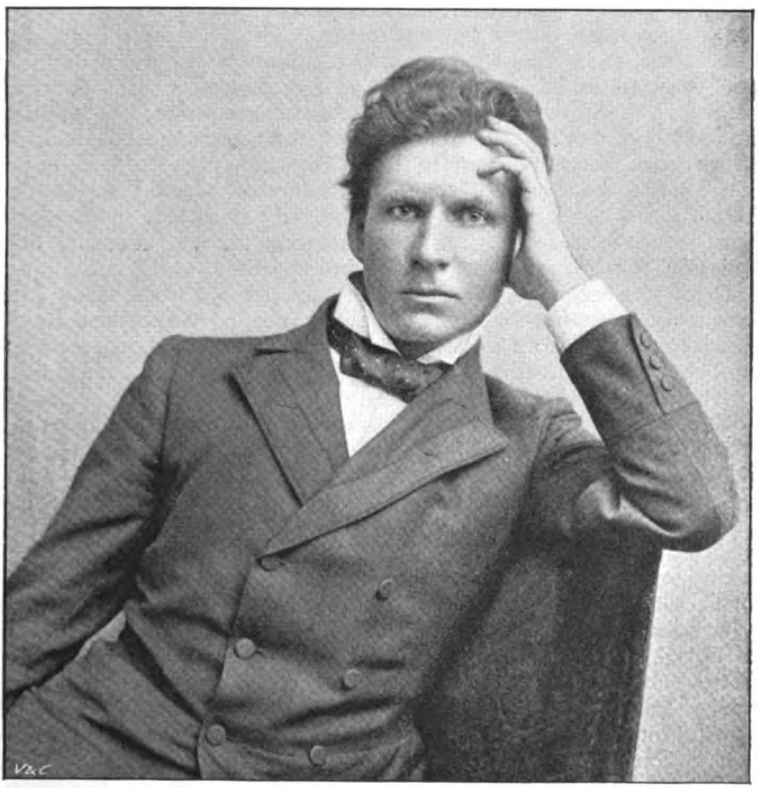
SOME SIDE-LIGHTS ON VIVISECTION.

By Stephen Townesend, F.R.C.S.

AFTER the able and convincing articles that have recently appeared in these pages it would be superfluous to enter into any discussion on the general aspects of vivisection. My present purpose will be to consider, in an unemotional and impartial spirit, the question of the justifiability of vivisection for the purposes of demonstration; *i.e.* of experiments upon living animals performed before a class of students to illustrate previously ascertained and accepted physiological data.

Before I personally witnessed any such experiment, I had already studied for three years in a London hospital, and had passed the two examinations in physiology held by the Royal College of Surgeons. My impressions, therefore, were not those of a raw novitiate, but of a student who had mastered that groundwork in physiology demanded by the qualifying medical bodies as necessary for a medical practitioner, and of a student who, fresh from one system of instruction, would be quick to perceive and appreciate the advantages and disadvantages of another. I contend that these experiments, from a moral point of view, are criminal, inasmuch as they often involve the unnecessary torture of sensitive animals, and that from a scientific and didactic point of view they are worse than useless.

First, as to the infliction of pain. A pigeon is exposed during the whole hour of lecture (I am speaking of what I witnessed in the University Class of Physiology in Edinburgh, in the year 1881) with its cerebrum removed. Michael Foster, in his text book of physiology, says: "We have no satisfactory reason for either asserting or denying that a distinct consciousness, similar to our own



Dr. Stephen Townesend.

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consciousness, exists in animals deprived of the cerebral hemispheres." The poor pigeon is certainly not in a position to inform us, and so we must give the experimenter the benefit of the doubt. But to turn to those cases where animals have not had their brains removed, but are supposed to enjoy an immunity from pain through the transient administration of an anæsthetic. Rabbits (the animals most frequently operated on) quickly succumb to any intense degree of anæsthesia, and it is questionable whether that condition, especially in its initial stages, is altogether an enjoyable one.

As a matter of fact, in some of the experiments performed, advanced anæsthesia is incompatible with success. During the Winter Session of 1882-83 an experiment I witnessed failed on this account. The animal (a rabbit) was screwed down in the ordinary vivisection apparatus, its vagus nerve, lying amidst the delicate structures of the neck, carefully dissected out and exposed. (This, of course, before the lecture began). When the electric current was applied to the naked nerve the desired result was not obtained. "The animal is still under the influence of the anæsthetic," observed the Professor plaintively, as if suffering from a sense of personal injury inflicted by the subject of his investigations, but determined to bear it with the magnanimity of the nobler animal. "We must wait patiently *until the effect of the anæsthetic has passed off.*" We waited patiently and the experiment succeeded.

In the Session 1881-82, I entered the class-room a few minutes before the lecture began, and seeing a rabbit on the lecturer's table in the vivisection apparatus, I went up to it to examine its condition. It was prepared for an experiment for demonstrating the blood-pressure. The structures on one side of the neck were carefully dissected out, and its carotid artery was placed in connection with a long glass tube into which the blood would rush when the clamps were released on the demonstration taking place. The creature's eyes were open, conscious and terrified, and it quivered in the apparatus when a sudden movement of the hand towards its head threatened it with a blow. When, some ten minutes later, the experiment was actually performed, the animal was thrown into violent convulsions and nearly writhed itself out of the apparatus. This was met by a murmur of suppressed hisses from the tender-hearted minority of the class. "Really, gentlemen," drawled the Professor wearily, as if distressed at this want of sympathy with his efforts, "really you disturb yourselves unnecessarily; the animal will be taken out shortly and killed." It is evident that with the scientific mind the possibility of pain being incurred in these experiments would have no weight whatever could they be shown to possess any didactive value. "Are they necessary to physiological instruction?" would be the only question. They are neither necessary in the sense of instructing the student in manual dexterity or methods of manipulation, nor in presenting to his mind anything which could not be better expounded with the help of a diagram. In fact, so far from these experiments doing the work of diagrams, diagrams are always needed to explain the experiment. An utterance emanating from the Professor during one of the experiments already referred to bears witness to this fact. "It is impossible to see at any distance, but you will perceive the line now being traced on the diagram." What can be more trifling and fatuous than to say that it is necessary to remove a pigeon's brain in order to explain to a class of students that the bird in that condition appears sleepy and stupid? Again, if these demonstrations are really necessary to a sound medical education, there remains the astounding conclusion that the instruction of the majority of the London and provincial schools (where they are not practised) is utterly incomplete.

Speaking for myself, I contend most emphatically that they do not facilitate by one jot or tittle the comprehension of the subjects they are supposed to illustrate; that they waste a considerable amount of valuable time; and that they interrupt the thread of the lecture. For instance, in the experiment (which may extend over half-an-hour) demonstrating the different effect upon the heart in killing two rabbits by ether or chloroform, the attention is continually distracted by the bobbing backwards and forwards of the paper flags fixed in the hearts of the animals, and actual interruptions occur from the creatures going into convulsions on account of some misadjustment of the apparatus. Even the acceptance of the oft-reiterated claims of the experimentalists, that the discovery of the circulation of the blood and the cure for aneurism are the outcome of vivisection, does not adduce one iota

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of evidence in favour of experiments for demonstration. Harvey and Hunter's experiments cannot be regarded as precedents. They were conducted for the purpose of elucidating the unknown, not of illustrating the known, and they only justify such experiments as can be shown to produce equally important results.

The conclusions to be drawn from the above considerations are inevitable. First, it is impossible to assert that experiments for purposes of demonstration are always painless; secondly, they are not necessary for the comprehension of the subject; and, thirdly, in a large class they are defective as a method of teaching, and, to a certain extent, productive of evil. I have dwelt at length upon this phase of vivisection because it seems to me to be the most vulnerable, and that its successful opposition would be the introduction of the thin edge of the wedge. To oppose vivisection in its entirety is but to hurl oneself against a rock. Vivisection is essentially a technical matter, and it is only the voice of the specialist that will be heard. The scientists, when they are driven to the wall, gather round them the cloak of the physician whose object it really is to alleviate the sufferings of mankind. When the leading physicians and the hard-working rank-and-file of the medical profession are appealed to by the public or the authorities they find themselves in a dilemma. The unthinking accept things as they are, the chivalrous are restrained by a mistaken *esprit de corps*, and the worldly-wise have to consider the various factors of success and the inadvisability of making enemies. The Press accepts the word of the scientists absolutely and closes its columns to any expression of opinion on the subject by the public as hysterical and irresponsible. In 1883, I sent a letter about the physiological class at Edinburgh to the local papers; not one of them dared to publish it. A few weeks ago I lost a favourite dog in the streets of London and, dreading what her fate might be, drew up an advertisement, asking the gentlemen working in the vivisection laboratories to return such an animal if she was offered to them amongst their subjects for experiment. The *Daily Telegraph*, the *Morning Post*, and other leading morning papers *refused to insert the advertisement*. The vivisectionists themselves more readily obtain a hearing, even in philanthropic organs. I picked up a paper the other day bearing the excellent title of "*Goodwill*: A Monthly Magazine for the People," in which a gentleman, who evidently had not the courage of his convictions (concealing his entity under the signature "F. R. S.") had strung together in an article in favour of vivisection, the time-honoured list of specious misrepresentations and spurious practical benefits to mankind always urged by the scientists. In justice to the editor I must add that one of the three angels represented on the cover as balancing themselves above the Cross of St. Paul's, frankly admits on a scroll unfolded for the purpose, that the "Good-will" referred to is "Good-will toward *MEN*."

One word more. We must not forget that there are vivisectors and vivisectors. The one most to be dreaded by the animal world is the Scientist pure and simple, the Specialist in physiology. Such a one does not for a moment pretend that his experiments are conducted with the ultimate view of alleviating human suffering. By constantly witnessing experiments for the purposes of demonstration, he will have come to regard vivisection as an essential part of his work, and, having mastered the whole field of known physiological data, he is led on, partly by the instinct of the scientist, and partly by the common vanity of acquiring distinction, to penetrate some barren and, hence, unexplored region of physiological research. It is not a matter with him of regarding everything which is scientifically expedient as *a priori* ethically justifiable. The question of ethics and morality does not enter into his consideration. He has nothing to do with it. To him a living animal is but a physiological toy, and as marble in the hands of the sculptor. He will set before himself some (to him) important point to elucidate, as to whether, for instance, in baking an animal to death it succumbs when its body temperature is 46°C, according to one authority, or at 47°C, according to another; and if you remonstrate with him as to the unspeakable agonies he is inflicting, he will reply, "My dear sir, how on earth am I to discover anything if I don't?" In private life you may find him a gentle, unobtrusive little man, of unblemished morality, of sympathetic disposition, and of the highest intellectual capacity. He will perhaps tenderly salute his wife before going to his day's work, admonish his children as to the cruelty of teasing the cat when she has kittens, and then proceed to his

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laboratory and, pipe in mouth, bake his dog or rabbit with the most perfect equanimity. Then there is the pompous lecturer who, year after year, throws in his "humble" demonstrations in vivisection as a kind of magic lantern effect, to attract the attention of his students, and who is moved by the petty vanity of the acrobat and the conjurer. Were it not for the horrible power within his hands one would pass him by with an amused contempt. In a very different position to this is the man who, falling on the track of a possible cure for some common human malady, desires to test the same in a limited number of experiments, conducted in the most merciful way, and with a full appreciation of his moral responsibility.

For the total prohibition of vivisection the time is not ripe, and by assuming such an attitude towards it, the Antivivisection Societies alienate from themselves much of the sympathy and support they would otherwise receive, especially from medical men. Would it not be wiser of them to concentrate their forces on one point, and at first only to oppose those experiments which are unnecessary for the treatment of disease, which are undertaken for needless demonstration, or for the gratification of a prurient scientific curiosity. To succeed in doing this would be to introduce the thin end of the wedge.

[We are very grateful to Dr. Townesend for his courageous and striking article, but wish he could have seen his way to omit the final paragraph.—EDITOR, *Animals' Friend.*]

"BY THINE UNKNOWN SUFFERINGS."

"There is a touching, and an awfully pathetic petition in one of the earlier litanies of the Church. A supplication is addressed to our divine Lord and Master, which runs in these words: 'By Thine *unknown* sufferings, good Lord deliver us.' I trust there is nothing profane or irreverent in applying those words to the subject, the painful and awful subject with which we deal. . . . and I incite you, one and all, to a redoubled and an enduring effort to save from the unknown tortures of science, falsely so-called, the most defenceless of our fellow-creatures." —(*From a Speech of the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell.*)

VIVISECTION TESTED BY THE CHRISTIAN TEMPER.

"What would our Lord have said, what looks would he have bent upon a chamber filled with 'the unoffending creatures which he loves,' dying under torture, deliberately and intentionally inflicted, or kept alive to endure further torment, in pursuit of knowledge? Men must answer this question according to their consciences; and for any man to make himself in any such a matter a rule for any other would be, I know, unspeakable presumption. But to anyone who recognises the authority of our Lord, and who persuades himself that he sees which way that authority inclines, the mind of Christ must be the guide of life. 'Shouldest thou not have had compassion upon these, even as I had pity on thee?' So he seems to me to say, and I shall act accordingly."—*The late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge.*

"If I were convinced that vivisection is right, it would, in my mind, constitute a difficulty in the way of harmonising the teaching of Jesus with other facts; Christ and this torture are as far apart as is the east from the west. I can fancy I see a figure wandering among the moaning dogs tied in their troughs in the deserted laboratory, in the darkness of the long hours of night—the figure of the sorrowing Christ. 'In all affliction he was afflicted,' and may we add the hope that 'the Angel of His presence saved them,' *even them.* The 'Angel of His presence' must make himself felt, friends, through us. Perhaps it is the only way."—*From "Science and the Law of Kindness," by John William Graham, M.A., Dalton Hall, Owen's College, Manchester.*

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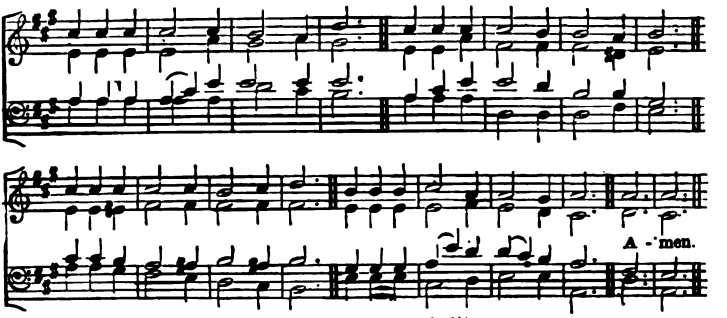
Easter: An Invocation to Humanitarians.

Arranged by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT." *

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy Strength, and Christ thy Right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race, through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His Face,
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear,
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

From "Hymns Ancient & Modern."

* "The last time I saw Lord Tennyson was one day in London, after I had taken luncheon at his house. When I rose to leave the table he shook hands with me at the door as we were parting, as we supposed, for that season. He said to me, 'Good-bye, Miss Cobbe. Fight the good fight! Go on, fight the good fight!' (that is, against vivisection). I saw him no more; but I shall do his bidding, please God, to the end."—*From the "Life of Frances Power Cobbe," by Herself, vol. ii., p. 179.*

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OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION.

AWARDS FOR THE MARCH COMPETITION (*See page* 129.)

FIRST PRIZE, 10s. 6d.—Mr. William Struthers, 1, Albany Terrace, Shettlestone, Scotland.

PLOUGHING.

SECOND PRIZE, 7s. 6d.—Mrs. Masefield, The Priory, Ledbury, Herefordshire.

"HOME FROM MARKET."

"CRAFTY," writes his mistress, "is a Dandie Dinmont of great intelligence. By kindness he has been taught numerous tricks, and so proud is he of his accomplishments, that whenever a stranger calls he immediately fetches his basket and stick and begs to be allowed to perform."

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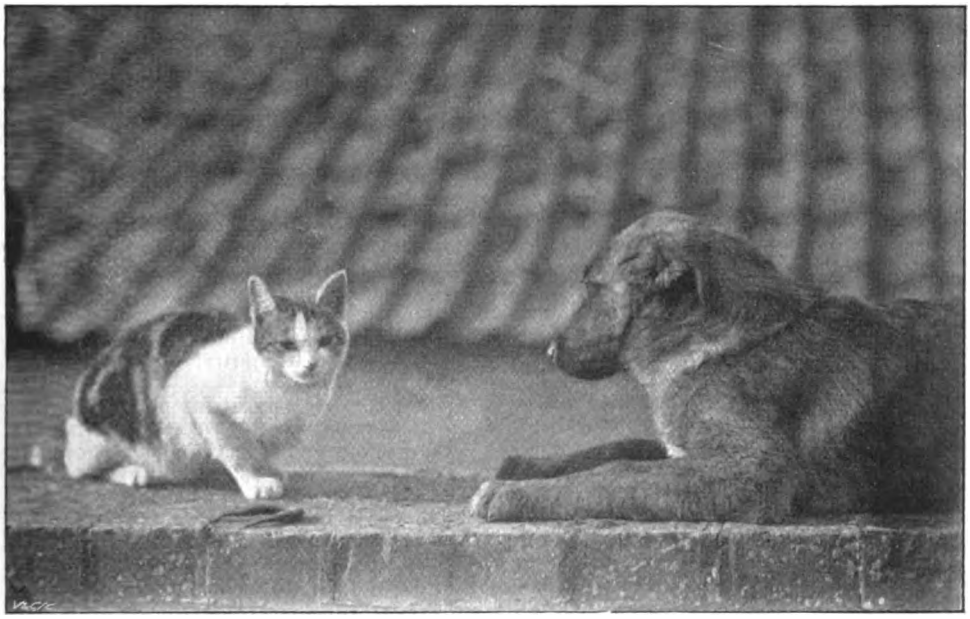
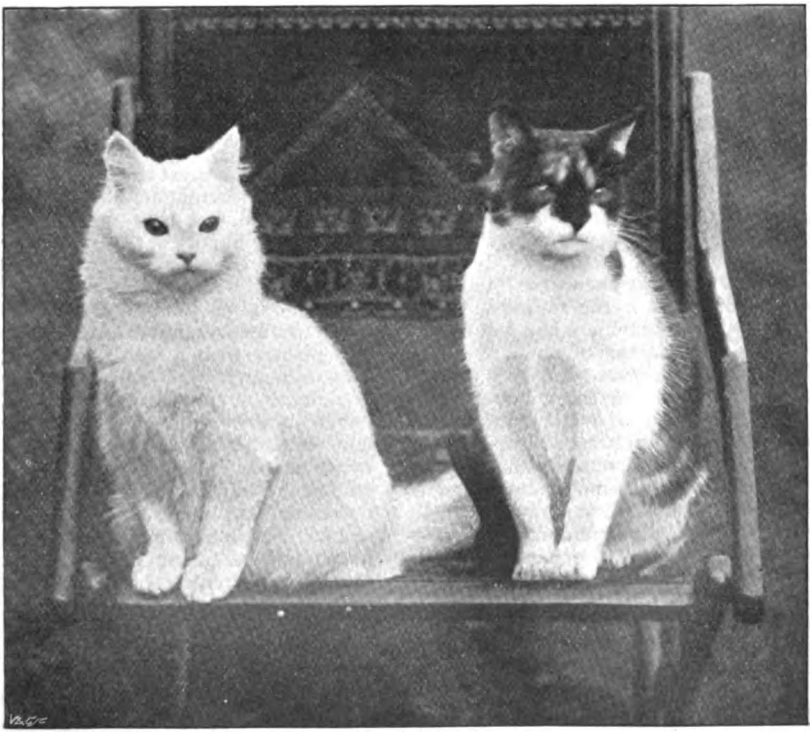
THIRD PRIZE, 5s.—Mr. R. W. Copeman, Kuhlos Cottage, Henstridge, Blandford.



"HOW D'YE DO?"

HIGHLY COMMENDED.—Mrs. Copeman, Kuhlos Cottage, Henstridge, Blandford.



"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."

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In a London Garden.

By Mrs. Charles Mallet.

IN speaking of the habits and doings of animals a great naturalist has said, "All the ways of animals are worth studying and investigating, but the habits of birds are more interesting and more worthy of study than those of all other animals!" Such a remark as this is surely a hard saying to those who have paid but scanty attention to their inarticulate fellow creatures; such persons have always taken for granted that the habits of a horse or a dog *must* be more worth inquiring into than the actions and movements of little birds. Yet closer observation and that growing keenness of perception which is its sure result, tend to convince the patient observer that the saying of the great naturalist is a true one. For besides the attractive coyness and the unique and infinite grace of the feathered tribes—besides the "marvel and mystery of their flight"—their incessant movements and the infinite variety in their habits and ways will keep the attention of the observer constantly on the stretch. So that it would seem to be an almost impossible thing for Londoners to learn much about them, "For," says the ignorant Cockney, "there are nothing but dirty little brown sparrows to be found in London, and there is not much to learn about *them!*" The following facts would seem to contradict this assertion:—

A lady who was devotedly fond of birds was living in the West End of London in a street running down towards Kensington gardens. Opposite to her house—in a road running parallel to that in which she lived—were the trees and gardens of some large private houses. "I must have some friends over there," thought the lady, "and I must get them to come and see me." So she twined some twigs and small boughs in and out of the slender iron bars which ran across outside the lower part of her bedroom window, and every day she would interweave fresh leafy branches in the railings. Next she set to work to provide a banquet for her guests. Dainty morsels of chopped bacon fat, handfuls of hemp seed and fresh crumbs were scattered daily on the window ledge, and a shallow pan of water was affixed there. The feast was scented from afar by those for whom it was intended, and presently down came some forerunners to investigate matters. First came the little brown sparrows, the habitués of the metropolis, the *gamins* of the London housetops; apparently their report was a good one, for the robins and the starlings quickly followed.

It very soon became known to the feathered community in the neighbourhood that dainty morsels were always to be found in the balcony and on the window ledges of a certain house, and by the time that the winter snows arrived many varieties of birds winged their glad flight to this hospitable house, where every day through the long frosts the little pensioners were clamouring for the expected meal.

After a time Mr. and Mrs. B. and their family moved into a larger house in the same neighbourhood, to which a good-sized garden was attached. Here the circle of feathered visitors became much enlarged. A jackdaw who frequented the locality, and who for years had been deaf to all the blandishments held out to him, at length succumbed to the attractions of Mrs. B.'s delicious *menu*.

For here were tall trees and fresh grass, here delicious banquets of earth-worms were to be found and insects in plenty, and the jackdaw became a frequent visitor. The garden, though of a good size, was, after all, only a London garden, surrounded on all sides by houses; yet, through the gentle patience of one lady, *fourteen varieties* of birds, and its chaffinches, yellow-hammers, house-martins, and some who are but seldom seen within the precincts of the great city, came to look upon Mrs. B.'s house and garden as a safe and happy refuge. The murmuring music of the wood-pigeon, of whom six frequented the garden, sounded throughout the quiet summer afternoon, and many a glad song of thankfulness was heard from some little contented thrush or blackbird, well satisfied with the feast of good things provided. It is difficult to estimate how many lives of little birds must have been saved by means of this provision during the long and severe frost of last winter (1894-5), and how much suffering from starvation must thus have been averted.

Most wonderful of all, however, was, perhaps, the fact that the birds, far from having a monopoly of this hospitable home, shared its benefits with a favourite cat. Pussy could by no means be turned out to make room for newer favourites, yet how could fourteen varieties of tame birds share the garden with a well-established puss? The difficulty was solved by a simple expedient. A small bell was affixed to her collar, not large enough to trouble her, yet with a sufficiently clear sound to be easily heard. When she ran out into the garden the warning note was sounded and the birds kept themselves well out of her reach. For many months cat and birds have shared the benefits of a common house and garden, and, except for the rare capture of some little unfledged bird which may have occasionally fallen out of a nest, no mischief has ever resulted from the association.

There is plenty of evidence to prove that birds are among the most responsive of our animal friends, and that it is our own fault

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if they are shy and strange in their behaviour to us. The seagull is looked upon as a very wild shy bird, and yet in seaside places where they are not pursued and shot, these birds will congregate under the houses and will swim close in shore, making their nests tolerably low down in the cliffs. At Sidmouth, in South Devon, the inhabitants of houses on the shore are awakened on any cloudy morning by the reiterated sound of that peculiar sharp cry which is the sure presage of stormy weather, and the birds may be seen about four and even at six a.m. congregating close under the houses at the quiet end of the esplanade, where they keep up a continuous highly animated movement and chatter, apparently meeting thus early in conclave to settle the affairs of the community for the day. Yet it is often supposed that no seagull ever comes into the neighbourhood of an inhabited house during summer weather.

Our Amateur Photography Competition.

(*See pages* 126 and 127).

WITH a view to encouraging the study of animals and their portraiture, and of extending the circle of interest in our magazine, we made known through the advertising columns of the weekly and daily press, that we were inaugurating a series of photographic competitions for amateurs, for the best animal studies. A large number of applications for conditions were made to the Editor, and a number of excellent photographs sent in. The only complaint we have to make is that almost all the studies were those of dogs and cats. We hope competitors in future will make and forward studies of other animals—there being no restriction on this head. Any of our readers who may care to offer a special prize for any particular animal subject should communicate with the Editor at 20, Victoria Street, London, S.W. The competition is open to the world, and closes for each month on the 10th of that month, by which time all photographs (mounted preferred), must be sent in and stamps enclosed for the return of the rejected. Not more than three studies may be sent by any one competitor, the Editor requiring that the prize photographs shall be reproduced by him in the *Animals' Friend*, and also any that are highly commended, if considered of sufficient merit. Mr. G. Jerrard, photographic artist, of Claudet's Studio, 107, Regent Street, London, W., has consented to officiate as Judge. The result of the March competition will be found on pages 126-7. Mrs. Masefield's study of a cow, in pasture, would have run Mr. Struther very hard indeed for first prize had the head not been a blur, caused, no doubt, by the animal moving. Will our readers kindly make this competition known?

Animals' Rights.

We have received the following letters in reply to the article by Bishop Bagshawe (R.C.), Nottingham, which appeared in our last issue:—

I protest against such an article as that of Bishop Bagshawe, which appears in the current issue of the *Animals' Friend*.

(Rev.) G. COMERFORD CASEY, M.A.
Bournemouth, March 3rd.

Sir,—Bishop Bagshawe, in his reply to Mr. Salt, places the human animal in a light lower than that of the fox. He says, "I consider that to procure valuable and health-giving exercise and recreation (which, by the way, can be obtained without taking life) for a number of men is an adequate reason for the pain inflicted on the fox." Further on the Bishop writes, "He (the fox) has himself torn to pieces many a fowl or duck, and in turn might naturally expect a similar end."

MAN tears the fox to atoms for *pleasure*. The Fox tears ducks and hens for *food*. I think the Bishop must himself confess the fox has the best of it from an ethical standpoint!

Again, Bishop Bagshawe affirms animals "have not the faculty of Reason." There I entirely disagree with him. I hold their reasoning powers to be wonderful, and to commence earlier in life than ours. Take for example, a six months old baby, and an animal or bird of the same time. Which shows the most sense? Why, unquestionably, *not the baby!*

(Col.) WILLIAM LISLE B. COULSON, J.P.
Fourstones-on-Tyne, March 4th, 1896.

Sir,—May I say a few words in reference to Bishop Bagshawe's letter on the above-named subject which appeared in your issue for March, 1896. He maintains that the pain inflicted on the animal in fox-hunting

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is fully justified on account of the health-giving quality of the recreation to man. In Genesis i. 26-7, we find that God gave man dominion over "the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the earth, and over every living thing that creepeth upon the earth," and "God created man in His image," repeating, as if to give greater emphasis to the fact, "*In the image of God created He him.*" And we find in another place "God is rich in mercy and delighteth in mercy," and "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." Therefore, if the Great and Holy Lord will not suffer animals to be sacrificed to do *Him* honour, how shall man, who is "created in His image" be justified in hunting them to death for his own pleasure?

The Bishop, in concluding, makes use of the words, "Better that animals should suffer than that men should be led into false and dangerous opinions." Does not my argument go to prove how false and dangerous—I quote his own words—is the very opinion he advances. Perhaps Bishop Bagshawe may recollect that the Son of God says clearly of even so common a bird as the sparrow, "And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father" (Matt. x. 29). How then can he reconcile that loving care for the animal creation with his statement that "the infliction of a painful death upon animals on account of man's sin is not inconsistent with God's mercy and love," when He, who came to save the sinner, takes such tender thought for them?—I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

L. M. P.

Swansea Valley, March 2nd.

Dear Sir,—How could you allow the pages of your delightful little paper to contain the truly horrible and UN-CHRIST-LIKE letter of the Bishop of Nottingham? That letter breathes enmity, rancorous enmity towards the animals. What place has such a letter, therefore, in a paper called the *Animals' Friend*? Can any one imagine the gentle, holy Jesus (whose follower the Bishop professes to be), racing through the land after a poor little trembling fox or hare, just to *amuse* himself! If the Bishop or his friends want amusement of this kind (so unsuitable to followers of the Christ), why do they not run hooting after a bag full of paper, or a dried red herring? They would have their amusement, and no poor trembling sentient creature would suffer. Please, Dear Editor, do not in future open your pages to letters like that of the Bishop. We do not take in the *Animals' Friend* to read such letters, and we dare not distribute the paper with these sentiments expressed in it.—Truly yours,

E. PIKE.

Wareham, March 6th.

Sir,—In your March number Bishop Bagshawe seems to me to draw rather a strange deduction from the fact that the permission given to man to use animals for food, is mentioned along with the other fact that the "green herbs" were originally given for that purpose. He apparently argues that, therefore, the two came under the same category, and may be treated in the same way, ignoring the essential difference between them, that the one are sentient beings and the other are not. I cannot see that the conclusion he draws, logically follows.

I should like to know what the Bishop makes of the "Covenant" distinctly and repeatedly made by God (Gen. ix.), not only with man, but also with "every living creature . . . the fowl, the cattle, and every beast of the field with you." If this has any meaning at all, it must surely be that the lower animals do share in some degree in God's merciful care for the creatures He has made.

There are many indications throughout the Bible to the same effect, of which I will only quote one, which may have escaped the notice of some. In Joel i., when the misery of the land from famine is described, it is added "How do the beasts groan! the herds of cattle are perplexed . . . O Lord, to Thee will I cry . . . *The beasts of the field cry also unto Thee.*" And later on, when the gracious answer is given, the beasts are not forgotten, "Fear not O land, for the Lord will do great things. . . . *Be not afraid, ye beasts of the field*, for the pastures of the wilderness do spring," etc. Such language seems to me entirely inconsistent with the idea that animals may be regarded and treated simply as the "green herbs," *i.e.* as "things" without feeling and without rights.

Let me add, that the Bishop having always spoken so eloquently and forcibly against vivisection, makes me regret the more the points of difference between us, and also more anxious to bring the above thoughts to his consideration.—I am, yours,

S. D. C. PAISLEY.

Manchester, March 8th.

My dear Editor,—I am just now so busy for the "lower brethren" that only the pressure put upon one, by letters from others, forces me to add my mite of remonstrance at the shocking letter from the Bishop who advocates sport. I suppose you argue that the Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed in letters, and I am not sure that the affair may not do good in the end; but I am a Balaam! I am desired to curse you and the *Animals' Friend*, and I do so obediently.—

Believe me to be, yours faithfully,

F. H. SUCKLING.

Romsey, March 3rd.

*** This correspondence must now cease. We certainly do not, of course, agree with the Bishop's views on fox-hunting, but, after the criticism of Mr. Salt, we were bound in honour to allow him the right of reply.—ED., *A.F.*

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Children's Page.

CONDUCTED BY MISS EDITH CARRINGTON ("COUSIN CARRIE.")

MY DEAR LITTLE COUSINS,—I think it would amuse you to hear about a very funny visitor I have had. I was awakened early one morning by a great noise inside the room. It sounded as if somebody were knocking something hard against a bell-glass, covering some ferns which stood in the open window. "Tap, tap," it went, till the glass rang again. As soon as the tapping stopped, a queer voice, like that of a hoarse woman, cried, "Maggie, come on! Come on, Maggie!" Then the piping voice of a little child called, "Maggie, come on! Come on, Maggie!" and lastly, the gruff tones of a man shouted the same words. I knew that I was not dreaming. I sat up and looked round, but nobody was there. Were there some strangers in the garden below, and who were they calling? I peeped out, but the garden was empty. Again the loud tapping began, an odd husky voice remarked from the other side of the fern case, "Good-night, good-night!" and then added, "Mother, send the children to school!"

Thoroughly puzzled, I crept closer; and, peering at me with eyes as bright as diamonds, I caught sight of a beautiful great shining bird behind the bell-glass. It was a magpie. His head was smooth and bright as black satin, he had on a waistcoat white as snow, and his glossy back and long tail glittered with green and blue lights. He seemed to be thinking about me, for as soon as he saw that I was watching he put his head on one side, giving me a solemn look, as much as to say, "Now, attend! I am going to tell you something important," and repeated the old cry of "Maggie, come on," in three different voices.

I could not help thinking that in spite of all his comical words and ways, poor Mags really wanted to tell me something, and was not in joke. He was hungry, and wanted to say so. Just think how disagreeable it must be, when you want something to eat, not to be able to find the proper way to ask for it. Supposing you could only say the multiplication table, for instance, or repeat your own name over and over again. I guessed that Maggie wanted some breakfast, and that he was saying all the words he knew, as fast, and as well as he could, by way of begging for food. Well, it was not long before he had some. I went down and fetched a plate of scraps for him, and he was so glad to see it that he flew down and perched on the dish before I had time to put it down. And he cocked his head to mutter, "Send the children to school," by

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way of saying, "Thank you," before he touched a morsel. I gave him water, too, for which he was very thankful, and tried to take a bath in the saucer, by standing on his head, and sputtering the water over his back.

As soon as Mags had eaten as much as he possibly could, he cast a very cunning look at me, as if he had private business to do, and wished to be alone. I sat down with a book in my hand, but kept a watch on him all the same. He hopped up to the plate, took out a bit of the food that was left, and quickly popped it inside the corner of a little drawer which stood open. Then he dragged all the other pieces off, one after another, and pushed them into different holes and corners in the room. When it was all done, he seemed to wish for a little talk with me again, and called out, "Good-night," in a friendly way.

But when I got up and pulled out the scrap which he had hidden in my little drawer, among my papers and letters, he looked very much ashamed at being found out, and hopping to all the other places, took out the scraps and ate them. I suppose he thought that they would not be safe unless he did.

For many days after this the magpie lived in a large ash tree outside my window, coming for his food and bath as soon as it was light in the morning, and whistling, singing, and talking like twenty people rolled into one. But I was obliged to keep my window shut at the bottom, or else he would come in and hide his food all about the place. One night I found a piece of raw meat carefully tucked under my pillow. Even if I left it open a tiny bit he shoved morsels in at the crack and let them drop into the room.

After about a week of this, a kind-looking woman came in search of Maggie. She said she had been in great trouble about her bird, who had been given to her three years ago by a farmer. Mags had lived ever since in some tall trees at the back of her cottage, which was one of a row; coming to her for food when he wanted it. But one day the frolicsome fellow had watched one of the neighbours hanging out her clothes on a line in the back garden, and, hopping quietly down, had pulled out every peg. The clean linen dropped down upon the dirty ground, and Master Mags flew off with a chuckle, not a bit sorry. His mistress thought that after this he had been driven away by somebody, for he was always at some trick or other.

She went to the bottom of the tree where Maggie sat, and cried, "Come on, Maggie; Maggie, come on," in a coaxing voice, but all that Maggie did was to look down at her with his knowing eye and answer, "Come on, Maggie; Maggie, come on," in a voice so like her own that it sounded like an echo. And then he said the same words in a mocking way in the voices of her husband and little girl. But he would not come an inch nearer.

Sly old bird! He liked his new quarters, which were nearer the country, better than his old ones. The woman loved her pet so much that she did not care where he was so long as he was well fed, and not shut up or chased about. So she left Maggie to fly about the garden, poking his beak into every cranny to find insects and snails, or else to hide some stolen treasure.

But he has grown more shy and wild of late. The last time I saw Maggie was while I was eating an apple in the garden, and he came and begged for a bit. After gobbling as much as he could, he began to bury bits under a marigold root, pushing the earth over them with his beak, and glancing over his shoulder now and then to see if I was looking. If he caught my eye he pretended to be doing nothing.

Since then I have seen nothing of him, but I often hear his mischievous giggle coming from afar among the trees of a small wood opposite, and I wonder what new pranks he is chuckling over.

I cannot help hoping that before long Mags will fly away into the open country, forget all he has learnt, leave off calling any other Maggie but his mate, and give orders about nobody's children but his own.

Your loving,
EDITH CARRINGTON.

DOG MUZZLING AND RABIES.—Up to March 17th, as the result of the new London County Council muzzling order, 8,120 dogs had been captured by the police in the streets of the metropolis and conveyed to the Home for Lost and Stray Dogs at Battersea. Of this number 6,788 were destroyed by means of the lethal chamber and afterwards cremated. Only 500 animals were reclaimed. The number of dogs which were considered of any value does not reach 5 per cent. The most significant feature of these figures is this: The muzzling order was inflicted on London on the pretence that rabies was very general. And yet, of all the dogs swept up by the police, not one was rabid, so the officials at the Dogs' Home state. Some one has led the London County Council astray. Who is it—the new scientists? the people who are longing to inflict an imitation of the barbaric Pasteur Institute on us. We promise them a fair fight and no favour when they are quite ready. Meanwhile, if any of our readers would like information on the subject, a penny stamp and addressed wrapper will secure it by return of post. Apply to the Editor.

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The late Rev. David Wright, M.A.

THE REV. DAVID WRIGHT, whose portrait we are enabled, by the kindness of Mrs. Wright, to present to our readers, was one of the truest and wisest, as well as earliest supporters of the Anti-vivisection Cause. So far back as 1876 he preached in Westminster Abbey, and also at Gloucester and at Oxford, a very remarkable sermon on the subject, subsequently printed with the title, "*Oppression in relation to the Lower Animals.*" As the copies of this fine discourse have naturally, from the lapse of time, become very scarce, we have, with Mrs. Wright's sanction, made large extracts from its pages, which we print below.

Even before 1876, when the Anti-vivisection movement had just begun with the *Memorial* to the R.S.P.C.A. in January, 1875, Mr. Wright had taken part in the agitation, and in April, 1875, he preached in his own church of Stoke Bishop, Bristol, a noble discourse, which, coming to the knowledge of Baroness v. on Schwartz (Elpis Melena), that warm friend of suffering creatures translated it into Italian, and printed it in Rome in pamphlet shape. There was certainly nothing mealy-mouthed about this stern denunciation! Speaking of the vivisectors Mr. Wright said: "Si sono fatti *disumani*. Hanno estratto dal loro essere uno degli elementi principali della natura, e vi hanno lasciato in suo posto ciò che non sarebbe nemmeno giusto di chiamare diabolico; per chè anche questo far ebbe torto ai demonj stessi." (p. 14.)

Again Mr. Wright preached in 1879, in Stoke Bishop and also in Gloucester, a splendid sermon from which we would fain also give copious extracts. The purpose of it may be judged from the apt quotation from Milton, which ought to be placed as a motto over nine-tenths of the apologies for vivisection:

"So spake the Fiend; and with *Necessity*,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds."

Again several years later Mr. Wright wrote, at Miss Cobbe's request, a beautiful sermon which was lithographed and sent round to many hundreds of clergymen with entreaty that they would either preach it as it stood (prepared for pulpit use), or compose another on the same theme for their congregations. This sermon is on the text, 1 Kings xviii. 21, "If the Lord be God, follow Him: but if Baal, then follow him." Speaking of the worship of the *body* and its interests, now prevailing in the world, he says:

"Go to the mother of a family—not to one only but to hundreds—and tell her something of this evil thing" (vivisection) "and her answer will be of this kind.

THE LATE REV. DAVID WRIGHT
(Vicar of Stoke Bishop).

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'Oh! it is most shocking! but I have been told it is *necessary*.' 'Necessary,' you ask, 'to what?' Then the veil is drawn aside, and there is the idol—the body, her own body, still more the body of her child or her husband. That which in itself she would acknowledge to be an odious crime is reft of all its offence and repulsiveness because of service which is or may be done by it to a human *body*. The *soul* is nowhere in this argument. The spirit-voice in man is silenced." After a most vivid and terrible picture of the vivisector and his work, Mr. Wright concludes:

"We recur to our text. Here are two religions. As then, so now—*Two Religions*. That one which has been the subject of this sermon is simply and purely the Religion of Selfishness. If it commend itself to your heart and conscience, 'If Baal be God, then follow Him.' But 'if the Lord be God, then follow *Him!*' We are not asking that the scene at the brook Kishon shall be enacted again. But we are saying, distinctly and deliberately, that any compromise with the evil thing is profanation in itself and must bring with it an inevitable curse. . . . The Act which gives dispensation to vivisectors to commit cruelties, otherwise punishable by English law, must be amended by an Act prohibiting vivisection altogether. So long as the existing Act holds its presence on the Statute Book, it is perpetuating a great national offence. It proposes benefit to man. But only through the deepest and basest wrong which can be inflicted upon the creation under man's foot. . . . And if there *were* this benefit to man, the greater it might be the deeper would be the curse to man in accepting it from the physiologist on his terms. No outsider really knows what these terms are. Let the vivisector show for one day in Trafalgar Square what he is doing every day in his own covered-up den, and, we are mistaken if the compassion of the English public for the vivisector would not be outweighed by abhorrence for his deeds before that day came to an end. . . . Meanwhile the contagion grows. These men have disciples. A single vivisector has, we are told, trained two hundred disciples. The fascination of these supposed discoveries increases. Horror at the means of reaching them lessens. . . .

"We have done now with the religion of selfishness. There remains the religion of self-sacrifice. But we cannot now speak of it. The contrast is too awful. We look upon the solemn, silent world, and we think how myriads of God's unharming creatures in it have been taken out of all life's enjoyments and forbidden the blessed refuge of death, until all the infinite possibilities of suffering and of anguish belonging to their mysterious constitution have been slowly and remorselessly drained and exhausted; and this for nothing higher than the self-glorifying of some who still bear the form of men. And then we look upon that single Figure, *the self-sacrificed Man for men*, and we hear the word upon His lips to all this earth, 'Learn of Me.' We look from one spectacle to the other, and then we say no more."

The following are the extracts from Mr. Wright's sermon, preached in Westminster Abbey:—

"And now, with shrinking step, we enter upon the last and most serious of our illustrations as to the true force of the word *Oppression*, in these relations to the animal world. This third case of our notice stands sharply and rigorously alone. The attempt to mix up this form of oppression with any besides itself must always recoil helplessly and hopelessly on those who make it. No one can possibly be deceived by the attempt, and they are not themselves deceived. It will be necessary for me to mention only once by name the grim topic of which we are now to speak. I shall endeavour that the ears of this congregation shall be shocked only this once by the open sound of the hateful word *Vivisection*. But yet the very thing itself must have our penetrating thought. Men claim the use of animals for drawing and for bearing. They claim it righteously. We have endeavoured to mark the point at which the righteous use passes into tyrannous oppression. Men claim the use of animals for food. They claim it righteously. We have endeavoured to mark the point at which the righteous use passes into tyrannous oppression. Men claim the use of animals for knowledge. Now, where is the point at which the righteous use passes into tyrannous oppression? We say it in a single word. To our immovable conviction the point is—*torture*. It is at this point that the uses of animals of which we have spoken, righteously

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governed, stop. It is at this point that the use of which we are now to speak, *begins!* Is it necessary for me to spend my words, or distress your feelings, by proving this fact? I will not suppose it. I will assume that all present, even though very few may have dived into what has been aptly termed 'The Dead Sea Literature' of this horrible subject, that all will know how that, for purposes connected with science, in this country and to a larger and larger extent, the living animal is opened with the knife, and with saw, and scalpel, and forceps, the secrets are drawn forth of that exposed internal organism; and the professor stands by, and with well chosen words of learned nomenclature, presents phenomena, and draws inferences, true or false, to curious and gazing students. Or the 'original research' investigator, in the chamber of his own private inquisition, puts the "question," and for the surer confirmation of a truth or a theory, scores and scores of times over repeats the 'question.' And what about the creature itself, the subject of these experiments? Let that be veiled. Let no attempt be made to look into that awful secret. It could only be done in part. Lest I might abuse my position here, I will not try to do it at all."

". . . And when it is further said—that many unsolved problems remain to be cleared up as to the causes and cure of human disease and malady—that science, too, craves with unsated longing for fresh investigations into the mysteries of life, and that physiology, therefore, still hovers over the animal world beneath us, with knife, keen-edged, and carefully-fitted apparatus of torture, prepared to seize upon its victims, and wring out of the suffering it inflicts upon them a secret here and a secret there, which, when unravelled, may be of benefit to man; when all this is said (and it is said in effect, if not in words, in the Report of the Royal Commission), then we begin to find out that the word 'Necessity,' as it stands upon those pages, is but an euphemism for Selfishness; and a selfishness, to our view, so forbidding and appalling that we prefer to it vastly the ruthless vindication of these acts which the text supplies: 'I am stronger than the animal, and I will do with it what I please!' This may be horrifying, but it is not sickening, as the plea is which goes by the name of 'necessity.' Far better at once to fall back upon this simple word, '*on the side of their oppressors there was Power.*'"

"It is for the people at large to speak and say what they will have done. It is for the people to say if this odious thing shall continue. If it is their desire that selfishness shall be thus deified in its most repulsive form, that the training shall be thus encouraged and established of a fresh and most unlovely human development; that science, the sacred power (as we were wont to think of it), which entered with cautious foot and explored with reverent search the revelation of God in the temple of Nature and blessed the waiting world without with the messages it bore, shall be transformed into a hard, cruel, unrelenting idol, claiming slavish homage, and if it is their desire that a new line of separation shall sever men one from the other, by contempt on *that* side, and by a feeling on *this* side which can only by sore restraint be kept back from abhorrence! It is for the people to speak and say what they will have done."

THE COURSED HARE.

TORN from her happy home amid the fern,
To give a moment's sport to cruel men;
All that is unfamiliar meets her ken
Absent from home and heartsick to return.
Uncomforted and friendless, she will spurn
To eat the food they put within her pen,
She will not eat but in her native glen,
And for that bourn she will not cease to yearn.
How can this feeble one her foes outstrip?
Poor little innocent! it is thy part
When bidden, upon the road of death to start.
But ere the judge has given the word to slip
And ere the greyhound has her in his grip,
She falls and dies—dies of a broken heart!*

MARGARET EVANS.

* The death of heart-broken hares is of frequent occurrence, and they die in great numbers before the coursing begins.

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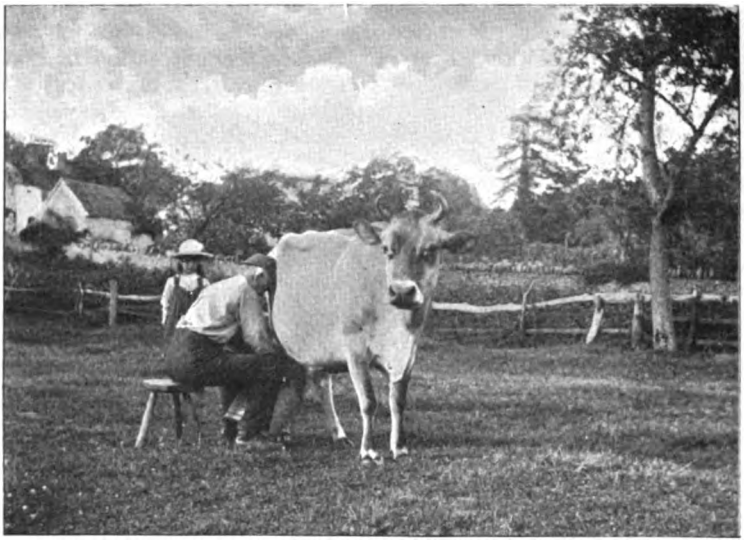
OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION.

JUDGE :—MR. G. JERRARD, Claudet's Studio, 107, Regent St., London, W.

FIRST PRIZE, 10s. 6d.—Mr. W. Percival Wiseman, The Croft House, near Stroud, Glos.



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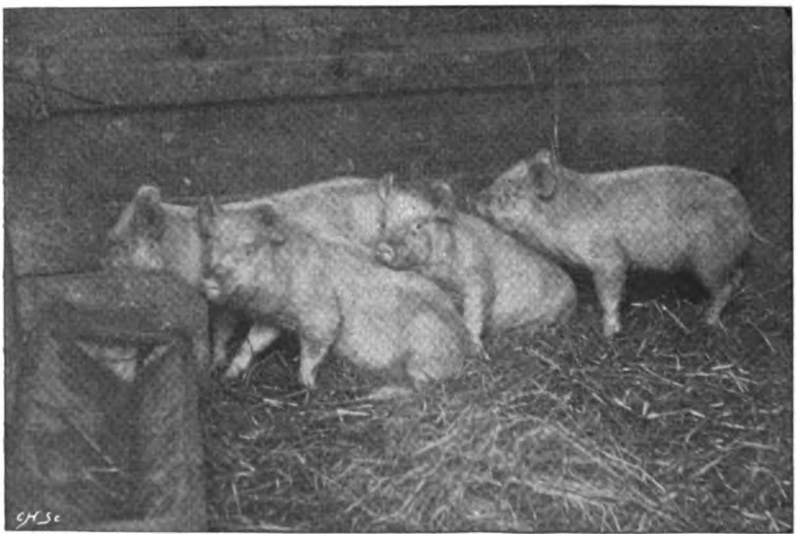

"INTERRUPTED SLUMBERS."

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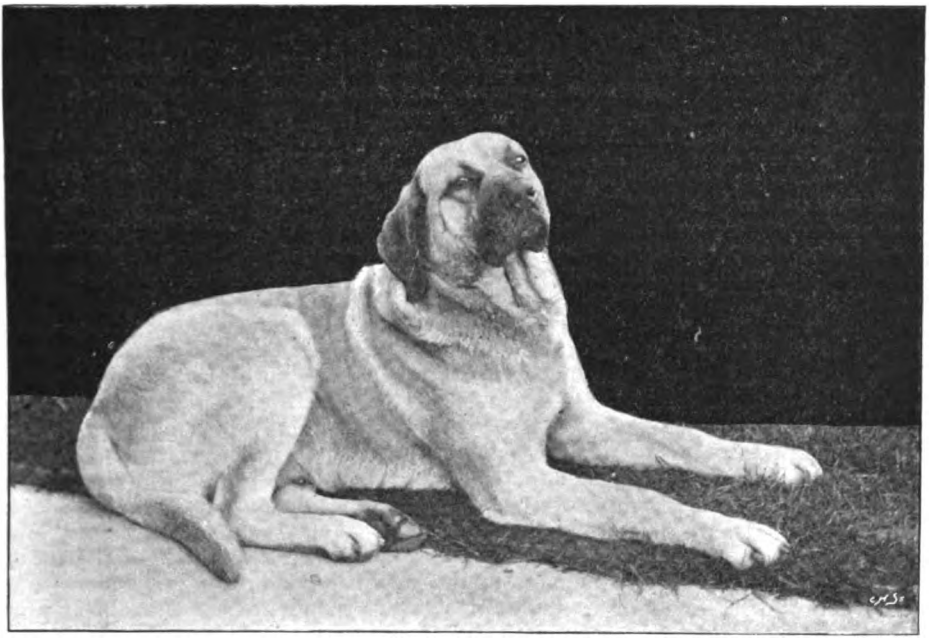
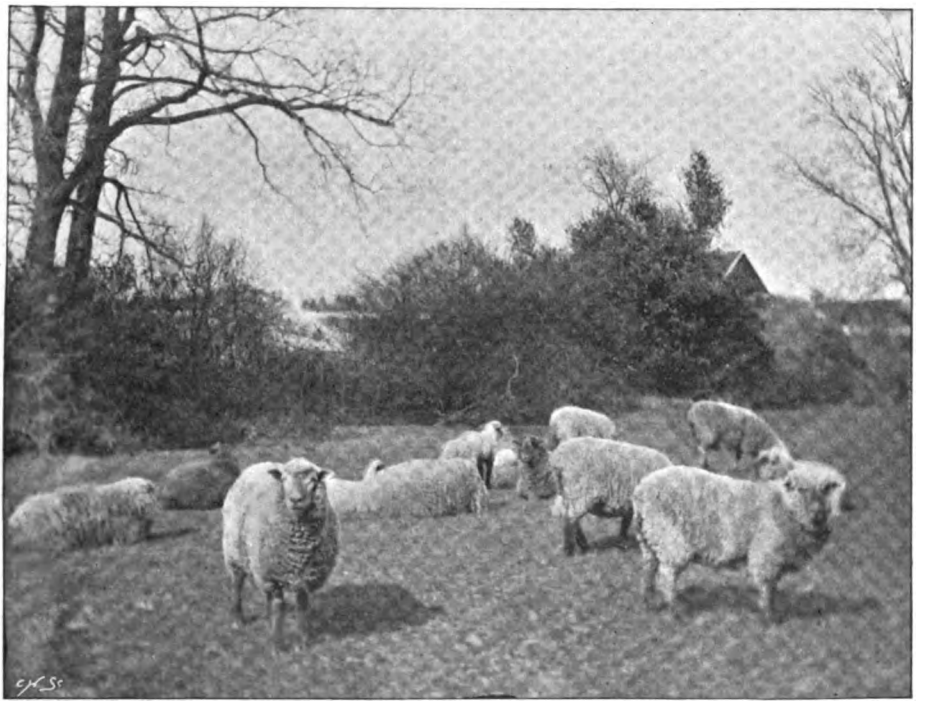
THIRD PRIZE, 5s.—Mr. R. W. Copeman, Henstridge, Blandford.



"LION."

VERY HIGHLY COMMENDED.—Miss E. M. Beeby, Walden, Worplesden, Guildford.



"A SCENE IN SURREY."

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Unclaimed Dogs.

By M. Betham-Edwards.

A WRITER in the *Daily News* of a few weeks ago described the scene at the Dogs' Home at Battersea after the great razzia. Nothing could be more pathetic than the account given, although written in the plainest possible language and without the slightest attempt at effect. The writer spoke of the eagerly wistful looks with which the poor dogs, strayed from their homes, scanned every fresh face, and the frantic delight with which they recognized that of master or mistress. But, he added, for the most part their careless friend never came, and after a few days the faithful creatures were dispatched to the lethal chamber and the long sleep. Of 8,056 dogs brought to the home only 500 were claimed by their owners! Allowing for five or six hundred waifs and strays, then there remain several hundred of poor, fond things whose hearts were broken before the end came. What a story of heartlessness on the part of Christian men and women, and what a contrast to the faithfulness and clinging devotion displayed by their four-footed friends! We all know the story immortalized by one of our great poets of the dog of "Helvellyn." His master had died in a snowstorm, and for months the patient creature kept watch near the body, till some shepherds found him wasted to a mere skeleton. Well might the poet speak of his affection as more than mortal; and this is one instance of thousands, nay, tens of thousands, putting human beings—alas! the misnomer—to shame, and the worst of it is this: The law can protect animals from cruelty—and will, it is hoped, ere long, protect them from the fiendish horrors of vivisection—but how can it protect them from the want of heart that sent these unclaimed pets broken-hearted to the lethal chamber?

Canine Labour in Belgium.

IN this country the dog is really, in nine cases out of ten, the master of the man. In Belgium, however, his status is very different. One of the first things that impress the stranger in Brussels is the immense number of dogs employed in drawing barrows and small carts about the streets. In the capital alone over 10,000 dogs are so engaged, and the number of draught dogs in the whole country is probably not less than 50,000. Generations of servitude have made the Belgian dog a race apart. For his size, he is said to possess the greatest pulling power of any animal, four times his own weight being considered a load well within his powers. Taking his average weight as half a hundredweight, this means that something like 5,000 tons are daily dragged about by canine labour in Belgium.

The economic importance of the Belgian dog, and his inability to give effective expression to his own grievances, have caused the Belgian Royal Society for the Protection of Animals to undertake an agitation for the amelioration of his lot. It is urged that at present overloading and cruelty are much too common, and that in many cases the animals are given no opportunity of resting when the cart or barrow is not actually in motion. Among the reforms demanded are (1) the abolition of the whip, and severe penalties against the brutal practice of kicking tired-out dogs; (2) the raising of the minimum shoulder height from twenty to twenty-two inches; (3) a penalty against drunkenness when in charge, and against the employment of children as drivers; and (4) the compulsory arrangement of harness and shafts so as to permit the animals to lie down when the vehicle is at rest. Although there is no demand as yet for an eight hours' day, there can be no doubt that the adoption of these points in the charter of canine emancipation will be hailed with gratitude by many thousands of the dumb indefatigable workers concerned.—*The Westminster Gazette.*

Oh! who would keep a little bird confined,
When cowslip bells are nodding in the wind,
When every hedge as with "Good-morrow" rings,
And heard from wood to wood, the blackbird sings?
Oh! who would keep a little bird confined
In his cold and wiry prison? Let him fly,
And hear him sing, "How sweet is liberty."—Bowles.

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THE SEA-BIRDS' FOE.

WHEN the wild waves, at the retreating tide,
Round some low promontory leap and wrangle,
And 'mid the rocks you see the fowler hide
Where sea-birds stoop for food in oozy tangle;

When, hidden in the hollow of his boat,
The practised marksman there concealed lies rocking,
And, wheeling round with curious eye, you note
The hapless sea-birds to destruction flocking;

When on hard rock or crimsoned wave they fall,
And at the slayer's feet in heaps are lying,
And now for food their unfledged nestlings call
In vain, on yon bare cliff by thousands dying,—

By whom is nerved the sanguinary hand
Which spreads a cloud of woe o'er cliff and water,
And drives these living sunbeams from our strand?—
By thy fair sister, wife, or gentle daughter!

Who, to set off the glory of her hair,
For her brave hat demands the sea-birds' glory,
Nor will one feather from her tresses spare
To put an end to all this tragic story.

She is the sea-birds' foe! She gives the word
Their snowy plumes to plunder, not to cherish.
That she may *buy*, the murderous guns are heard;
That she may *dress*, the lovely sea-birds perish!

REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

IN Dr. Skelton's delightful book, "The Table-Talk of Shirley," there is a chapter entitled "Mainly about our Poor Relations," from which we make the following extracts:—"The more we see of 'our poor relations' the better we like them—the intrinsic and inherent superiority of the unfeathered biped becoming, as time passes, more and more problematical. Wherein consists the coveted pre-eminence? We live together in families—so does the water-hen. We vegetate in winter and migrate in summer for change of air—so does the water-hen. It is tolerably clear that the social and domestic economy of the coot is not inferior to our own. Then they have as sharp an ear, as quick an eye, as a Red Indian, and it may be said of them as of the swallow, that 'where they most breed and haunt I have observed the air is delicate.' They are shy and sensitive, and reticent when it is judicious to be so; but, in defence of their little ones, they are as brave as the bravest warriors, and will attack a hawk or a rat without counting the cost. They have, it is true (so far as we know), no parliamentary debates, or ecclesiastical controversies, or late dinners—no telegraph, no telephone; but then, odd as it appears to us, they don't seem to miss them, or to feel that life without the evening paper, and a pretty matrimonial scandal in the Divorce Court is vapid and colourless. In so far, therefore, as the ends of rational existence are involved, I really fear that our claim for precedence must be dismissed. To obey the laws of health, to rise at daybreak and to go to bed with the sun, never to over-eat, or over-drink or over-sleep themselves; but to lead in all respects a sober, vigilant, righteous and cleanly life to the best of their ability—which of us can say as much? A water-hen two days old is incomparably cleverer than a year old infant; before they are a month out of the shell they can wash and dress themselves; and at an age when the human baby is absolutely helpless, these water babies are keenly alive to the stratagems of fraudulent magpies and felonious rats—have begun in short to adapt themselves with marvellous readiness to the world in which they find themselves. . . . When I consider the really beautiful traits of character in these birds, I am absolutely filled with amazement when I find persons of no particular distinction talking with supercilious condescension of 'the lower animals.' The lower animals, indeed! Where will we find sweeter manners or purer laws than in these unlettered communities? They rebuke our pride of station, our Pharisaic assumption of superiority, as, with apostolic energy, it had been rebuked before—'I have not found such faith, no, not in Israel.'"

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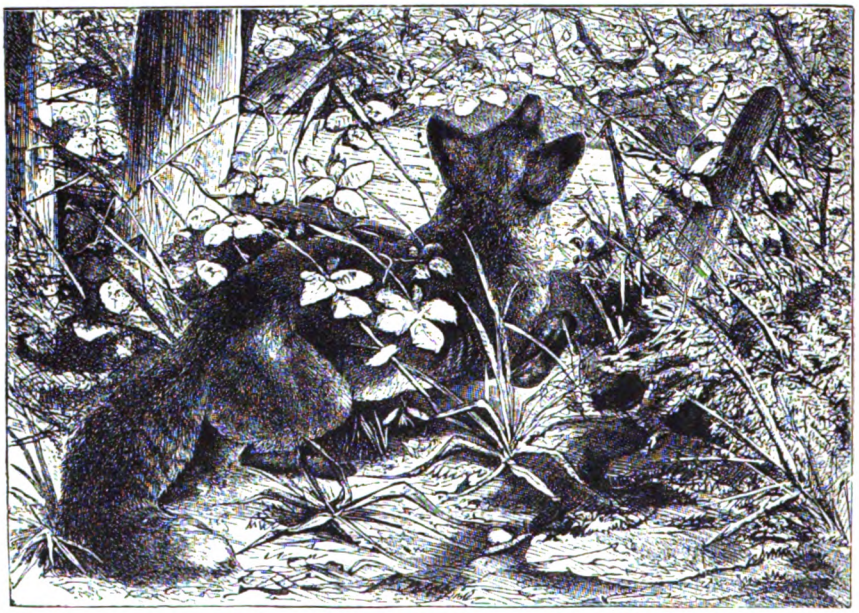
A Fox Hunt.

THE fox is an animal carefully preserved for the purpose of hunting. His principal abode is woods, which he inhabits by day and leaves for a prowl at night. When the huntsmen are in search of Reynard, they gather at some spot by the side of the covert, while the hounds are thrown in to see if he is at home. Sometimes more than an hour elapses before he dares to face the open, and a bad time he must have of it as the pack endeavour to expel him from his retreat. When the luckless creature comes out, whoops and cries of "Tally-ho!" "Gone away!" resound on every side, and the huntsman winds his horn to draw the hounds together and get them on the scent. The field are all excite-



ment, and the chase begins. The panting quarry is pursued over the country, it may be, for many miles and for several hours. If there are woods he can avail himself of he will probably enter them in the hope of shaking off his enemies. Many a time have I seen him halt by the side of a wood, fear-smitten by the sounds behind him, and wondering whether he must still press forward in his painful career. Whenever a rustic catches sight of him, the shouts which saluted him when he "broke," salute him again and cause him fresh alarm. Full often it happens that the fox makes for some drain or "earth" with which he is acquainted, but only perhaps to find the latter intentionally stopped, or to be dislodged from the former by the use of a spade and terrier, and either to be set going again or thrown to the hounds. The last part of the chase is the most pitiful, generally, from the fox's point of view. He may frequently then be seen dead-beat, with tongue hanging out, and brush draggled, struggling miserably across his last fields. When his human and canine foes once sight him, with quickened ardour they are soon upon him, and the final "worrying" scene is enacted. The huntsman dismounts and seizes his prey, cuts off brush, head, and pads, and with a caressing cry to the expectant pack casts poor Reynard's carcass into their midst.

Blood sports, of which the above may be taken as a type, are supposed to make their patrons manly and gentlemanly. There never was a bigger delusion. These amusements make men hard-hearted, selfish, and tyrannical. As these qualities are inimical to the welfare of human society, blood sports ought to be discouraged in the public interest. I trust that the young people of this country will set their faces strongly against all pastimes of this sort, as unsuited to the present progressive age, and give their countenance only to recreations which do not involve the torture of dumb, defenceless creatures.

REV. J. STRATTON.

Wokingham,

November 15*th*, 1895.

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CONTRIBUTORS:—

REV. J. STRATTON, M.A., Wokingham ("The Early Bird"); MR. J. FRASER HEWES, Nottingham ("How a Fox Reasoned"); "W. H.," Yorkshire ("Sir Serlo de Percy: A True Story"); MRS. T. DUERDIN DUTTON, Sawbridgeworth ("Taught by a Cat"); MISS KATE DEIGHTON, Stuttgart ("A Reminiscence of Riga").

Do birds reason in choosing a nesting place? I believe they do. I have noted a little thing this year which seems to show this. Last year a thrush built in a laurel bush in our garden in a most exposed situation, and she became so tame that she would almost let me stroke her upon the nest. We were much afraid cats or human beings would hurt her. This did not occur, however, and in due time she took off four beautiful young ones. I was much surprised on February 20th to find that she had again put a nest in the exact spot occupied by that of last year. Evidently her action arose from recollecting how successful she had been there in her family affairs last season. To show the difference which weather makes in regard to the nesting of birds, I may mention that this thrush completed her nest last year on March 14th; this year it was finished over three weeks earlier.

THE EARLY BIRD.

BISHOP BAGSHAWE argued the other day that animals do not reason. This could be contested by many, and thousands of incidents quoted to disprove the assertion. I will give one: Some time ago I was conversing with a "commercial," who had been brought up on a farm. He told me that one day he observed a fox running to and fro in an adjacent field, picking something from the ground, which, as it increased in quantity, my friend perceived to be wool. The fox then made for a pond, which it entered tail first, until there was nothing visible but its head, with the wool in its mouth. After it had been in the water a little time it dropped the wool and ran away out of sight. My friend then proceeded to the pond, fished out the wool, and found it—*full of fleas*.

HOW A FOX REASONED.

If this is merely instinct, then I claim that the *instinct* of some animals takes a far higher place than the *reason* of many thousands of the human family.

IT was a burning summer's day when first we saw Sir Serlo de Percy. My aunt and I were taking an after-breakfast stroll in the cool shady garden, a pleasant contrast to the glaring dusty road beyond. We had reached the gate, and were just turning to go back to the house when a gipsy caravan came in sight; a man, with a short pipe in his mouth, was sitting on the shaft, and a woman was looking out through the half-open door. They passed, and then, tied to the back of the van, we saw the most wretched little pony imaginable. With drooping head and trembling limbs it seemed hardly able to drag itself along, while its thin body and ungroomed coat showed how it had been neglected. The caravan was soon out of sight and we returned to the house, but all day I seemed to see that poor little pony dragging its weary limbs along the hot dusty road. At five o'clock we were out in the garden again, having tea under the cedar tree, when my aunt, who had been silent and thoughtful for some time, said suddenly, "My dear, I could not bear to think of that pony having such another day's journey, so I sent John after the caravan to try and buy the poor little thing." I was delighted to hear this, and only hoped that John would be able to persuade the gipsies to part with the pony. About an hour afterwards John returned, looking half-ashamed of the wretched little object he was leading, and reported that the gipsies had been glad to part with it for fifteen shillings. Sir Serlo, for so we named him, when led into the orchard behind the house would not look at food, and seemed to care only to rest his weary little body on the soft grass. Indeed, we feared at first that Sir Serlo had only come to us to die, but in a few days he began to improve and was soon a different creature, and no one seeing him now would believe that the handsome little fellow saucily tossing his head as he trots round his paddock, is the same creature who toiled wearily along

SIR SERLO DE PERCY: A TRUE STORY.

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behind the gipsy caravan that summer's day!

How many lessons do animals teach us if we will only watch and study them! Lately I have had the lesson of "The Perseverance of Love" taught me by a cat. About eighteen months ago my husband brought home a Manx cat, and for a time we petted and made much of him, feeling that, perhaps, he had left a kind home and loving mistress. Soon afterwards my two children were very ill with scarlet fever, and poor "Malkins," as we had named him, was left forlorn. He was very miserable and lonely, but always, when I left the sick room and found a door open and he crept stealthily into the dining-room. Again and again he was sent out; again and again he persevered, and one day found his way upstairs into my own little sitting-room, jumped on my lap, and showed me in his own way how much he missed the petting he had been wont to have. And, as though not to weary me with his demonstrations of love, he went back to his stable. Every day he came to me, and each day stayed a little longer; he began to take a pride in himself again, was happy and joyous as a kitten, following me about the house, sleeping in my arm-chair in my bedroom during my absence from home, running to greet me when I returned, sitting in the back of my chair during meals, and now so much has he ingratiated himself in my affections, that I miss him when he is not near, and I listen for his "Goodmorning" mew under my bedroom window waiting to be let in. Every night, when it is time to lock and fasten up the doors, he goes out himself and finds a warm bed in one of the sheds. Surely this is a very touching lesson in the "Perseverance of Love" and one that I have taken to heart and thought much about. How can we, endowed as we are by Providence with the faculties of hearing, and seeing, neglect or ill-treat these loving dumb creatures who are here for our pleasure and enjoyment. Rather let us watch and care for them, giving them the affection they crave and are grateful for, learning the lessons they, in their quiet unconscious way, teach us. Let every mother, rich or poor, instil in her youngest infant's mind the kindness and attention that is due to animals.

TAUGHT BY A CAT.

SIR SERLO DE PERCY.

(The little girl beside him is only 7 years of age, thus showing what a mite the pony is.)

changed my clothes to come downstairs and see my husband off to business, Pussy was the first to welcome me, running up the stairs to meet me, purring and rubbing himself against me, and jumping on my lap and shoulder. But I was too anxious and preoccupied to pay any attention to him, beyond a few caresses; so pussy moped and lost interest in himself, became dirty in his habits, and was, consequently, banished to the stables. When the children were convalescent and able to go in the garden, "Malkins" would watch for us and run across the field to speak to us. He was always sent back, and for a long time little or no notice was taken of him. He bore it patiently, but at last could endure it no longer. One day he stole quietly up to the house, but was sent back by the maid. This he did every day with the same result, until at last, to his joy, he

LET me recall a scene from the past: It is a bright summer morning. I am at breakfast in the little cottage Fräulein D. built for me at the "Thier Asyl." My nineteen dogs are all sitting very upright on their haunches in front of me, watching my every movement and waiting with most eager eyes for morsels of biscuit thrown to them from time to time.

A REMINISCENCE OF RIGA.

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They have had their breakfast, and now get the tit-bits. I put down my *first* empty cup, but they know well enough that that means nothing to them, if I let it clatter ever so loudly against the saucer. But the sound of the second empty cup! Oh glorious liberty! It means breakfast is over, and now comes the race through the wood. Even before I have risen from my seat they break into a deafening barking and squealing for joy. They scamper to and fro in the rooms, jump on to sofa and tables and behave as if they had gone wild.

Amidst the scramble I manage to clear away and get on my hat and gloves. I open the door and the nineteen pour forth in a stream on to the verandah, down the steps, and down the path to the door in the wooden wall where, with the utmost impatience, they wait till I have unlocked it, then burst out altogether and the race begins. Linka, the small greyhound, is always foremost, and four or five of the swiftest follow in a perfectly straight line, one after the other, always in the same order. Dear, shaggy black "Poodle," the last of them, is always close to me asking as plainly as possible for something to carry. I lock the door and give her the cold iron key in lieu of something pleasanter. She is quite satisfied and trots off with a proud air. On this particular morning my thoughts were taken up with some sad news I had just received, and, excepting that I called to one little pet that could not follow so well, I took no further notice of the troop, but let them scamper over miniature hill and dale without path or goal to their hearts' content.

At length, after reaching a certain part of the wood, I knew it was time for us to return. Then for the first time the thought occurred to me, Has Poodle still got the key? Good Heavens! It is gone! Poodle! What *shall* we do? "Pudel wo ist der Schlüssel?" (Poodle, where is the key?) "Such' Schlüssel!" (Look for key!) I point to her mouth and to the ground. But she only considers it in the light of a game at play, and gallops about bringing me twigs and bits of wood—anything she can carry. I continue my command with encouraging gestures. "Where is the key? Look for key!" *She* continues her game! I begin to feel alarmed and miserable. The dogs stand looking on not knowing what to make of it.

I don't even remember which way we came. If I only knew *that* we *might* possibly find the key; but we had followed no path. What *will* Fräulein D. say if I have to go round to the front gate. There are several dogs loose in that part of the "Home," and they will be sure to attack mine as intruders, and the alarm would spread over the whole place and neighbourhood. I should never be allowed to take them out again, and I dare not think what *I* should be thought of, the cause of such disturbance. I feel ready to cry. Oh Poodle! where *is* the key? I try hard to recollect which way we came, and at last think I am on the right track. After some walking and searching we come to a turning to the right. I am at a loss whether to take it or go straight on. Whilst considering, I see Poodle start off to the left. Where is she going? I stand and watch her in breathless suspense. She goes as if bent on a purpose. Ah, indeed! There she stops in the middle of that waste of sand and pokes her nose into the ground and scratches with her paws. I rush up to her and catch sight of the key fast disappearing, a little more and it is buried. I dig it out, and oh the relief I feel when holding it in my grasp. Seldom in my life have I felt so relieved and grateful as at that moment, trifling as it may seem to others. And so we all get home again and enter by the right door.

"Poodle" had been found on the frozen Dwina, and brought to us one bitter cold winter's day half paralysed, to be mercifully killed. I had nursed her for some time as she seemed to be so happy in my care, and in a few weeks she recovered the use of her limbs. The gratitude and affection that dumb creature evinced was, even for a dog, wonderful. She is gone now. Not even here can I say what I hope and feel about this four-footed friend.

FOX-HUNTING BECOMING DEGRADED.

[FROM THE "MORNING POST," LONDON, MARCH 9TH.]

SIR,—May I be permitted to raise my voice in protest against the way in which the good old sport of fox-hunting is degenerating and becoming degraded in many counties in England, especially in the one in which I live? Can nothing be done to protect the fox, not from being legitimately killed in the open, but from being ill-treated and tortured to death? A farmer some time back found his drain out of order, dug it open, and discovered the body of a fox. Not being able to dig him out they had stopped up the hole, so he was starved to death. Not long ago these sportsmen lighted a fire to burn a fox out, and after a gallant twelve miles run another's ribs were broken in the process of digging him out. I was under the impression that "sport and fair play" were the distinguishing characteristics of an Englishman, but this is not sport, but butchery, and degrading to any man. Surely, after the fox has given the field a gallant and plucky run and has then gone to earth, his life ought to be spared. Foxes are becoming scarce, particularly in this part of the country. If it is to the huntsman's pecuniary advantage to kill all the foxes he can, we have a right to expect the master of the hounds to take a more gentlemanly, humane, and sportsmanlike view of the case, and interfere for his protection, for no pursuit deserves the title of sport which taxes nothing beyond the organ of destruction in those who follow it.—Yours, &c.—A LOVER OF TRUE SPORT.

Bedfordshire, March 9th.

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Our Library Table.

Old Friends. By Edith Carrington. Illustrated by Harrison Weir. 8d.

Rover and his Friends, and other Tales. Illustrated by Harrison Weir. 8d.

Tame and Wild. By Edith Carrington. Illustrated by Harrison Weir. 10d.

Dick and his Cat, and other Tales. Illustrated by F. M. Cooper. 10d.

From Many Lands. By Edith Carrington. Illustrated by Harrison Weir. 1s.

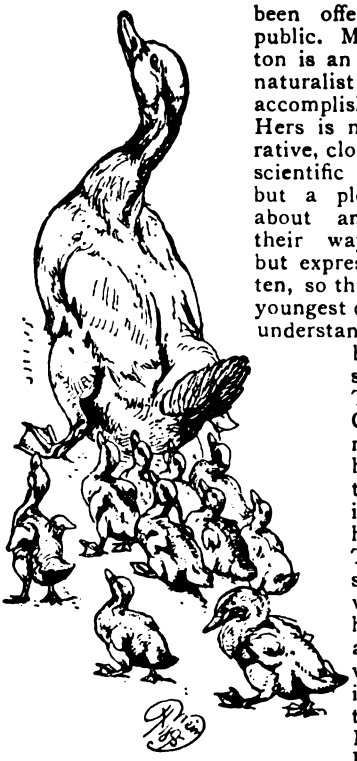
History of the Robins. Illustrated by Harrison Weir. 1s.

Man's Helpers. By Edith Carrington. Illustrated by Harrison Weir. 1s.

The Animals on Strike, and other Tales. Illustrated by F. M. Cooper. 1s.

London: George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden.

Many of the "Readers" hitherto issued, with, no doubt, laudable motives beyond those of a commercial order, have failed to secure the approval of promoters of the Band of Mercy movement on account of serious defects in their teaching. The "Readers" noted above have been carefully prepared—both from the point of view of accurate natural history and a high standard of humane teaching; the result is most successful, and in our view nothing better of the kind has been offered to the public. Miss Carrington is an experienced naturalist and an accomplished writer. Hers is no bald narrative, clothed in dry scientific language, but a pleasant chat about animals and their ways, simply, but expressively written, so that even the youngest children can understand and imbibe what is set forth. Though Miss Carrington is not responsible for all of them, we are indebted to her for most. Those which she has not written she has adapted, and the whole series is edited by this lady and Mr. Ernest Bell. A great deal of hard work was involved in the preparation—far more than appears on the surface, and Mr. Bell generally supervised the productions. The series has the additional advantage of being illustrated by Harrison Weir and F. M. Cooper, with a result that is charming. Little pieces of poetry, gathered from many sources, intersperse stories about animals and talks by animals themselves, and the little ones who read, or have read to them, these pretty things, cannot fail to have their minds disabused of many false and cruel superstitions, and must equally imbibe truer views and important facts concerning the creatures they meet every day and so sadly misunderstand. Take the first Reader, "Old Friends." Here our wee folks will find pretty stories about dogs, cats, lions, spiders, flies, pigs, ducks, frogs, cows and calves, and others—in fact, a never-failing source of interest. And the rhymes have been so happily selected. Here is the first verse of one :—



RAISE UP YOUR HEADS AND SAY 'QUACK.'"
(From *Animal Life Readers.*)

Baby-bye,
Here's a fly,
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls,'
Yet he never, never falls!
I believe with six such legs,
You and I could walk on eggs!
There he goes,
On his toes,
Tickling, tickling, baby's nose!

The other "Readers," while still for juveniles, are a little more profound, and will be found suitable for children of all ages. No child's library can be considered complete without them. These publications will redeem many a young mind from unwholesome, namby-pamby and pointless literature; they will induce them to think for themselves, to observe with interest and due reverence forms of life remote from their own, and may help them, by drawing out the sympathetic part of their natures, to bridge the gulf which divides them from harmless but humble creatures. Our American friends will be interested to know that they can have the whole series, carriage paid, on remitting two-and-a-half dollars.

Comrades. By Annabel Gray. London: Henry J. Drane, Chant & Co., Salisbury House, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C. Published at 6s.

We should rank this as the best of Madame Annabel Gray's novels. It has virility, a plot so sustained in interest that it becomes absorbing, and attractive character sketches; in fact, it retains the interest of the reader throughout. Leaving out of calculation the "school-room miss," *Comrades* will find many readers outside the circle of those who care only for novels

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dealing exclusively with that tricky sentiment commonly denominated "love." There are love attachments in it, and attachments of a grosser order, mercenary and otherwise. But *Comrades* has a wider interest. It deals with political ambitions and contains studies of anarchical characters, betraying a more than ordinary knowledge of secret societies and their methods. The central character is Eldred Aulstyne, M.P., a popular politician, and a social lion. The adventures of this personage and of the "human documents" who revolve around him, both in society and in humbler (and anarchical) walks of life, are set forth in nearly 400 pages, and what particularly strikes the reader is the breadth of Madame Gray's sympathies and her wide acquaintance with modern phases of thought and human nature. Brimful of incident, and rich in human interest, the work engages the close attention of the reader. Its defects, as a work of art, are a tendency to diverge into asides, and occasional interjections of feeling which suggest that the clever authoress has had more than her share of the inevitable bitterness of life, its disappointments and disillusionments, and has unfortunately come more into contact with the meanness and selfishness of human nature than is good or desirable for sensitive souls. The reading public has already set its seal of approval upon *Comrades*, for it is now in the second edition stage, and our readers, we believe, will like to make the acquaintance of an authoress who is known in an ever-increasing circle as a sincere humanitarian and a warm friend to dumb animals.

"AWAY WE GO." (From *Animal Life Readers.*)

First Annual Report of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Cairo.

Mr. Mitchell Innes, of the British Legation, Cairo, has forwarded us the above, and interesting reading it is. Though it has had only a very brief existence much good work has been done, and "many impartial witnesses state that there is already a noticeable improvement in the condition of the beasts of burden in Cairo. Many of the animals arrested in the streets whilst working, present a most painful spectacle;" we dare not quote some cases related, but suffice it to say that the Society's Infirmary is a haven of rest for these wounded over-worked creatures. The receipts for part of 1894 and the whole of 1895 were £1,336 (English), and the expenditure £1,020, but, as the bulk of the money came from England in the form of donations, the Society cannot stand alone unless that help is continued. The tables appended show that 584 horses, 407 mules, and 612 donkeys were examined by the Society's officers, and of these about one-fourth were taken into the infirmaries, where seven died.

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., has just published a new volume, entitled "Biological Experimentation, its Function and Limits," dealing with the much-vexed question of experimentation on living animals. Written in a popular style, it takes the form of a reply to nine questions propounded by the Committee of the Leigh-Browne Trust. These questions bear on the Utility of Experiment, the Discovery of Anæthesia, the Limits of Painless Research, Cause of Disease and Treatments, Erroneous Methods of Research, Instruction by Experiment, A School of Preventive Medicine, &c. As an original investigator and experimenter, and also as an advanced thinker on moral questions, Sir Benjamin has a double claim to be heard, and it is likely that his views, which are not usually quite orthodox, will give rise to some controversy. The publishers are Messrs. George Bell & Sons.

OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION.—A Special Prize of 10s. is offered by a lady for the best photograph of a donkey, or a donkey and foal. This competition closes by June 10th.

Mr. T. E. M. White, of Conway, New Hampshire, U.S.A., was the photographer of the beautiful illustration of sheep —"A Mothers' Meeting"—in our March number.

SUSTENTATION FUND.—We beg to acknowledge, with most grateful thanks, the receipt of the following:—"Little Minnie," in gratitude for two good homes, 2/6; Mrs. Moorhouse, 2/6; "Roy" (a collie), and "Jock" (a fox terrier), as a thank-offering for the happy home they have, 1/-; Miss S. H. Bayles, £1; L. R. Cotterell, Esq., 10/-; Mark Thornhill, Esq., 15/-.

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Selections from the Post-Bag.

THE SEAL-SKIN AND "ASTRACHAN" TRADE.

CAN you, or any of your readers, say whether the awful cruelties that used to attend the obtaining of sealskins still continues? An account of these cruelties once appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, and it was a blood-curdling one. Also, can you tell us how "Astrachan" is got? I have some recollection of reading an account, but I cannot trace it. If my memory serves me right, it is by almost, if not quite, as cruel means as that connected with sealskin. BENJN. SUGDEN.

Bowdon, Cheshire, January, 1896.

[Explorer Borchgrevink in the *Century*, writes:—"The seals we killed either with guns or pikes. There is very little sport attached to seal-hunting, especially in Antarctic waters, as the seals there are tame, through ignorance of man's bloodthirstiness. Generally they were asleep when we approached, and many of them died without having seen their murderers. But, as a rule, the slaughter and skinning of the seal were most barbarous, bloody, and hideous—unnecessarily so. Specially cruel is the task when seal-pikes are used. Only rarely does a seal die from one or two blows of the pike, and if it is not dead it is generally considered 'all the better'; for it is easier to skin a seal while it is half alive. In the utmost agony the wretched beast draws its muscles away from the sharp steel which tears away its skin, and thus assists in parting with its own coat."]

CRUELTY IN LONDON STREETS.

THE following is perfectly true, and took place in one of the fashionable streets of London:—A poor cab-horse, doubtlessly weakened by cruelty and starvation, slipped and fell violently to the ground. He was seriously injured and in great pain, and it was found he would have to be shot. Of course he should have been killed at once; but such is the mercy of human beings, that the unfortunate animal was allowed to remain lying there for *seven hours* before a gun was brought to put an end to its pain. This happened in civilized London.

Suppose a heathen converted to Christianity came to England. He has been told that the religion he has adopted is one of love, and that it denounces cruelty in every form and advocates universal charity to all living things. What would he think of such an occurrence as I have recorded, of the over-laden horses and donkeys, beaten without mercy; of the horses of the rich, with bearing reins so tight that they can scarcely move their heads, and with their tails docked by a painful process; of the dogs with muzzles so tight that they are unable to open their mouths, and with their ears cropped and tails docked; of the cats left behind to starve when the family goes away; of the cowardly tame deer coursing by the buckhounds; of the abominations of pigeon shooting and of the slaughter-house and vivisectors' laboratory, with horrors unutterable? Perhaps our heathen convert enters a church where ladies are listening to sermons on "doing unto others as you would they should do unto you;" on unselfishness and the love of Christ, their hats meanwhile sporting the wings and plumes of massacred birds! After seeing all this would not that man return to his own country and his former beliefs, denounce us as a nation of hypocrites and our religion a fraud? Oh, yes, we may be advanced in civilization; we may be extremely learned and hold advanced views upon theology; yet I would ask one question of them all: How will you answer for your treatment of the lower creatures entrusted to your care when you stand, at the last day, before the throne of God? JEAN MAEVILLE.

HUNTING THE TIMID HARE.

TAKING a walk yesterday from Taplow to Eton, I came across a sight which reminded me of one of the paragraphs in the "Month by Month" column of the *Animals' Friend*, dealing with the subject of hare-hunting, and witnessed a meet of the Eton College Beagles. The pack were in a field by the road-side, and were in the charge of four Etonians on foot. One carried a horn, and was, I suppose, the huntsman; the others, probably, were whippers-in. They were dressed in velvet jackets and hunting caps, and white knickerbockers, and each carried a whip with a long lash. The pack were awaiting the pedestrian field, who, in the persons of boys of all sizes, were streaming down the road.

As I gazed on the scene, I could not help thinking of the Revised Instructions to Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools receiving Government Aid, in which Mr. Acland caused the following words to be inserted in 1894:—"Passages impressing on the children the duty of gentleness and consideration for others, and that of the humane treatment of animals, may also be wisely introduced." Now, what we want is that great institutions like Eton College, where our aristocratic youths are educated—those whose positions give them in after life such an influence for evil or good—is that they should lay aside such savagery as hunting a poor, timid, defenceless hare. It is shocking to reflect that these Eton boys are allowed to gloat over the agonies of this miserable little creature, trying to escape the fangs of the bloodthirsty pack in pursuit, and to think this work *manly*. It is not manly, but mean, cowardly and detestable.

What hope can there be of a more humane spirit showing itself among the children in the national schools, when such sports as hare-hunting flourish under the patronage of Eton College?

(Rev.) J. STRATTON, M.A.

Wokingham, Berks, January 31st, 1896.

PROPOSED DONKEY PARADE.

IT has been suggested that the Blackheath, Greenwich and New Cross branch of the R.S.P.C.A. should have an annual parade of donkeys and ponies, and that prizes should be given to the owners of donkeys or ponies as an encouragement to costermongers and hawkers who have shown care and consideration to the poor animals who unquestionably help them to earn their living. I earnestly hope that those who take an interest in dumb creatures, and who desire to prevent cruelty and promote kindness to animals, will support us by sending donations or subscriptions to the Hon. Sec., Mrs. Freeman, 44, Jerningham Road, New Cross, to form a nucleus of a fund to enable us to distribute prizes to the owners of the best kept and cared for animals. It has also been suggested that we give three prizes to each class, and a small present to those who receive favourable commendation from the judges. Those who subscribe one guinea will have the privilege of having a prize called after their name.

441, New Cross Road. J. W. SHINGLER.

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Children's Page.

CONDUCTED BY MISS EDITH CARRINGTON ("COUSIN CARRIE.")

A MOTHER'S HELP.

(Reproduced from an Original Drawing by kind permission of the Artist, Mr. Walter J. Penn.)

MY DEAR LITTLE COUSINS,

A little while ago, as I was walking along a street I saw a scrap of paper lying on the pavement, and close by, perched on an area railing, sat a very fluffy, fat, bold little cock sparrow. He saw the bit of paper too, and he was trying to make up his mind to make a dash for it, though I was getting very close to it. He ruffled up his little feathers, stuck up his crest, and jerked his tail and wings in a fever of excitement. And he turned up his round beady eye to me as if to say, "Stay where you are, do! Don't come any nearer. Can't you see that I want that splendid bit of paper for something very particular, and that if I don't pounce on it now some other sparrow will get it?"

So I stood still while he fetched the morsel of paper, and very proud and pleased he looked when it was well settled into his beak. He seemed to think that a most important piece of business had been done, and with much bustle and fuss he flew away with the paper to show it to his wife, and between them they poked it into a snug hole close to a nice smoky chimney. The sparrows were making a nursery, you see, for the little ones which they hoped to have. Is it not wonderful that a bird should think about his children even before he has ever seen them?

How do the little feathered fathers and mothers learn the right way to make nests without learning? It would be nice to be born a bird, for then you would know everything that you wanted without the bother of going to school. For every bird knows how to make his own sort of nest, however difficult the pattern may be. His Maker teaches him his lessons.

Out in the fields each bird is able to find the proper things to build with, but what are the little dickies to do in a town? There is only one birdie who loves us well enough to go wherever we go and live close to us, even in great dingy towns. This is the cheerful little sparrow, who helps to keep our streets clean, besides brightening them with his pleasant chatter. And he is obliged to do the best he can to make his babies comfortable; he must pluck up his courage to go down into the busy street and pick up shavings, scraps of string and odds and ends of all sorts. Sometimes he goes to the railway station and places of the sort to pilfer straw from packing cases. If he knows anybody who keeps cocks and hens he will borrow a few of their cast-off feathers. He hunts with sharp eyes for rubbish in the dust bins as if he were a rag and bone man, and carries off what will suit him.

Once I was sitting and reading to two poor women who were obliged to spend the whole day long stitch, stitch, stitching at their tailoring work like the unhappy woman in that "Song of the Shirt," which some of

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you may have learnt. Their backs and eyes ached and their fingers were often sore and bleeding, yet they could not leave off or they would have earned no money to buy food. Their room was very poor but clean, and outside the window I noticed something that puzzled me. It was a long rope stretched across a little back yard for drying clothes on, but to the rope were fastened small bundles of shreds of cloth like the cuttings which lay all over the floor.

I could not help asking what it was for. "We put them out for the sparrows," said one of the women, and just as she said it I saw a little brown and grey fellow flutter down, tug at one of the scraps with all his might, and then fly up with it to the tiles of a small outhouse opposite the window. He chuckled with glee, and both the sad, worn faces of the women lighted up. To watch, feed and help the sparrows was the only pleasure they had in their dingy court.

At another time when I was staying at a big house the sparrows used to come into the rooms as soon as the windows were opened and steal skeins of thread, yards of ribbon, boot laces or whatever else they could find. I was doing up a parcel and went away for a minute; when I came back my piece of string was gone. I afterwards caught sight of the end of it jerking and wagging as it hung from a great bunch of dry grass which was stuffed into the folds of the window blind outside. This was the untidy beginning of a sparrow's nest, and the sparrow inside was pulling it in. I suppose the small robber had thought my bit of string just the thing to tie his nest together with. He waited till my back was turned and took it without asking. Next morning an egg was in the middle of the tangle. Of course I did not take it, for though it was not wrong of the sparrow to steal string, it would have been wrong of me to steal somebody else's things. You see, animals don't know their own things from other people's, but think they may take what they like.

Sparrows will learn to hop in and out of a room, and to know their friends quite well, without being shut up in cages. Boys and girls hate being "kept in" at school, even for half an hour. But suppose that the "keeping in" lasted always?—that you could never get free any more?—and that somebody poked in your food at the schoolroom door, taking great care not to let you out? If we do not like to be shut up ourselves we must take care never to shut up our pets, especially birds who have wings and are sure to get ill and miserable unless they can fly.

There are plenty of creatures who will be our friends without being chained up, or made to mope and pine in cages, and the pretty, useful little sparrows are some of these. We will never hurt one of them, nor throw stones at them, nor take their eggs; then they will like to come close to us, and will be just as tame as tiny cocks and hens.

Your loving,
EDITH CARRINGTON.

WHAT THE SPARROWS SAY.

"Chirp, *chirp*, prut-tut-tut!"
Not a beautiful song,
As we hear it again and again,
Feathered fathers and mothers they cry
"chirrup, chirrup,"
A chorus of little ones lisp "sirrup, sirrup,"
Before they have learnt to speak plain.

"Chirp, *chirp*, prut-tut-tut!
We're not dressed very smart,
Yet our clothes are the cosiest things!
The hairs of your head are all numbered, they say,
And He counteth our feathers; by night and by day
He shelters us all with His wings."

"Chirp, *chirp*, prut-tut-tut!
We've a message to bring,
Chirrup, cheer-up! from sky to green sod,
A Great Heart is brooding with pitying care,
Not one child, bird or beast but comes in for a share,
Not one sparrow's forgotten by God.',

EDITH CARRINGTON.

THE HAWK.

"Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings toward the south?"—Job xxxix. 26.

'Tis not, vain man, by thy poor aid
We wing our restless way,
The same great God Who made thee strong
Made us poor birds of prey.
No! Man is cruel! He kills us,
By trap and gun and gin,
He says we're only "birds of prey,"
To kill such is no sin.

But mice and moles can punish,
They devour all grass and grain;
Poor man, he searches for a cure,
But looks and looks in vain.
Only spare the lives God gave us,
We'll clear your fields and farm;
We birds of prey are farmers' friends
And shield his crops from harm.

H. C. RICKETTS, M.A.

Moretonhampstead, Devon.

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Coming of Age.

THE VICTORIA STREET SOCIETY'S TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

THE year 1875 witnessed the birth of the Victoria Street and International Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection,—that is, the performance upon them of experiments, which, too often of a terrible nature, involve intense suffering, and which, therefore, come under the denomination of cruelty. The present year of grace witnesses the attainment of the Society's majority, a powerful, energetic adult stage, with an honoured produce of affiliated kindred societies and branches on the continents of Europe and America. To look back over the twenty-one years—what a retrospect it affords! That long period has marked a new era in the Humanitarian struggle, a constant reiteration of, and a greater adhesion to, the basic principles of the laws of morality, an enrolment of moral forces against the selfish demands of brute force, all in exposition and defence of the right of animals to justice and mercy at human hands. So the coming of age of the Victoria Street Society was a red letter day in the Humanitarian calendar, and deserved more than ordinary notice; for it is not too much to say that this Society, the oldest and the most powerful of its kind in the world, by its works, its influence, and its fostering care of other and weaker societies working for the same end, has done a great deal to justify the hopes and the confidence reposed in it by those who have rallied to its banner. It may not have procured the abolition of vivisection—that were too much to expect in the very crude state of public feeling on great moral questions; but its sleepless vigilance and its active propaganda have undoubtedly tended to restrict the practice and have earned for it the fear and the hatred of its opponents.

The *locale* of the anniversary was the St. Martin's Town Hall, one of those modern and attractive blocks of municipal buildings which, during the past few

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years, have sprung up in most of the parishes of London. St. Martin's was in every way suitable for the purpose, being situated in what is now the very heart of London, and close to Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square, and the National Gallery. The smaller hall, a very handsome room capable of holding some three hundred persons, was chosen for the annual meeting of the Society, and proved all too small for the purpose. Indeed, some of the late comers experienced the greatest difficulty in finding seats, and sadly discomposed the Chairman (Mr. G. W. E. Russell), who sat down twice or thrice to allow of the late comers settling down. Now, though it is a daring thing nowadays to tell Woman she *may* be wrong—(and should be hinted at with all diffidence) yet we feel compelled to say that it is not fair to a speaker, and it is discourteous to a prominent public man, (who speaking with a full sense of responsibility, comes to deliver to you a carefully prepared address), to rustle in in the midst of his speech and disturb both the speaker and the meeting. We all wanted to hear Mr. Russell. He is a gentleman of position, a politician of influence, has been a member of the Government and of Parliament, and will, we hope, as the Rev. Theodore Hitchens expressed it, be in the House again before very long. Mr. Russell's was a quiet, but effective piece of oratory. The note was subdued, perhaps, but then all men who have occupied high positions and who are logical thinkers, speak with a less trace of dogmatism than others who have not been sobered by official responsibility. One feature of the Chairman's speech was his appeal for more efficient inspection under the Act of 1876, and his reference to the necessity for greater lay and lesser medical control of the hospitals in the interests of the poor patients. Another feature was his declaration that, in his view, the Anti-vivisection cause was not making much progress, or that, at any rate, the other side were more successful in getting the ear of the public. This may be true of what is vulgarly known as "high society" and the comfortable classes generally, but it is not true of the great masses of the people. And as votes count nowadays, the possibility is that a *plébiscite* would result in favour of the Anti-vivisectionists. However that may be, all friends of the Cause were delighted to see Mr. Russell in the chair, glad to hear what he had to say, and grateful to him for standing by the ship through good and evil report. Other speeches were delivered by Mr. G. M. Savill and Mr. Philip Serle (both from Paris), by Mrs. James Pender (wife of the member of Parliament for Mid-Northamptonshire), the Rev. Theodore Hitchens, B.A., Dr. Berdoe, Mr. R. S. Wood and Mr. H. N. Ferrers, the doctor encouragingly pointing to the fact that the recently published work of Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., on *Biological Experimentation, its Functions and its Limits*, very largely conceded the contentions put forward by the anti-vivisection party. The meeting unanimously adopted the Society's Annual Report, re-elected the Executive Committee (which by-the-bye, contains many distinguished names), and passed a resolution affirming their "desire to place on record their conviction that further experience and wider knowledge of the evidence in regard to vivisection indubitably show that from any point of view the practice is unjustifiable and ought to be prohibited."

The interval between the afternoon and evening meetings was very largely devoted to the Tea Room, where light refreshment had been provided for the second time by Mrs. Arthur J. Walter, a member of the committee. As many of those who attended the afternoon meeting had come to town specially for that annual gathering, they were able to fortify themselves before leaving to catch their trains, while for those who had more leisure the occasion proved a most convenient one for the interchange of views between the workers in the Cause. Mrs. Walters' hospitality was naturally greatly appreciated.

The public meeting in the evening was held in the larger hall, a very fine room indeed, lit by the electric light. It was certainly one of the largest ever held in furtherance of the Cause. There was none of that fever heat which characterises political gatherings, but then no note of passion was struck by any of the speakers to rouse the latent fires. Perhaps the very restraint of the meeting, as in the case of the previous one, spoke more for the inherent strength of the case against vivisection, for of argument and evidence there were ample, and the moral position of the anti-vivisectionist is simply impregnable. Still, a little more warmth would have cheered the speakers if the meeting had only "let

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itself go;" but that is just what your well-dressed audience never will do. Lord Coleridge, Q.C., was in the chair, officiating just as his father, the late Lord Chief Justice, used to do when his duties permitted, and a welcoming cheer arose as he stepped upon the platform, for the services that distinguished family have rendered the Cause will never be forgotten by those who have felt what a tower of strength they have been. His lordship was in excellent form—a Coleridge who had not the gift of eloquence would be singular indeed, and in the course of a speech marked by characteristic felicity, he reminded the meeting that, after all, this agitation against the cruelties of science was only one of the many phases of the humanitarian struggle going on everywhere, making war upon the cruelties perpetrated upon man and beast. Perhaps the nearest approach to the note of passion to which we have referred was in his lordship's bold and clear advice never to subscribe a penny to hospitals which have on their medical staffs men fresh from the scientific laboratories and their scenes of suffering and torture. The meeting practically rose at this, but soon subsided into calm restraint. The very clever people, who, from the vivid depths of their imaginations, picture (for popular edification) an anti-vivisection gathering as composed of raving, hysterical and fanatical women and effeminate men, would have been somewhat surprised at the calmness of the meeting and the cool deliberation of the speakers. Lord Coleridge concluded by begging his hearers to keep their minds pure and clean and upright upon this question of cruelty, and not to recognise it as justifiable under any plea. To his lordship succeeded Mrs. Fenwick Miller, one of the best known women writers and speakers of the day—the lady who so ably edits the *Woman's Signal* and is a regular contributor to the *Illustrated London News* and other important periodicals, besides which she has served on the London School Board, and in other public capacities. Mrs. Miller studied medicine in her younger days (if we may be so ungallant as to remember that she is not so young as she was), and is, therefore, able, in the maturity of her years and the ripeness of her experience, to speak with more than ordinary grasp of the subject. And Mrs. Miller is an optimist; she believes the future, the flowing tide, is with her side of the controversy, and the meeting emphatically endorsed the prophecy. One great blot upon which she put her finger was the opposition of the newspaper Press, and to this she very justly attributed the difficulty in impressing the public. Still she was not hopeless of eventually accomplishing the task. Then Bishop Barry—the one time Primate of Australia, and now rector of the important parish (with its striking church) of St. James's, Piccadilly, the very gates of the wealthy and luxurious West End—took the platform. His Lordship always speaks with great force and effect; there is the subtle mingling of the strong mind, and the clear, calm judgment; he always speaks with knowledge, and he is careful not to commit himself to statements for which he could not advance very substantial reasons in support. Taking as his keynote the necessity for educating public opinion unceasingly, he referred to that aspect of Nature which Professor Drummond wrote of a year or so ago—not the absolutely relentless struggle for survival, but that great overpowering spirit of self-sacrifice which induced mothers in lowly forms of life to absolutely sacrifice their own lives that their offspring might live. And then he concluded by invoking the true spirit of religion in support of the great cause of humanity. Not a dogmatic speech by any means, but a very fine effort, and worthy of the Bishop, which is saying something. Mr. Swift MacNeill, a parliamentary representative of wild Donegal, is a characteristic Irishman. He bubbles over with good feeling and good humour, and it is an open secret that this one-time professor of Trinity College, is one of the most cultured men in the House of Commons. Straying into the meeting by invitation, Mr. McNeill was decoyed on to the platform, where a note was placed in his hands from the Chairman—"Say a few words, there's a good fellow." For Lord Coleridge and he had been at Oxford together, and both there and in the House they had stood shoulder to shoulder on this question. So Mr. MacNeill fell an easy prey to the wiles of the Chairman and delivered an impromptu address with all that fervour which makes the Irishman a welcome speaker everywhere. He claimed an interest in the society beyond his adhesion to the Cause, because, firstly, he

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came from the same country as one of the founders of the society (Frances Power Cobbe); secondly, because he had been asked to attend by a charming lady, who had been practically one of the vice-regents of Ireland (the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker), and, thirdly, because a relative of his had founded and was carrying on a Cat's Home in Dublin (Miss Swifte). With such credentials the meeting took Mr. McNeill to its heart, and he spoke with great vigour, and very happily and prudently on a question upon which he modestly admitted he had not that fulness of knowledge which he could desire. The Anti-vivisectionists will be glad to renew Mr. MacNeill's acquaintance. After Ireland—Scotland, and the Rev. John Baird, from Edinburgh, as staunch and stern as any of the old Covenanters, and as true to his principles, moved "That the Act in force in regard to vivisection not having so far abolished the cruelty in experiments on living animals, must be condemned as a failure, and this meeting is of opinion that if the perpetration of cruelty under the guise of research is to be prevented, nothing short of a law distinctly to that effect will attain the object in view." Mr. Baird declared that, in Scotland, there was amongst medical men in many cases a secret dubiety as to the legitimacy and the fruitfulness of vivisection as a method of research, and, privately at any rate, they frankly expressed this doubt. Mr. James Pender seconded, Dr. Berdoe supported, and the meeting heartily endorsed the resolution, Then Mr. R. S. Wood gracefully proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, the Rev. Theodore Hitchens as gracefully seconded, and the meeting cordially acquiescing, the proceedings successfully terminated. And then we rushed for our busses and trains "and so home," as old Pepys would say.

S. G. T.

POINTS FROM THE SPEECHES.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.

THE RIGHT HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL (EX-UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE), CHAIRMAN OF THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The Right Hon. G. W. E. RUSSELL (Chairman of the Annual Meeting), in the course of his opening address, said:—

The public mind has become imbued with the notion, first, that the tortures of animals, against which the Society protests, are trivial in amount and degree; and, secondly, that, whatever they are, they are justified by proved benefits to humanity resulting from them. Under these circumstances it is essential not merely to rely upon appeals to the emotions, or even to moral sentiment, but to grapple with the scientific and physiological facts involved, and endeavour to enlist the support of the intelligent and intellectual people who at present are ranged on the opposite side. In the present state of public opinion it is obvious that Parliament, which, after all, can only express the general sentiment of the community, cannot be expected to help in the abolition or even the further restriction of vivisection. Nevertheless, there is a great deal that can be done without recourse

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to Parliament, by administrative action under the present Act, and there is hope of help from members of the present Government. Mr. Balfour, unfortunately, is an upholder of vivisection; but Mr. Chaplin is known to be strongly on our side; he is a man universally respected by his opponents as well as his own party, but, unfortunately, he is not Home Secretary. The control of vivisection is in the hands of the Home Secretary. Whatever Sir Matthew White Ridley's sentiments on this question may be, it is certain that he is a man of a naturally humane, tender, and compassionate disposition, with a fair and open mind, and a man not likely to be led away by sophistical arguments. It is hardly to be expected that the Home Secretary will exercise the power which he technically has under the Act to abolish vivisection by refusing all licenses, but the Home Secretary can do much for the mitigation of the sufferings involved in vivisection. The whole system of inspection, not only in this matter, but others in which public inspection is supposed to exist, is rotten and illusory. (Cheers.) The existence of an inefficient inspectorate is really much worse than having no sort of inspection at all, because it lulls the public conscience. I have nothing to say against the gentleman who now holds the office of inspector, but it is obvious that that gentleman is ridiculously overburdened. As one practical step, then, we must appeal to the Home Secretary to ensure a better and more adequate system of inspection than at present exists. Another thing that may be done is to endeavour to check the further advance of the vivisecting spirit. During the last six or eight years I have seen a great deal of the working of our great hospitals, and the conviction is deepening upon my mind that what we have all along said was likely to grow out of animal vivisection has actually come to pass, and there is a growing belief in the public mind, and particularly in the mind of the poor, that human vivisection is practised in our hospitals. By human vivisection I mean the infliction of very serious surgical operations, not with the view to saving life or relieving the suffering of the patient, but with the view of increasing knowledge of disease, or (even an extremer case still) of demonstrating and illustrating knowledge already and by other means acquired. I am careful to say that I do not state, as of my own knowledge, that human vivisection is practised, but what I do know is that a dreadful misgiving upon the subject is growing up in the minds of those from whom hospital patients are drawn, and amongst the supporters of hospitals from whom their material sources are derived; and I am not in a position to say that this misgiving is altogether without foundation. Part of our business at the present moment is to do what we can to withstand the further advance of what may be called the surgical spirit in this country, or the pseudo-scientific spirit working through operations of surgery falsely so-called. I am happy to learn that the movement for a Pasteur Institute in London has not made great progress, but I have been asked to call attention to a humane rival to the Pasteur Institute, namely, the London Buisson Institute, founded by a gentleman with whom we are all familiar, Mr. Pirkis. (Cheers.) That is an experiment which, to say the least of it, deserves careful watching, and out of which it is not unlikely that there may be developed a system of rational and humane treatment of the terrible disease of hydrophobia, which would save human life without the awful outlay of undeserved suffering which at present is expended on innocent animals. (Cheers.) In conclusion, I will quote a saying of Mr. Fox which has passed into the common knowledge of politics, that "what is morally wrong cannot be politically right." Transferring that aphorism from the region of politics to the region of science, we who believe that God is the author alike of the animal order as well as of the natural order, are justified in believing that "what is morally wrong cannot be physiologically right." (Cheers.)

THE EVENING MEETING.

Lord Coleridge, Q.C., in opening the evening proceedings, said:—

Now, what was the object of the starting of this Society? The particular object was the restriction of what those who started it considered to be a particular form of cruelty towards animals, but it is part and parcel of a larger warfare that is being conducted, and has been conducted for the last twenty-one years. We only represent one wing, so to speak, of that army which is ever mustering in larger and larger numbers, and which is waging war upon cruelty of all sorts, believing that man, as man, ought to exhibit in his conduct towards the dumb creation that humanity upon which he so prides himself. (Cheers.)

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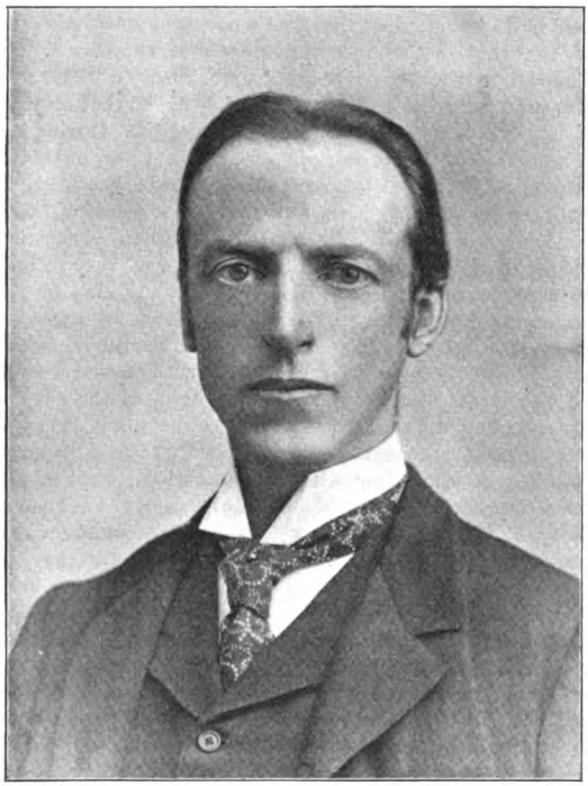
Now this is more or less a feeling of recent growth. For myself I do not understand any difference in kind between the duties which we owe, so far as cruelty is concerned, towards dumb animals, and the duties which we owe to our fellow men. (Cheers.) Think what we owe to animals. Think for a moment what the world would be without them. Think of the world without any horses or dogs, or cats, or butterflies, or bees, or cattle, or sheep, or fish, or birds. Think what the world would be without the living animal world around us. We think ourselves so mighty superior to the dumb creation; why, they are like us in very many things; they have love, they have affection, they have their dislikes, they have fidelity, they have anger, they have passions, they have generosity, they have fear, they have courage, they have desire of pleasing, they have love of display, they have strength of will, they have pride in conquest, they have jealousy, they have self-sacrifice, they have gratitude. (Cheers.) Who can deny that, in some measure, some animals share all those weaknesses and all those merits with ourselves. They are like us sometimes in being selfish and in being cruel, but where they are not like us in being selfish and in being cruel is in this: they are never false to their own nature. (Cheers.) Ladies and gentlemen, when we are selfish and when we are cruel, have we the same excuse that the animals have? If we are so superior as we boast ourselves to be, are we not false to the nature with which we are endowed? Therefore, while we share many things with the animals, it may be that the animals, dumb though they be, and inferior though they be, may have some salutary lessons to teach even us. (Cheers.) Now, gentlemen, enough for these what I may call large reflections. If I have interested you or enlisted your sympathy on behalf of these animals, then let me put this question to you. What are our duties towards them, are they measured by any bounds? Gentlemen, I think I shall have your assent when I say this, that while their lives are at our disposal, in taking those lives we are bound to exercise the utmost mercy that our science will permit of. Of course it is easy to prove—the argument is overwhelming—that if we did not have the power to kill, the dumb creation would absorb that portion of creation which man is entitled to fill. Are we entitled to do anything more, are we entitled to use them regardless of their feelings, are we entitled to use them for our vanity, for our comfort, or for our curiosity? This Society says no. (Cheers.) If we may take some comfort in regarding the parallel which I have described to you between the feeling of old and the feeling now in these matters towards our own selves, I may venture to prophesy that in future, and in the near future, the feeling of this Society will be the feeling of civilized man. (Cheers.) Ladies and gentlemen, there is another thing that I think we might do. Never give a penny, not a farthing, to any hospital which has a vivisector upon its staff. (Loud cheers.) I do ask you if you have any desire to further the interests of this Society, amid argument, amid abuse, amid ridicule, keep your mind pure and clean and upright upon the matter of cruelty



Portrait by] [*Bassano, London.*

LORD COLERIDGE, Q.C.
(CHAIRMAN OF THE EVENING PUBLIC MEETING.)

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towards animals, and then the animals, if they could speak, would be grateful to you, and you may depend upon it that your work will some day be adequately blessed. (Loud cheers.)

Mrs. FENWICK MILLER, in moving "That this meeting congratulates the Victoria Street and International Society on the good work done in educating public opinion during the twenty years since its foundation, and trusts it will continue its endeavours on behalf of the suffering animals subject to experimentation," said :—

Alas, there is so strong a feeling of Trades Unionism that comparatively few medical men will judge for themselves upon this question, yet there is not a residuum but a leading force—men who tower above the rest of their profession —opposed to vivisection. Of the ultimate success of this movement I am not at all afraid. There is, after all, some power that makes for righteousness somehow and somewhere. There is progress, slow and difficult it may be, but certain. Let us take the side that we know the angels and all good forces would gladly be upon, and let us be quite sure that, difficult and slow though the process may be, ours must be the winning side. It is extremely difficult to get the general public to believe that the medical profession would support vivisection as a whole if it had not produced some positive benefit to medicine. It is absolutely untrue. There is no benefit which could be shown to have resulted to medical or surgical science by the practice of vivisection. As soon as the public come to appreciate the hollowness of the pretences by which vivisection is sought to be justified, the success of the Society's efforts will be assured; for there is such a thing as justice, as compassion, as mercy, as love of right, as willingness even to suffer one's self rather than to inflict incalculable wrong upon others, and when these feelings are appealed to, if wisdom and tact are exercised, the end must certainly be success. (Cheers.)

Photo by G. Jerrard (Claudet's Studio), 107, Regent Street, London, W.
MRS. FENWICK MILLER.
(Specially taken for "The Animals' Friend.")

The Right Rev. BISHOP BARRY, in seconding the resolution, said :—

We have an uphill battle to fight. Our course is, no doubt, beset with great difficulty. Mrs. Fenwick Miller has said, and said with perfect truth, that our cause, as far as the so-called organs of public opinion are concerned, is an unpopular cause. But, if this is the case, we simply share the experience with all the great humanitarian movements which have marked these later centuries. Our work, I repeat, is to see what we can do to bring out and to educate public opinion on this great matter, and I, for one, am not prepared to lay a primary stress upon the inquiry into the utility of the results of vivisection. The ground which this society takes, the ground which I have always taken, is not the ground of utility but the ground of morality; whether we have a right to do evil in order that a supposed good. however great, may come. (Applause.) And I think that it is very important, taking as I shall always do this moral ground principally, and refusing, I think, to do battle upon the scientific ground, which I regard as secondary—taking this moral ground as my principal ground, I think it is of infinite importance that you should remember what the chairman has put before you to-night, that our work is a part of a great humanitarian movement. The principle which we call humanity is the principle of self-sacrifice of the strong for the weak. What, after all, is our great point? It has been laid down, and I repeat it, from the beginning, that we are to take upon this matter the question of what is

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right in the sight of God, and what is right at the bar of human conscience. Do not let us for one moment be tempted off the strong ground. You have been already reminded that upon this matter, if we did not rely on the power of agreement, we have at our back an immense authority of men who are privileged to pronounce upon moral questions. This is not a matter on which we are to bow to scientific authority, however great it may be. That authority is great on its own ground, but the ground is not the ground on which we stand, and if you just look at those who have been Vice-Presidents and supporters of the Society, I think you will find that we have among us those who are of the very highest authority in religion, in philosophy, in morality: that we have those who, like the illustrious judges to whom allusion has been made, are used to deal with human nature, and to understand what is its strength and its weakness. . . . . All we have to do is to go steadily on. Let us fight bravely and have the courage of our opinions. Let us fight, above all, truthfully, being careful never to use any argument which we have not tested; never to make any statement which is loose and inaccurate, and not based upon evidence. Let us fight, I add, in the spirit of true charity rather than of denunciation. There is a society connected with this great cause which is a society for united prayer, and that prayer is uttered not merely for ourselves in the great cause, not merely for the information of the great mass of society, but is used also for those who are our opponents in this matter, in the trust that God will grant to them to see what we believe to be the error of their way, and to bring them back to the truer and more righteous side. Let us do all this, and above all remember that as Mr. Kidd shows in that "Social Evolution" of his, the great moving instrument for the inculcation of this humanity has always been the religious principle—the belief that the animals, like ourselves, are creatures of the one God, and that if sovereignty is delegated to us in measure from Him, it must be exercised in the spirit in which the Divine Government rules, and that spirit is the spirit of righteousness and the spirit of mercy. Bravely, truthfully, charitably, and in the Christian faith, let us go on in this cause in that spirit, and then, whether we may live to see it or not, whether the battle may be difficult or easy, whether the struggle may be short or long, in the end we shall conquer in those principles, for they are the principles which under the sign of the cross have conquered the world. (Loud cheers.)

Photo by Elliott] *[& Fry, London.*

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP BARRY.

Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P., in supporting, said:—

I cannot address you with the fulness of knowledge that many of you possess, but after all this is a matter not so much of the head as of the heart. (Cheers.) It appeals to all the higher principles of our nature. Pleased and rejoiced I am, looking round at this audience, to see how many ladies—or let me call them by a nobler name—how many women are present; for kindness is the glory of the female sex, and this is a matter of kindness, of good feeling, of human sympathy, of tenderness of heart. (Cheers.) Under the correction of my lord Bishop and prelate of the church to which I have the great happiness to belong, I say that this movement against vivisection is only an enlargement

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of the high and holy precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. People hardly realise what vivisection is. If everything that surgical opinion has said was right—if it had procured incalculable benefits to the relief of our sufferings, I still say boldy that, wrong-headed and misdirected, I would protest against it. The life is not worth living that we live simply for our own selfish interests, shutting out all ideas of sympathy for those who are around us. Every one of us who is worth having or worth knowing has had a most tender affection at some time in his life for members of the animal creation. They have been our friends; they have been our sympathisers, they have occupied a large share of our attention during the day. Their mute appeal to us almost warms our hearts; they are our friends. Let us think of any favourite dog or cat; and would we not, at the risk of our own lives, protect that animal from anything like cruelty. (Cheers.) What would be the benefit to us of the relief from pain, if we knew that we had sacrificed a sentient being to procure that relief for ourselves, and sacrificed a sentient being by unspeakable tortures. I am delighted to hear from the Chairman the suggestion that you should not subscribe to any hospital where there is a vivisectionist. I would go a step further and, although of course on this platform such a thing as boycotting should be unknown (laughter), I would ask every nice young lady in this meeting to give the cold shoulder to any man whom she thinks is a vivisectionist. (Laughter and cheers.) I am afraid I am a very audacious man in attempting to address a highly informed audience on a matter in which I have only the general interest of a public man, with perhaps a small degree of a warm heart; but I can tell you that so far as my humble influence goes I will do my best, in season and out of season, to put down this atrocious wrong. (Cheers.)

MR. J. SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P.
(Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.)

Among those attending the day's proceedings were:—Sir Arthur and Lady Arnold, Dr. Beale, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bell, Col. and Mrs. Benson, Dr. Blenkinsopp, Col. Bolland, Miss Rhoda Broughton, Dr. Ralph Browne, Mrs. Mona Caird, the Countess of Camperdown, the Hon. Stephen and Mrs. Coleridge, Dr. J. H. and Mrs. Clarke, Rev. A. H. Cunningham (Reading), the Ven. Archdeacon and Miss Dunbar, Mr. and Mrs. J. Passmore Edwards, Lady Goring, Dr. Frances Hoggan, Mrs. Luther Holden, Mrs. E. M. James, Mrs. Henry and Miss Lee, Capt. Macdonald, Miss Charlotte McCarthy, Mrs. T. R. Monro, Miss S. S. Monro, Mrs. Paisley (representing Manchester Anti-Vivisection Society), Capt. Quintanilha, Mrs. Lloyd Price, Miss E. Elcum Rees, Mr. H. S. Salt, Mrs. Sant, Lady Stepney, Rev. Jos. Stratton, M.A., Gen. Stunnis, Miss Swifte, Miss S. L. Tacey, Miss Hugon-Tayler (Exmouth), Surgeon-Gen. Thornton, C.B., Capt. Henry Toynbee, Col. and Mrs. Walker, Sir Wm. Wedderburn, Bart., M.P., Mr. John F. Norris, Q.C., Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price, J.P., Rev. Theodore Hitchens, B.A., Dr. Berdoe and Capt. F. E. Pirkis, R.N.

The SECRETARY intimated the receipt of letters of regret for non-attendance from the Earl of Strafford, Sir Robt. T. Reid, Q.C., M.P. (ex-Attorney-General), the Right Hon. Evelyn Ashley, P.C., the Right Hon. Sir James Stansfeld, P.C., the Rev. Sir George Cox, Bart., the Right Rev. Bishop Mitchinson, Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, M.P., Mr. J. E. Ellis, M.P., Canon Wilberforce, Canon Bellairs, Baron Ernst von Weber (Dresden), Dr. Hubert Böens (Charleroi), Dr. Paul Förster (member of the German Reichstag), Miss Betham-Edwards, Miss C. A. Gladstone, Mr. William Adlam, J.P., Col. Bethune, Col. Williams, Herr Emil Weilshauser (Oppeln), Madame von Schilling (Riga), Herr Constant Stams (Rotterdam), Rev. H. N. Bernard, Mr. William Dunn (Exmouth), Rev. J. S. Walker, M.A. (Cheltenham), Mrs. Roscoe (Westbury-on-Trym), Mrs. Caldwell (Bray), Miss M. L. Backhouse (York), Mrs. Massingberd (Pioneer A.-V. Society), Mrs. Henry Richardson (York), and others.

A number of letters, foreign correspondence, and other interesting contributions, including some biographical notes of leading humanitarian workers, etc., etc., are unavoidably crowded out.

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OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION.

JUDGE :—MR. G. JERRARD, Claudet's Studio, 107, Regent St., London, W.

FIRST PRIZE, 10s. 6d.—Mr. Walter R. Brightman, Lyndale, 61, Redland Road, Bristol.

A SUMMER DAY.

SECOND PRIZE, 7s. 6d.—Rev. T. Perkins, Turnworth Rectory, Blandford.

CAMELS.

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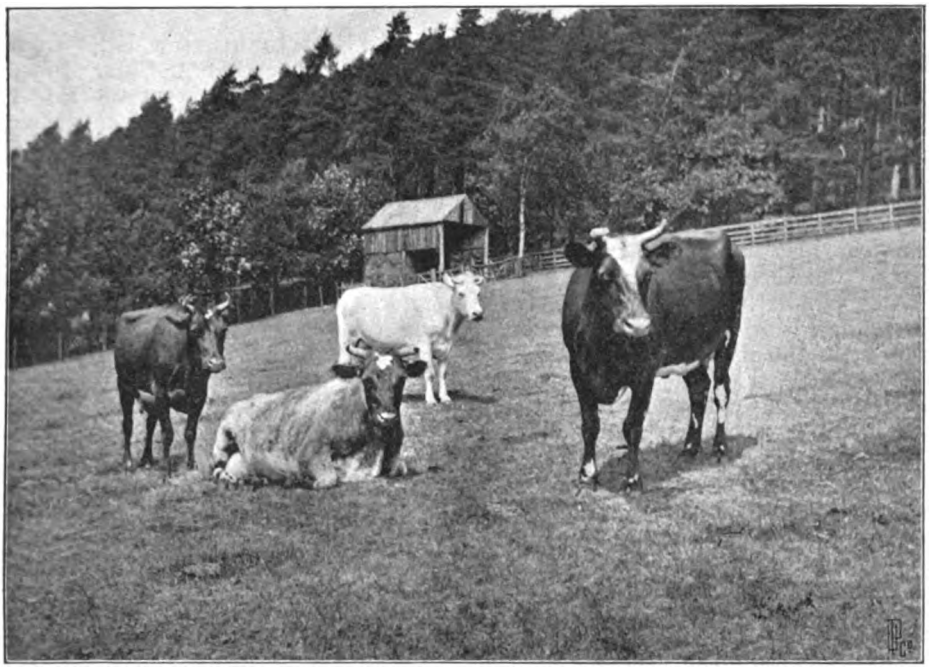
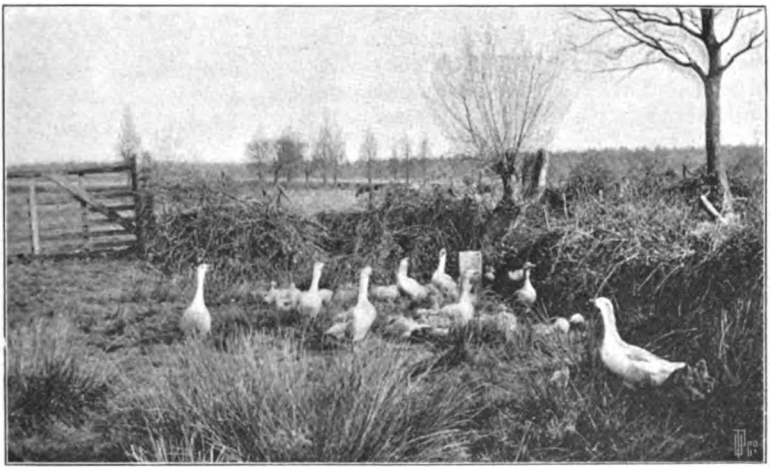
THIRD PRIZE, 5s.—Mr. J. Charles Smith, Nandana, Penrith.



MILKING TIME.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.—Mr. A. K. Coomara Swamy, Worplesden, Guildford.



SURREY GEESE.

NOTICE.—There are two prizes only for the Competition closing on June 10th, viz., Half-a-guinea for the best photograph of a Donkey, or Donkey and Foal, and another Half-a-guinea for the best General Animal Study.

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THE SORROWS OF THE LONDON CAT.

By Ellen Elcum Rees.

YOU were kind enough in August last to insert a letter from me concerning the Society for the Protection of Cats. Since then we have made some progress—though not at the rate I would have desired—but ours is difficult work, and expensive also, when the attempt is made to raise the "social status" of that deeply "submerged tenth," the destitute cats of London.

We have received most sympathetic letters from friends of animals throughout the country, and some communications even from abroad. Contributions also have come in, but not in such large measure as to enable us to start the Central Home, which was a feature of the scheme set forth in our opening circular. Leaving this matter, therefore, to a time when an increase in our funds will give us the means of carrying out this work, we have fallen back upon the secondary plan of establishing some small local homes, where boarders and stray cats can be received. We are making inquiries in various directions to this end, and hope soon to be able to announce that there are several such homes in working order.

Our treasurer, Mrs. W. Gordon, has designed a special form of basket for catching stray cats who prowl about in London Squares, and are often too shy to be caught by hand. Food is placed in the basket, and sometimes the drug valerian is employed (which has a very enticing effect upon cats). When the animal is in the basket the opening is closed by letting down a small door, and the inmate can be easily carried away.

We have received considerable help from a private enterprise, the work of a valued member of our Society—a lady who has, on her own account, started a home for cats in North London.

This lady began on the first day of the year, and has, from January 1st, 1896, to the present time, taken in between 300 and 400 cats. As the animals are now coming in at the rate of between thirty and forty a week, the number of rescued cats grows rapidly. Of course, there arises the painful necessity of destroying a considerable proportion of these destitute foundlings. Mrs. Williams (the manageress) has contracted with the Battersea Home to put an end to these poor creatures, at sixpence a head, in the lethal chamber, where—as Mrs. Williams remarks—they "sleep into death." Sometimes, however, their miserable state is such, that it is only merciful to have them at once killed, when a veterinary surgeon is summoned by telegram.

Miss Ellen Elcum Rees.*

I could multiply the cases of extremity of wretchedness in which cats have been found. Just as specimens: At one house Mrs. Williams' servant had to be lowered by ropes into an area, where a cat was found in the last stage of starvation. This one, however, was rescued, though it was trying to eat cinders in the violent pangs of hunger. It is now a healthy, happy cat, adopted at the "Home." In another house the owners had gone away, leaving their miserable cat a whole fortnight tied to the leg of a table. This animal, when discovered, was in a state

* We should have preferred a more modern photograph of Miss Rees, for we fear our friends (and hers) will scarcely recognise the above, which altogether fails to convey a hint of the lady's *bonhomie* and vivacity; but, with true Celtic fidelity, despite the disadvantages of an old photograph, Miss Rees chose to be true to her old friend and companion—"the dog that was," who long since departed to the Shades.

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of "frenzy," and had to be destroyed immediately. Two tiny kittens, three weeks old, were left behind in an empty house—the mother cat taken away by the owner, the kittens left to starve. *These* have been saved.

I have found Mrs. Williams' establishment of the greatest assistance to myself, as I have numerous applications from owners of cats who wish to get them boarded out; or finders of strays, who want to know how to have them "mercifully put out of their misery." These inquirers I have lately referred to Mrs. Williams' Home, and they have been met by immediate response. A servant in livery is despatched on a tricycle, which contains a receptacle for the animals, and they are conveyed at once to the "Home."

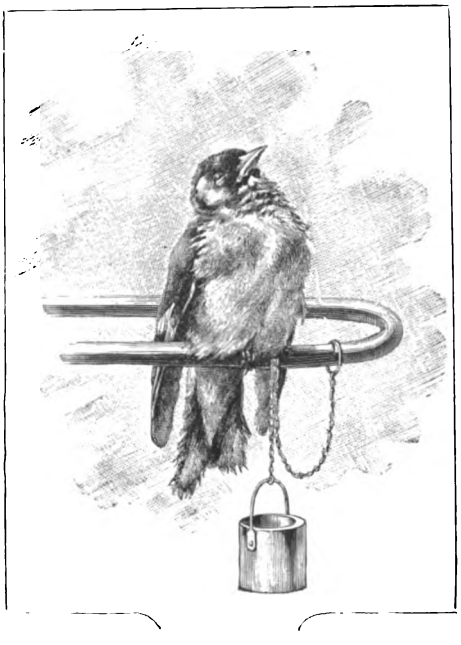
A curious request was made to me a short time since by a lady, who asked me to let her know how she could obtain a "foster-mother" for a kitten. I applied at once to Mrs. Williams, who wrote back to me that she had offered the lady the choice of two in her Home, at the charge of sixpence per week, the cat to be returned when no longer needed.

Negotiations are now in progress with the view of our Committee joining Mrs. Williams in her work, and I hope that before long we shall be able to advertise that the London Home, 80, Park Road, Haverstock Hill, N.W., is in connection with the "Society for the Protection of Cats."

[Miss Rees is the Hon. Secretary of the Society, and her address is 53, Grove Road, Regent's Park, London, N.W., should any of our friends care to communicate with her.—Editor, *A. F.*]

THE IMPRISONED GOLDFINCH'S LAMENT.

Time was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare,
My drink the morning dew;
I perched at will on every spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.—COWPER.



Do not these lines and the sad picture of the dying goldfinch, his seed dish drawn up and empty, plead for the poor little prisoner? Is not liberty considered by all the very greatest boon? Is not imprisonment the punishment for the worst crimes amongst men? What had this innocent bird done that he should be caught and caged? All his work was beneficial to man; in his wild state he worked busily from morn to night destroying the seeds of thistles and other tiresome weeds. You who have wild birds in cages, remember them when you are enjoying a canter on your horse, a drive in your carriage, a spin on your "bike," or a walk in country lanes. Think of the poor little prisoner at home, who can never stretch his wings in flight, never hold sweet converse with his own kind. Think of him! Pity him! Resolve never to keep a wild bird caged again.—E. P.

"HIS FAITHFUL DOG."—There was one hero of the Chitral campaign whom the war correspondents failed to mention, Lieut. Edwardes's little fox-terrier, Biddy. She had (says the *Globe*) accompanied her master all the way from Bombay through Cashmere and Gilgit till a bullet laid her low, while she was sitting at her master's side in the action of Rashun. The bullet passed through her chest, and the poor animal must have suffered much. She shared her master's fate as a prisoner of war, and marched with him through Chitral and Dir to Sado, where she arrived very much emaciated from loss of blood and want of food. But care and treatment soon wrought a wonderful change in little Biddy. She made herself an honorary member of every mess cook-house in the 2nd Brigade, and soon looked the picture of health in consequence.

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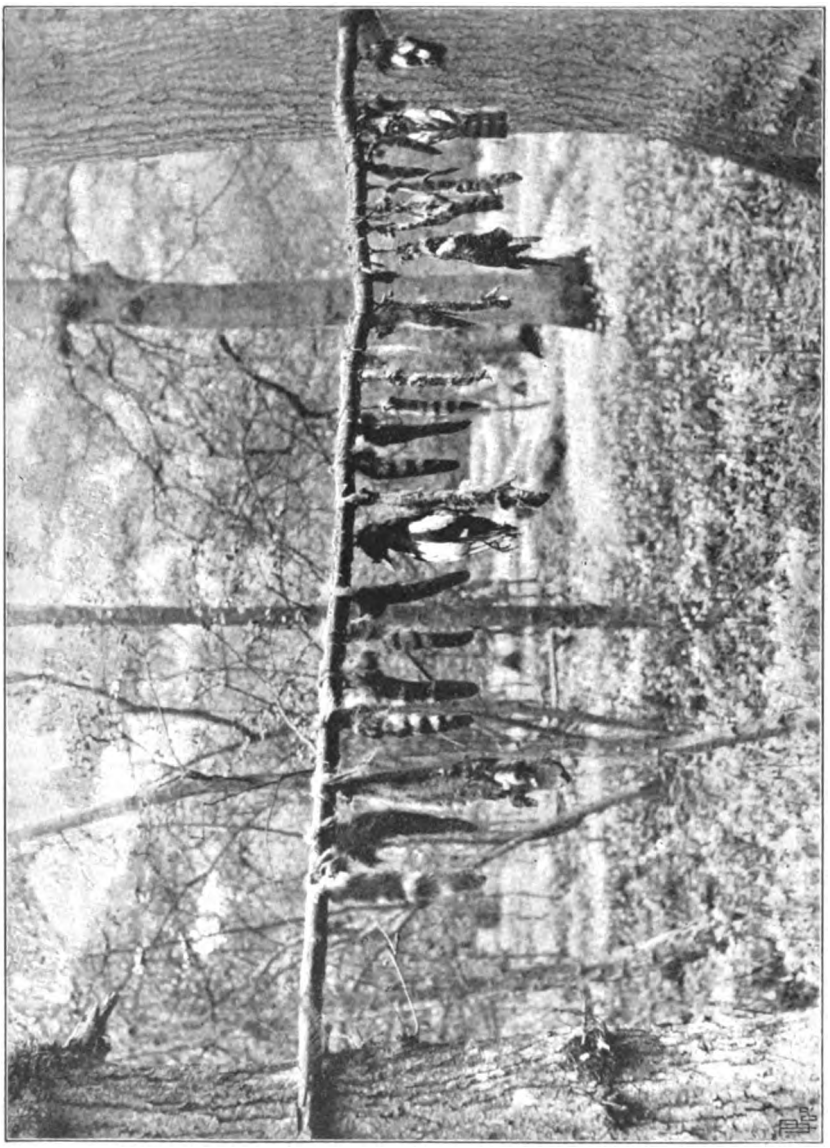
CIVILIZATION'S OBJECT LESSONS.

A Protest from Gloucestershire.

E. MILLARD (an hon. secretary of the Society for the Protection of Birds, and the Church of England Society for the Promotion of Kindness to Animals) wrote to us from 6, Palace Gate, Gloucester, May 8th, as follows :—

"I am sending you two photographs. One represents an ordinary English wood, with Nature revelling in the abundance of her beauty ; the other reveals a gamekeeper's gibbet in another part of the same wood—a truly horrible contrast, and a sermon in itself. On this gibbet were over nine cats' tails, four hawks, a magpie, and other creatures.

"The gamekeeper's gibbet, as shown in the illustration, is to be found in almost every wood where game is preserved, and until sport is looked upon as shameful these objects will ever be common. Perhaps there is nothing more beautiful to be seen anywhere than our English woods at this time of the year. The colours of the flowers, and the soft green of the different kinds of trees are truly perfect in their beauty and variety. When the photograph



[*Berkeley Vicarage, Gloucestershire.*

A GAMEKEEPER'S GIBBET.

Photo by Miss E. G. Green.]

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was taken (May 4th) the ground was literally carpeted with primroses, wood anemones, and blue and white hyacinths, and this blaze of colour was broken only to be relieved by the rich brown bracken of last year, which still remained in places, and the occasional green clumps of this year's lady fern. Such lovely places as these should be open for every orderly person to see, for they are the natural beauties of our country; but they are, on the contrary, most often closed to all but a privileged few, and so diligently are some of them guarded that there are many people who have never dared to enter any wood in their lives. And all this jealous care is for the love of sport! How much unhappiness is caused can only be learnt by going among the cottagers of the country. Pet cats, whether in the wood poaching or not, are too often shot, and the lonely widow robbed of her one companion.

"Dogs may not be taken into the fields, and many a walk is therefore restricted to the dusty road. But this is not all. There are the beautiful and often useful birds that are killed, as may be seen from the gibbet, because they occasionally destroy a young partridge or pheasant. The iron trap, which is used as well as the gun, is of all inventions the most cruel. It wounds and often breaks the legs, and the captured bird or animal is left, often for hours, struggling in shocking agony. All this is what is almost everywhere practised to preserve what will in their turn have to be killed, or, as often happens, wounded, only to die a slow and painful death. How much pain and suffering are caused by sport!"

A Protest from Wales.

Two young ladies wrote from Porthcawl, Glamorgan, May 5th:—

"We consider the *Animals' Friend* a very good paper, and being fond of all animals read it with great interest. Here, where we live, in South Wales, close by the sea, there are sandhills which are converted into a regular rabbit warren. In the season the quiet night is disturbed by the piteous cries (worse than a child crying) of the poor rabbits which are caught in gins and various kinds of traps, and which die by slow degrees of torture. In all reason, putting aside the cruelty of it, how can a rabbit which has died by this slow and horrible death be good for food? Its body must be affected by the terror and suffering. Again, we keep cats, and a narrow space of fifty feet and a low fence of about three feet high is all that divides the warren from the road. The cats go to the latter, and are shot by a callous keeper. The other day, as we were walking with our mother by the sea, we saw two poor cats tied together with a rope, the victims of the keeper. We believe it is the law that a fence of six or eight feet high should protect preserved grounds. Within the last few days we have lost our favourite pet dog 'Flo,' a little Welsh terrier, which we suppose has shared the fate of the cats, as she was last seen in the warren. We protest against this selfish cruelty. At least they might allow the rabbits a quicker death, and protect the warren so that the innocent cats and dogs should not come to an untimely end, for we cannot always chain up our cats and dogs merely to oblige the gamekeeper and his employers."

In Memoriam: David Wright, February, 1896.

Not early, yet too soon—so good and kind,
Our hearts would strive to make December June;
Cold reason chides us, yet the sorrowing mind
Sighs once again—not early, *yet* too soon.

Too soon for love of loved ones, that would fain
Forget that one day the ripe fruit must fall;
Yet not too soon for rest, and endless gain,
And the eternal meaning of it all.

Too soon for Mercy's cause, who sadly owns
Her longed-for, prayed-for victory not yet come;
But not too soon to hear, thro' angel tones,
The voiceless benediction of the dumb.

It is not meed of riches, honour, days,
That decks the closing life with fairest wreath;
'Tis not the chorus of a world-wide praise
That sounds the sweetest in the ears of death.

A peaceful pathway was for him we mourn—
To tune the loftiest strain for soaring souls,
And yet no humblest thing of life to scorn,
O'er whose sad head the tide of suffering rolls.

'Tis not the loudest life that most endears,
But paths of duty well and kindly trod;
The music of that gentle four-score years
Is very pleasant on the harps of God.

But here, on earth, is silence: hushed and still
The voice that told so well the old, old tale:
And, far from this world's mingled good and ill,
The vision opens up beyond the vail.

A. C. MACPHERSON.

Clifton, February, 1896.

[A portrait of the late Rev. David Wright, the revered Vicar of Stoke Bishop, Bristol, of whom the above is written, appeared in our May issue.—ED. *A. F.*]

It is a pity, as cockroaches are so much esteemed in China, that we have no means by which to induce them to immigrate. Thousands take ship to China, but from want of knowing what a happy land it is they never disembark, though did they once do so, they certainly would never tear themselves away again. There traps and poisons are unknown, and the gentle Chinaman not only welcomes them to his hearth and home, but he takes every possible care never to injure them, for to him they are sacred insects and bringers of luck.—*Home Notes.*

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Our Miscellany.

THE QUEEN AND CRUELTY.

MR. HAROLD FREDERIC, a well-known *litterateur* and journalist, writing to the *New York Tribune* from London, says: "Speaking of dogs, an ex-Cabinet Minister who knows the Queen well told me the other day that she takes the keenest interest in the Battersea Dogs' Home and in similar institutions, and that she is especially vehement in antagonism to vivisection. Of his own knowledge, he said, whenever an Anti-vivisection Society seemed to be lagging in its public propaganda, its noble chairman got a personal letter from the Queen stirring it up to fresh exertions."

"TO A FISH IN THE BROOKE."

WHY flyest thou away with fear?
Trust me there's nought of danger near,
I have no wicked hooke
All cover'd with a snaring bait,
Alas, to tempt thee to thy fate,
And dragge thee from the brooke.

A harmless tenant of the flood,
I do not wish to spill thy blood,
For Nature unto thee
Perchance hath given a tender wife,
And children dear, to charm thy life,
As she hath done for me.

Enjoy the stream, O harmless fish;
And when an angler, for his dish,
Through gluttony's vile sin
Attempts, a wretch, to pull thee *out*,
God give thee strength, O gentle trout,
To pull the raskall *in!*

DR. JOHN WALCOT (1738-1819).

MAD DOGS MADE TO ORDER.

IS there (writes Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N., of Twyford, Bucks), even one policeman or one magistrate in the Metropolis who would know a mad dog if he saw one? "He foams at the mouth," an idiot told me the other day. A mad dog does nothing of the sort. "He avoids water," said an ignorant policeman. On the contrary, he will plunge his head into a stream up to his eyes. But a dog who has lost his master and is anxiously running about is sure to be bludgeoned now in London, and that, too, before the very eyes of refined women and young children, whom the piteous cries of the poor creature may frighten almost to death. Moreover, it is easy to manufacture a mad dog. Those nondescript creatures who love not dogs will swear to anything, and will unblushingly report to a police magistrate that a mad dog is at large. I should dearly like to heckle a magistrate on the symptoms of rabies. But the muzzle cannot prevent rabies. If that *rara avis*, a rabid dog, comes in contact with a healthy dog and they do but touch noses, the mischief is done.

BANDS OF MERCY.

MRS. (MONA) CAIRD has established at Creetown, N.B., a Band of Mercy, which now numbers over 300 members. Educational work amongst children, such as this involves, must bear much good fruit—for "cruelty is caused by want of thought, as well as want of heart."

Oh! what a cry of agony,
Goes up unto God's throne,
From poor dumb creatures who can speak
Into His ear alone!

One long, long cry of misery
Thro' all the centuries gone,
From creatures that His hand has made,
And that He calls His own.

Thank God for Bands of Mercy!
God spread them far and wide,
Till their glad message shall go forth
By every ocean tide.

Till over all the earth and sea,
No voice of woe be heard,
But only praise to Him who made
Man, beast, and fish, and bird.

Till over all creation,
O'er mountain, hill and glen,
Shall roll the glorious harmony,
Glad Nature's grand Amen!—ANON.

WOOD-PIGEONS AMONG THE LAWYERS.

"THE two wood-pigeons which have built their nest in Fountain Court of the Temple," writes a correspondent, "seem to have got their house in order and to have settled down to the ordinary humdrum of housekeeping. The monotony of their lives is not now relieved by the curiosity of the sparrows. In passing through the Temple a day or two since I witnessed a sight to describe which demands the pen of Addison, but the pleasure to me was as great as that which the Spectator enjoyed at the farm of

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Coverley Hall when he beheld the frantic efforts of the hen in her endeavours to get the ducklings which she had hatched out of the pond. A barrister who had just returned from the Court, having divested himself of his wig, opened the casement below the sundial in Fountain Court, and looked out. Immediately a pigeon, nearly as black as the Jackdaw of Rheims, who was waiting on a tree hard by, flew over to the window. The strange pair made some signs of recognition, and then the barrister took a small piece of bread, and threw it to the bird, who caught it in its bill. The pigeon then settled himself on a bar outside the window, while the owner of the chambers fetched some more bread crumbs, which he put on the sill, the only movement on the part of the bird being an appearance of bowing his acknowledgments. He then commenced his meal. I noticed the same bird in the same position on another day, when the window was closed. Possibly, like some of the human family, he had great expectations."—The *Daily News*, London, May 6th.

A MAY MESSAGE AND THE REPLY.

FROM the far West the post brings us this message from the wife of Senator Allen, of Aurora, Illinois, U.S.A. :—"*Never give up the fight* (against vivisection).—CYNTHIA FAIRCHILD ALLEN." We know what a hard, and sometimes discouraging fight, Mrs. Allen has had in founding and maintaining her Illinois Anti-Vivisection Society. And though successfully launched, the new-comer has had an uphill struggle against public and medical prejudice and indifference. Our American confréres have a desperate battle on hand. Perhaps we may be excused for adopting as our response the words of encouragement written by America's "good gray Quaker poet"—the gentle Whittier :—

"Thy task may well seem overhard,
Who scatterest in a thankless soil
Thy life as seed, with no reward,
Save that which Duty gives to Toil.

"Yet do thy work ; it shall succeed,
In thine or in another's day ;
And, if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

"Then faint not, falter not, nor plead
Thy weakness ; truth itself is strong ;
The lion's strength, the eagle's speed,
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong."

And so we wish them God-speed.

BIRDS IN "THE CONFIDENCE TRICK."

A CASE which illustrated yet another phase of the "confidence trick" came before a London stipendiary magistrate at Worship Street on March 9th, when a burly fellow, hailing from the East End, was charged with being concerned with another man not in custody in stealing a coat and a silver watch, the property of a youth working as a banjo-case maker. The youth's evidence was provocative of much mirth, as he detailed with an air of quite innocent surprise how on 26th February, when in Finsbury Square, a man pointed out the prisoner to him, saying, "He's got a valuable bird there worth £3. I've offered him two quid (£2) for it, but he won't wait for the money." The prisoner then joined in, and an assumed wrangle took place, in the course of which it was suggested that the youth should take the bird and the other man call for it and give him two sovereigns the next morning. Prosecutor said he had no money, and was persuaded to hand prisoner his overcoat and silver watch for the bird. The latter was produced by prisoner, who had it in a paper bag. Its feathers were bright green, its head was red, its breast was yellow, generally its rainbow colours stamped it as a unique specimen of the feathered tribe. The youth parted with his watch, worth 25s., and his coat, value £1 1s., and gave his address to the other man to call next day. By next day the bird was dead in its cage, and the man who was so anxious to give "two quid" for it never called. The youth went to the police-station with his feathered treasure; the police wiped paint off the feathers. On the evening of March 7th the deluded young man had his revenge; his sorrows had opened his eyes, and he spied the prisoner in Exmouth Street. Pointing him out to Constable 254 G, he procured his arrest, and the prisoner dropped a paper bag, which contained a live bird, gay in (painted) plumage. That bird, also, had sunk under the weight of its false colour, and on the ledge of the witness-box two corpses of sparrows lay exposed before the magisterial gaze. The prisoner, it was proved, had been convicted of housebreaking, and was a convict at large on license. The magistrate committed him for trial before a higher court.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—NATURE'S WONDERS, by Edith Carrington, illustrated, price, 1s. ; FEATHERLAND, by G. Manville Fenn, illustrated, 1s. ; TUPPY, THE STORY OF A DONKEY, illustrated, 1s. ; FRIENDSHIP OF ANIMALS, by Edith Carrington, illustrated, 1s. (all from Messrs. George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.) —Also received, several annual reports.

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The Dead Kitten--A Child's Lament.

YOU'S as stiff an' cold as a stone, little cat;
Dey's frowed you out, and lef you 'lone, little cat;
I's a strokin' you's fur,
But you don't never purr,
Nor hump up any whur—
Little cat, why is dat?
Is you's purrin' an' humpin' up done?
An' why is you's little foot tied, little cat?
Did dey pizen you's tummick inside, little cat?
Did dey pound you wif bricks,
Or wif big, nasty sticks,
Or abuse you wif kicks?
Little cat, tell us dat.
Did dey laff whenever you cried?
Did it hurt werry bad when you died, little cat?
Oh, why didn't you run off and hide, little cat?
I's wet in my eyes,
'Cause I most always cries
When pussy cat dies;
Little cat, t'ink of dat.
An' I am awfully solly besides.
Dest lay still, down in de sof' groun', little cat;
While I tuck de green grass all aroun' little cat;
Dey can't hurt you no more,
When you's tired and so sore;
Des sleep quiet, you pore little cat.—*Exchange.*

Appeals to the Benevolent.

THE Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association is issuing an appeal for funds. It is the only organization providing free supplies of water for man and beast in the streets of London. From a return recently issued it appears that the number of men, women, and children who drank at *three only* of the Society's fountains during twenty-four consecutive hours was 17,979, and the total number of horses drinking at three troughs in the same period was 7,922. Most of these troughs have accommodation beneath for thirsty dogs also. There are now 712 fountains for human beings, and 286 large troughs for horses, etc., and 476 small troughs for sheep and dogs in the streets and suburbs of London; these are under the daily supervision of the staff of the Association, and, during a period of twenty-four hours, have been used by over two millions and a half drinkers, and at the troughs half a million horses have quenched their thirst. The cost of erections, removals, repairs, workmen's wages, material, cartage, cups, and all other charges connected with maintenance, including special erections for the year, has been £4,002; and the cost of water during the past year has exceeded £1,700. The Association is now face to face with a big deficit, and we hope the generous public will assist with no niggard hand so splendid a charity. The address will be found in the advertisement on p. iii. of our cover.

MISS EMILY M. L. HAIGH, 5, Sydney Place, Bath, writes:—

"Will you insert in the *Animals' Friend* a short appeal for some funds for my Lost Dogs' Home? The *cruel* and *unnecessary* muzzling order which came into force in Bath in April last caused *sad injury* to my Home. There was such a panic that no one would *claim* or *offer homes* to lost dogs, and I had to procure extra bedding, etc., for the poor animals, and to employ a second man, besides other unavoidable expenses. I have fifty-one lost dogs in the Home at present, and some of them are the victims who were seized and condemned to die under the rules of the Muzzling Order, but when this order was rescinded I offered to take these creatures into the refuge to save them from being poisoned and to try to restore them to their owners, who feared to claim them from the authorities. Under all these circumstances may I appeal for help?"

[Knowing as we do how largely Miss Haigh has drawn on her private means for the support of this Home, we heartily recommend her appeal to lovers of animals.—ED. *A.F.*]

[Our readers will do us a great favour if, in responding to the appeals, or replying to advertisements on our cover, they mention that they saw the one or the other in the *Animals' Friend*.]

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Our Children's Page.

CONDUCTED BY MISS EDITH CARRINGTON, AUTHOR OF "ANIMAL LIFE READERS," &c.

A PRIZE COMPETITION FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

WE have yielded to a desire that there should be a prize competition for the little people who read the *Animals' Friend*, or who, more particularly, sit at the feet of our Cousin Carrie. Our desire is to greatly increase the number of our readers and subscribers. Therefore, be it known by these presents, that any child who sends us the names of a dozen or more subscribers shall have a book with Cousin Carrie's autograph and a little message written in the fly-leaf of the title page. The Editor will keep a list of the competitors in his Big Book, and when the total of new subscribers obtained by any competitor numbers one dozen a prize shall be sent, unless the competitor wishes to collect still further and so obtain a larger prize. Children may send on names and addresses and the money as fast as they get them, or all at once. First, write plainly the name and address of the new subscriber, and then add, "Sent by," etc., giving name and address. The prizes are as follows :—

For every	12	new subscribers,	a book		of the value of	1s. 6d.
,,	18	,,	,,	a book or books	,,	,,	2s. 6d.
,,	24	,,	,,	,,	,,	,,	3s. 6d.
,,	36	,,	,,	,,	,,	,,	5s.

The books can be selected by the prize winners from the list advertised on page ii. of the cover of this number, and we include our first bound volume, value 2s. 6d., amongst the prizes. All prizes will be sent post free, and securely packed. There are no restrictions as to the age of the children, or who collects subscribers for them.

THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR LITTLE COUSINS,—

The green month of June is one of the gayest in the whole year for animals as well as ourselves. I dare-say most of you have already seen the sweet little snow-white lambs at play in the flowery fields, where their big, quiet mothers feed and keep an eye on the youngsters all the while. Once they were little too, but now they like to be quiet. Some children think that because they like to run about themselves, sheep must like it too; but it hurts them very much to run after they have grown old and heavy. I hope that nobody who reads this will ever chase the sheep.

Did you ever notice how the lambs collect into troops, like a lot of little children that they may run races and enjoy themselves all the more? No little lamb cares to play by himself. I have seen a party of them quite wild with delight running up a little slope that had a steep place to jump from at the end. All the lambs jumped down one after another, wriggling their tails with joy, and then they all ran round in a long line to begin over again. What fun they had!

One day I had taken my book out that I might sit to read on a sunny bank in a field where sheep and lambs were feeding. It is not a very good plan, I am afraid, to read out of doors. The poor book is sure to be shut up and forgotten, because the great picture-book spread all round is so much more amusing. I had not read half-a-dozen

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lines before I heard a very loud and anxious bleat from one of the lambs. It did not sound like the usual voice of a lamb, but seemed as if he wanted something in a hurry. Down went my book, and I began to watch the lamb instead.

After a minute or two he ran to an old sheep who was near and tried to suck, but she pushed him away. The lamb ran again away from her, again looked all round him, and bleated louder still. He did this several times, always running to the same sheep, and then looking about as he bleated. "I suppose he can't find the right sheep," thought I. But soon I found that the lamb was not looking for his mother at all. At last, from the far end of the long field, there came another bleat in answer to his own, and so like it in tone that it seemed an echo. It was faint at first, but grew louder and louder as another little lamb came racing up as fast as his legs would carry him. The first lamb ran to meet him, till the two touched noses in the middle of the field. They smelt each other and rubbed their woolly faces against one another like a pair of kittens. Then they both scampered at the top of their speed to the same grave old sheep who had refused to suckle one of them before.

But she did not drive either of them away now. Quite gladly she let the lambs place themselves one at each of her fat sides and begin to tug and pull at her udders, as if they were jerking a couple of bell-ropes. They went on drinking till they had had enough, when they went skipping away to romp together. Now what could have made the wise old mother behave like this? She was a clever sheep, I can tell you. She loved both her children alike, and tried not to spoil either of them; as she had only a certain amount of milk to give, she wished to divide it equally between the little brothers. She would not let one of the twins take his share unless the other was by to see fair play and have some too.

This is a rule which all sheep have made for themselves. Does it not show that they are sensible and just, as well as kind? After this I paid many visits to the sheep and her lambs, and saw that in time the little brothers learnt to call each other before they even tried to suck. The mother had taught them their lesson of unselfishness very well, don't you think so?

Your loving cousin,

EDITH CARRINGTON.

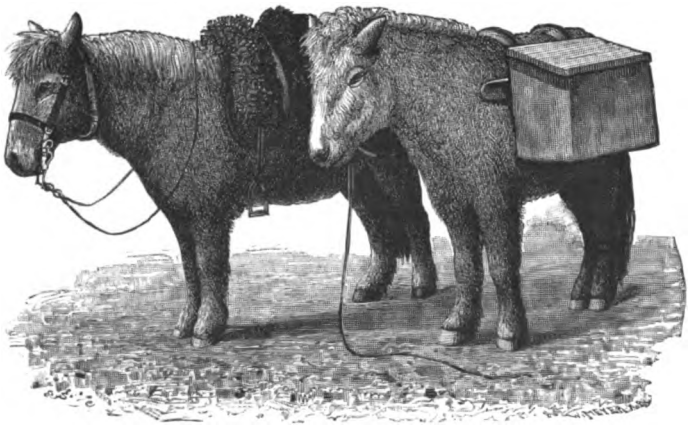
SLEEP, sleep, my treasure,
The long day's pleasure
Has tired the birds, to their nests they creep,
The garden still is
Alight with lilies,
But all the daisies are fast asleep.

Sleep, sleep, my darling,
Dawn wakes the starling,
The sparrow stirs when it sees the day break;
But all the meadow
Is wrapt in shadow,
And you must sleep till the daisies wake.

E. NESBIT,

(From "A Pomander of Verse."—John Lane, The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, London.)

SHETLAND PONIES.—Sir Walter Gilbey gives an interesting account, in the *Live Stock Journal Almanac* for 1896, of the origin of the different breeds of ponies, and their history. The Shetland pony was introduced by Scandinavians in the fifteenth century.



"The ponies," Sir Walter says, "are docile, easily trained to domestic use when kindly treated, and, being hardy and muscular, are capable of enduring much drudgery. There is a considerable trade in Shetland ponies, the demand for them having greatly increased of late years for working underground in coal pits, and many other purposes. They are the more valued for such uses, as, in proportion to their small stature, they have great strength, can subsist upon scanty food, and can stand rough and careless treatment. They are docile and manageable in the pit, and many of them do thirty miles per day, the weight of the load, tilt and coals, being generally from 12 to 14 cwt."

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M. Emile Zola on Kindness to Animals.

A GALLANT SHEPHERDESS REWARDED.

[From our Paris Correspondent.]

YESTERDAY (Whit-Monday), the Paris Société Protectrice des Animaux held its forty-fourth annual meeting. The Cirque d'Hiver was filled from floor to ceiling, quite 4,000 persons being present. After the opening speech the President introduced M. Emile Zola, who had been delegated by the Minister of Public Instruction to represent him on the occasion. Zola, a few months back, had written in the Paris *Figaro* an article called "L'Amour des Bêtes." The Société Protectrice, proud of having an advocate so eloquent, offered him its "Diplôme d'Honneur," and, rising to accept it from the President, he spoke as follows:—

"I have nothing of the administrator about me, and Monsieur le Ministre de l'Instruction Publique, who did me the honour to send me as delegate here to-day, must regard me as representing him simply as an animals' friend. I have no other qualification for speaking here to-day, and I imagine that to love animals cannot but honour every one, even the Government of a great people, and to say publicly that one loves them. I must say that this brotherly kindness I have for them is a source of no vanity to me, for I never made any effort to obtain it. I loved them as a child, and I have grown up loving them. It is certain that this tenderness was born in me, so active that I have not even had the merit of acquiring it and cultivating it. My only surprise is in finding myself, so late in life* amongst you here, seeing that for thirty years I have not written a book without speaking of my dear animals with all the warmth of my heart. The day has been long in coming, but here I am, at last, in the family circle! It is said there are people who do not like animals! I used to think I had met such people, but, on considering the matter, I found I had made a mistake. The truth is that every one likes animals, only there are persons who do not *know* that they like them. Can you imagine nature without animals, a prairie without insects, a wood without birds, hills and plains without living creatures? Represent to yourself for a moment—man alone, and immediately, what an immense desert, what silence, what inactivity, what frightful sadness! Has it not happened to you to cross some accursed plain from which animal life has retired, where one hears neither a song, nor a cry, neither the humming of an insect nor the flapping of a wing? What desolation! How the blood curdles in the veins! What horror one feels to be alone, not to feel around one the warmth of animal life, the envelopment of the great living family! And who could *then* say that he does not like animals, and that he has no need of them *all*, not to feel alone, fearful, and despairing? Let us love them, because they are the sketch, the model, the moulds, from which we came out, relatively perfected; let us love them because, if there is anything else in us they have in them nothing which is not of ours! Let us love them because, like us, they are born, suffer, and die! Let us love them because they are our younger brothers, infirm and incomplete, without language to tell their troubles, without reason to utilize their gifts. Let us love

* M. Zola is fifty-six.

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them in the name of brotherhood and justice, to honour, *in them*, the creation; to respect the work of life; and to make triumphant our blood, the red blood, which flows the same in their veins as in ours! I have said once before—your task is a holy one. You who have taken upon you the mission, from your hatred of suffering, to protect them, it is against cruelty you must declare war. You speak a universal language when you cry 'Pity and Justice for the brute creation!' From one end of the world to the other sister societies will hear you and answer. Let all the peoples then begin by uniting, so that it will be no longer possible to martyrise a horse or a dog, and then men, ashamed and weary of themselves increasing their misery, will end, perhaps, in not devouring each other."

The discourse of Zola was applauded vociferously. Others followed from the Belgian delegate, and some representatives of the Press, who had received diplomas. Then followed the distribution of prizes. The most distinguished recipient was a shepherdess, aged 16, who had on more than one occasion rescued a lamb from the jaws of a wolf. The details were read, with the letter from the Prefet, and that of the *gendarmerie*, confirming the facts. The enthusiasm was great when this simply dressed child mounted the platform, and modestly received the Savings Bank book with an entry of £5, and a medal, and many handkerchiefs were brought out by people who were taken suddenly *with colds in the head*. The meeting was brought to a close by a concert. The Minister of War lent, as before, an excellent regimental band.

Horses and Leeches.

IN the February number of the *Animals' Friend* appeared a letter consisting of an extract from *Pearson's Weekly*, giving a gruesome description of the feeding of leeches at Bordeaux with live horses, which were driven into the swamps and sucked down by their prey until they disappeared.

This brought to my mind the tale a Frenchman told me, which was almost word for word the same. Before doing anything further I inquired from several sources whether these ghastly horrors were true. On being assured that they were, I wrote my letters to the Press on the subject, and amongst the large correspondence this entailed I had several confirmatory letters.

It now appears, from inquiries made on the spot by the R.S.P.C.A., that the leech trade is practically *nil*. The trade was brisk in the fifties and early sixties, but the great decrease in the use of leeches in these days has rendered unnecessary the enormous increase in leeches, of which this excessive feeding was the *raison d'etre*. A few leeches are collected in the swamps by the peasants, but these leeches mostly get their nourishment from the legs of horses which wander by chance into the little pools where the leeches are secreted. A few horses are driven into the swamps for the leeches to feed on now and then, but these are used again and again, and though this is cruel enough, it is not the stupendous cruelty described in my letters. The swamps are only a few inches deep, so it is impossible for the horses to be "sucked down and seen no more."

No one can deplore the exaggeration more than I do myself. There are quite enough cruelties without inventing them, but unfortunately everybody cannot be made to understand this; amongst others my informants who made categorical statements to me. We all know that it is impossible to exaggerate *some* cruelties. I only wish they were as capable of refutation as the Bordeaux leech swamp atrocities.

In my original letter there is one part I should like to repeat. It is:—"May I warn humane people not to sell their old horses for which they have no further use? And if people send their horses to be killed, will they see that they *are* killed, and not kept to be sold for a small sum, to work out the rest of their wretched lives, ill-treated and starved by some 'rag-and-bone man' or others." This I *know* takes place from personal experience.

MAUDE HADDEN.

Walton-on-Thames.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe has printed as a pamphlet her address to the Barmouth Branch of the Selborne Society, read on May 28th last, entitled "Three Reasons for Humanity to Animals." We shall be strongly tempted to "pick and steal" from this interesting paper before long.

We hope to publish a special article by Mr. Lawson Tait, the eminent surgeon, next month.

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OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE has very kindly consented to give a prize of £1 for the photograph which, in the Editor's judgment, is the most artistic study of animals—in a word, the best picture sent in. This will not necessarily be the best photograph. We shall add a second prize of 10s., and a third prize of 5s.

We judge, from the comments of some of our competitors, that they do not think the competition quite fair to the general run of amateurs, because, up to the present, technique has been the chief factor in success, and not a general artistic picture. We think there is some point in this, but our judge, a highly-accomplished photographer of standing, judged according to his instructions. It must always be an invidious duty and delicate task for the editor to apportion the prizes amongst competitors, some of whom he may have the pleasure of knowing, but others of whom he has never met and never may meet. And then, again, he knows very little about the technique of photography. He may know a good photograph from a bad one, but fail to appreciate subtle excellences or to note defects apparent to the professional eye. So what is a poor editor to do? It is perfectly palpable that the prettiest picture may not be the best photograph viewed technically and *vice versa*. Take the question of clouds. Not one amateur in a dozen can manage the clouds, and not many can effectively deal with the light! It was the excellences in these respects of the prize photograph which secured premier honours in our June issue. Well, to conclude, we put it to the vote (post card votes only). Shall we continue the old system, or shall it be left to the Editor's artistic judgment?

The competition for Miss Cobbe's special prize closes on August 10th, and the results will be published in the September number. There was a tendency at first to send nothing but studies of cats and dogs. Latterly the majority of our competitors have tried sheep and cows, with a sprinkling of horses. Most of the latter have been in harness, or held by a halter. We want studies more close to Nature. For instance, passing through Bushey Park, near the Teddington side of the river, a few weeks since, we noticed an adjoining meadow literally alive with rabbits, principally young ones, and a perfectly sweet picture the scene made. Then, again, who has not observed the clouds of lovely snowy sea-gulls, off the cliffs of Beachey Head and other places; or troops of shaggy ponies on Dartmoor or in the Highlands; or deer in paddocks or their natural haunts, or flocks of geese waddling down meadow sides, or herds of goats and kids, or groups of sprawling puppies and kittens or chicks. Let us have a pretty picture, not a bald portrait of any one animal such as we can see at any hour of the day. To repeat the conditions with a slight alteration:—

Not more than two studies by any one competitor for any one competition.

Silver prints or platinotypes admissible.

All photographs of captive or stuffed animals absolutely barred.

Mounted photographs preferred.

The prize competitions to be produced in the *Animals' Friend*, but the copyright to remain the property of the competitor.

Stamps to be sent with the entries for their return.

The judge's judgment to be final and irrevocable.

All entries to be the *bonâ fide* work of amateurs untouched by a professional hand.

The competitions are open to the world, all competitions closing on the 10th of the month; therefore, all photographs arriving between, say, the 12th of July and the 12th of August, are in one competition, and the results will be published in our September number.

The coupon on the cover to be cut out and sent with the entries.

Overleaf will be found the results of the Competition which closed on June 10th. The next closes on July 12th.

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PRIZE WINNERS OF THE JUNE COMPETITION.

JUDGE:—MR. G. JERRARD, Claudet's Studio, 107, Regent Street, London, W.

SPECIAL PRIZE of 10s. 6d., offered by Miss Epps, for the best study of a donkey, or donkey and foal.—L. H. Verrey, Oak Lawn, Leatherhead, Surrey.

POSING FOR HIS PORTRAIT (AT LEATHERHEAD).

SECOND PRIZE, 5s.—Mrs. E. A. Perkins, Turnworth, Blandford, Dorset.

POOR RELATIONS.

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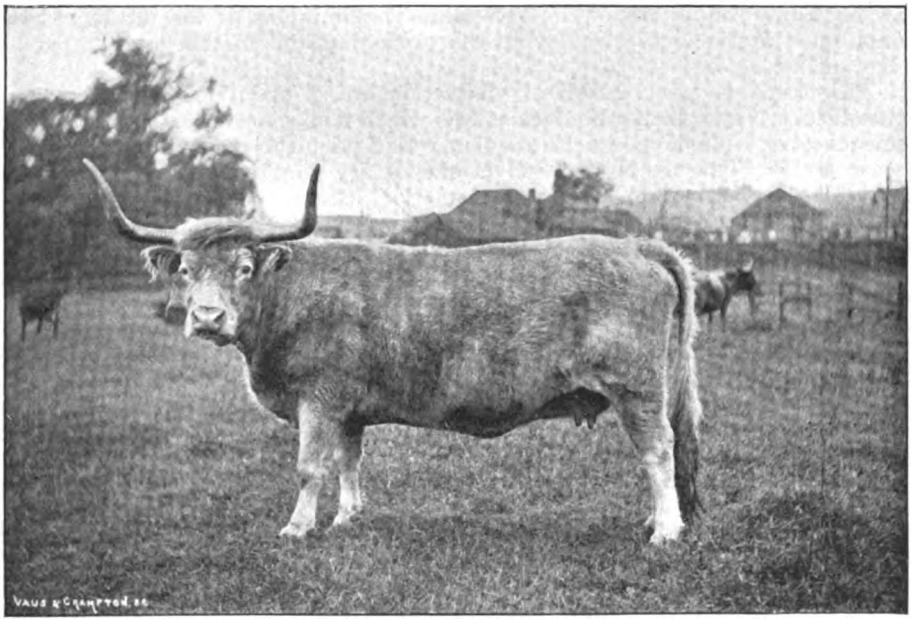
SPECIAL PRIZE of 10s. 6d., given by the *The Animals' Friend*, for the best general animal study.—Mr. R. W. Copeman, Kuhlos Cottage, Henstridge, Blandford.

"BROTHERLY LOVE."

SECOND PRIZE, 5s.—Mr. C. A. Morgan, Grange Place, Alloa, N.B



"WHAT FRESH IMPERTINENCE IS THIS, I WONDER?"

We have awarded two second prizes in these Competitions, although not promised, in the hope that Competitors will make the Magazine and its Competitions known.

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WHY I OPPOSE VIVISECTION.

No. 12.—By DR. BEALE.

IKE most members of my profession, I was nurtured in the belief that vivisection is an important, useful, and justifiable adjunct to medical science. But reflection and experience have convinced me to the contrary. I therefore oppose vivisection to-day from a strong conviction—first, that it is a course entirely at variance with true culture and the progress of society; second, that it is a method of research entirely unscientific; third, that it accumulates facts which, as honourable members of my own profession have said, are not only useless but directly harmful, as they only confuse the mind; fourth, on moral grounds. Besides being an unnatural procedure, it is one that is pernicious alike to the experimenters and to society, and an abuse of our powers over the animals.

I maintain that vivisection is at variance with culture and progress, because for true culture and progress the great essential is healthy sentiments with a strong altruistic motive, *i.e.* one where all personal gains are subservient to the *summum bonum* of the community, to humanity at large. It is indeed sentiment that makes man what he is, and the obligations between individuals are greatly heightened by the obligations felt to protect those below and weaker than themselves, especially the animals. Now vivisectors repudiate all sentiment, which they speak of as "sloppy," and to this degree they keep back the highest culture and progress.

Vivisection is unscientific, since, if science means anything at all, it means knowledge. True knowledge not only requires observation of phenomena, or effects, but the interpretation of such in relation to other phenomena. Vivisection has acquired and registered certain facts. But that no real knowledge has resulted from the observation of such phenomena must be patent to any unprejudiced person who has taken the trouble to read both sides of the question. Prof. Lawson Tait's refutations of the vivisectors' assumptions of the utility of vivisection must appeal very strongly to the profession and to the laity, and stand to-day unanswered.

The claims made on behalf of vivisection are, I maintain, misleading and contradictory. It is such a practice as this which makes medicine an art perhaps, a science *never*. We have lost the key that would permit us to know anything of disease *per se*. This age of medicine is one of dry empiricisms and guesswork. No one can say for certain what is the cause of disease. We make some shrewd guesses and are satisfied, till a more shrewd guess upsets us. We *think*, but we do *not know!* Vivisection does not help us, it only makes the confusion worse by adding contradictory evidence. This is not science. It deals with superficial facts, whilst the real operations are working beyond the ken of the medical five senses.

As an example of the confusion so caused might be mentioned the following:— For generations calomel was a trusted drug for specific purposes, but especially for its supposed action on the liver, till Dr. Rutherford, of Edinburgh, declared that every one in the past had been wrong, on the strength of the results of his painful experiments on dogs, and these experiments proved beyond doubt, *to the professor*, that this drug had no effect on the liver. But Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, a surgical authority we cannot ignore, declined to assent to this view, and in *The Archives of Surgery* (January, 1893) says:—

"In the present unsettled faith in drugs we cannot afford to neglect items of evidence from any witness. It is not so long since we were told, '*as the result of conclusive experiments*,' that it is a mistake to believe that mercury has any action on the functions of the liver. So far am I from putting any faith in such conclusions that I look forward with hope to a return of the time when calomel enjoyed the confidence of the public as well as that of the profession."

Other vivisectors found that the useful ingredient of lemons (citric acid) acted as a most deadly poison on cats and dogs, and yet it had only beneficial effects on man. Such experiments convince me that vivisection proves everything and nothing. Common salt, we are told, on the authority of intelligent men, if given in very attenuated doses, has been known to produce poisonous results, and yet we will carelessly take large quantities regularly. All this points to the fact that

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we know practically nothing of the laws that control the effect of drugs on the body. What, indeed, shall we say of those dangerous animal poisons that vivisectors are so proud of? We are expected to swallow (metaphorically) all the nonsense that comes with such experimental filth as anti-toxin, Koch's consumption cure, Pasteur's nostrum for hydrophobia, etc., and yet we own we know nothing of the direct effects of these things; not one is a reliable preventive or protection, and most are dangerous.

After all, the question is a moral one. It is Might not Right that gives the animals into the power of the vivisector. If we grant that vivisection is necessary, man is the proper medium—experiments on animals are so confusing—and no man more appropriate than him who is so ardently in favour of the practice. I unhesitatingly say that if he who declares vivisection to be necessary will not yield his own living body to the knife, but instead secures an inoffensive animal for the purpose, and then dares to say this is for the sake of humanity, he is no scientist, but an arrant coward and hypocrite. But I believe the apparent sanction of many disciples of Esculapius to this practice is due to an indifference to the subject, and many hundreds in their hearts feel a keen repugnance to it, whilst not caring to expose their opinions. Have I not heard that bold and devoted champions of this cause have been treated most insultingly and unprofessionally. We must never let the *esprit de corps* interfere with our duty to the public, to Humanity, and to Truth. We have no ill-feeling to vivisectors, but we regret the blindness that holds them to their task and which makes them dispensers of suffering and injustice to the dumb. We must learn to wander back to the true path of service that knows no harshness; to teach the suffering humanity how to keep well and live well, and then vivisection and its nauseating details will go.

ARTHUR ARNOLD BEALE, M.B., C.M.

ARTHUR A. BEALE, M.B., C.M.

175, Clapham Road, S.W.

Bird Catchers on Brighton Downs.

AMONG the many forms of cruelty, there is one—perhaps it has before been noticed—that is in practice on the Brighton Downs. Should one chance to walk across there any day, in fact *all* days, one is sure to see the bird catchers at work with their nets. Corn is laid close to this net, and very shortly thirty or forty birds will be pecking about, little thinking of their danger; when suddenly down comes the net, and there are the once free little songsters captive, to be roughly handled, packed in tiny cages, carried off and sold.

Many of the birds one sees, thrushes and others, hung up in a little cage on a cottage wall at sunset "to get the air," are not singing for joy; they are bewailing their fate, watching, for all we know, the setting sun, and thinking of the time when it was free to roam where it would, and now——I think I need hardly say more.

DUDLEY H. GRIERSON.

Perth.

P.S.—I have succeeded in doing a good deal of good with the papers you sent me at Eastbourne.

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Our Miscellany.

The real gist of religion is loving service: all else is form and veneer.—*Selected.*

The poet utters, the thinker meditates, the righteous acts; but he who stands on the borders of the divine world prays, and his prayer is word, thought, action in one.—*Balzac.*

The greatest dog owner in the world is Gustav Jovanovitch, the cattle king of the Russian steppes. For the protection of his 1,500,000 sheep he employs no less than 35,000 shepherd dogs of various breeds.

The Horse's Hat.

The horse's hat, which last year a humane horse owner in Bordeaux provided for his horses, is now becoming a great article of trade in France. It is made of straw and covers the eyes and forehead of the horse, while openings are left for the ears. A sponge is kept in the inside of the hat, and this is moistened from time to time with vinegar, so as to keep the horse's head refreshingly cool. By this means "megrims" are avoided.

A Feline Elegy.

LIST to the voice of weeping
Among thy whiskered peers!
Castalia lends her fountains,
And Niobe her tears.
Stay! ere with solemn paw thou tread'st
The far-off Stygian glade!
We call thee but for briefest space,
Return thou cat-like shade!

No more from balmy slumbers
Wilt thou at eve awake
To greet the clattering tea cup
Or welcome sight of cake;
No longer wilt thou arch thy back,
Or raise thy tail on high,
Contented 'neath affection's hand
To purr in ecstasy.

Not only 'midst thy kindred
Is household peace destroyed—
Thy loss in many a human heart
Has left an aching void.

O! queen of feline quadrupeds!
Through life, we oft may see
Grimalkins bold, grimalkins fair,
But never one like thee.

Alone in back-yard shadows
The neighbours' cats prowl on,
A note of wailing in their voice
Proclaims that thou art gone.
Speed then thy course, belovèd shade,
And leave us wrapped in gloom,
While maidens twine a cypress wreath
To deck thy honoured tomb.

MAUD VENABLES VERNON.

Protect the Toads.

In portions of Europe gardeners not only take especial care of the toads in the garden, but frequently buy to keep the stock good. Underground shelters are made for the toads by covering a small hole with a board or shingle; this practice might be imitated generally.

A garden well stocked with toads would be greatly protected from many of the insects that are now so destructive to many kinds of vegetation.

Insect Bites.

"People do not know how easily they can protect themselves and their children against the bites of gnats and other insects. Weak carbolic acid sponged on the skin and hair, and in some cases the clothing, will drive away the whole tribe. We have no doubt that horses and cattle could be protected in the same way from flies, which sometimes nearly madden them."—*The Lancet.*

The Horse and the Rolls.

An authentic anecdote of a horse was related to us recently. In Brooklyn, where our informant was staying, a horse drawing a milk wagon came every morning to leave the milk for the family. At about the same time the baker's wagon arrived, bringing the bread for breakfast. The man driving

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the latter was in the habit of giving a roll to his horse every morning, and finding that the milk-wagon horse appreciated rolls highly, he made a point of extending every day the same kindness to him. One day the baker was a little late and the milkman had turned to go away. His horse was some distance up the street, when hearing the sound indicating the arrival of the baker's wagon, he deliberately turned around and went back to receive his roll.

Insects and Colours.

One of the interesting discoveries of Sir John Lubbock is that bees can distinguish colours, and that blue is their favourite. Ants also are sensitive to colour, being able to distinguish the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, which are invisible to human beings, but he considers it doubtful if ants or bees can hear or communicate by means of sound. The fact that in animals other than man are found complex organs of sense richly supplied with nerves has led to the supposition that they are sensitive to impressions totally unknown to us.

Dean Farrar's Protest.

"Not once or twice only at the seaside have I come across a sad and disgraceful sight—a sight which haunts me still—a number of harmless sea-birds lying defaced and dead upon the sand, their white plumage red with blood, as they had been tossed there, dead or half-dead, their torture and massacre having furnished a day's amusement to heartless and senseless men. Amusement! I say execrable amusement! All killing for mere killing sake is execrable amusement. Can you imagine the stupid callousness, the utter insensibility to mercy and beauty, of the man who, seeing those bright, beautiful creatures as their white, immaculate wings flash in the sunshine over the blue waves, can go out in a boat with his boys to teach them to become brutes in character by finding amusement in wantonly murdering these fair birds of God, or cruelly wounding them, and letting them fly away to wait and die in lonely places?"—*Dean Farrar, in a sermon preached at Westminster Abbey.*

Will this Dog go to Heaven?

Recalling some of his experiences in Florida, in 1853, Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, writes:—

"Upon one occasion I stopped at a cracker cabin, where I was politely asked 'ter 'light and skin a tater' (to alight and have a potato). The man was petting a large deer-hound, the dog and master evidently forming a mutual admiration society. My host asked: 'Stranger, ain't yer a preacher?' I said, 'Yes.' 'Well,' was the return, 'I'd like ter ask yer if this dog'll go ter heaven?' 'Why do you ask that?' I said. 'Well, stranger,' was the reply, 'I suppose yer believe in the Bible? I can't read, but I've got a friend that *kin*, an' he says he's read in the Bible, just as plain as print, about a black and white horse in heaven. I suppose yer believe *that!* Well, that dog knows more'n any horse in the world, an' ef *he* can't go ter heaven, I don't want ter go neither.' I explained that the Gospel was God's message of love to us poor, sinful folk, and not to the dumb creatures who have not sinned; that it was our part to grasp the Saviour's hands and try to do His will, and that without questioning we could leave all these sentient creatures in the hand of God the Father, who would do right. I was touched with this simple man's love for the dumb creature of God, and only wish that there were more of like affection. If it were so, I am sure that the horrors of vivisection would be abolished." — *The Churchman.*

In Defence of the Hedgehog.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe has had printed and "put up" in Dolgelly and Barmouth the following "squib" for the benefit of those whom it may concern:—

Y DRAENOG.

WHEN TO KILL THE HEDGEHOG.

When you wish your fields and garden to be overrun with Mice and Voles,

Then kill the Hedgehog who destroys them!

When you wish Snakes and Vipers to crawl about plentifully,

Then kill the Hedgehog who kills them and eats their eggs!

When you particularly desire that Caterpillars, Grubs, Wire-worms, Beetles, and Slugs should increase and multiply, and eat up every green thing,

Then kill the Hedgehog, whose food they are, and who is the principal Insectivorous *creature in this country, placed here by Nature to keep the balance.*

When you are so great a donkey as to believe the silly old story (which was laughed at a hundred years ago by Pennant as a Welsh superstition) that this creature —with its small pretty mouth, not wide enough for a baby to poke in the tip of its little finger—is able to suck the big teats of the cows and draw the milk,

Then by all means go out valiantly, like brave men and boys, armed with sticks and stones, against this poor little, harmless and useful beast, and pound and kick and trample it to death. That will be about just as wise as it is humane and merciful!

If you happen, on the contrary, to wish that the numbers of mischievous Mice, Voles, Vipers, Caterpillars, Wire-worms, Beetles, Slugs, and Snails be kept down, and if you are not quite such an idiot as to believe the rubbish about the Hedgehogs milking the cows (when you can see with your own eyes that it is impossible for them to do anything of the kind)—then—pray,

DON'T KILL THE HEDGEHOG!

*** Did you ever observe that people who don't milk properly, and those who steal the milk, are very fond of talking about the DRAENOG, and how she certainly must have sucked the cows last night?

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Our Auxiliaries.

The Society for United Prayer against Cruelty—The Church Anti-Vivisection League.

THE Society for United Prayer for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, especially with regard to the practice of Vivisection, was founded about 1876 by Miss Sarah Joy, of Ashley Grove, Box, Wilts. The warm-hearted character of our foundress and the loving atmosphere which she diffused throughout her household are forcibly illustrated by a rare instance of cat and dog friendship which occurred there. Her pet dog, a Sussex spaniel named Rover, fell ill and died. His companion, Puss, showed herself inconsolable, and refused all food from the moment of his death. When he was buried in a corner of the garden, it was thought better not to let her see the place, and she was carefully kept in the house. Nevertheless, some instinct guided her to the spot and, ten days after her friend's death she was found lifeless on his grave. The origin of our Society will be best described in the words of our foundress. She wrote:—"After reading parts of the horrible Blue Book, published by the Royal Commission (in 1876), I felt that Vivisection was an iniquity of such enormity that the power of God alone could prevail against it, and that the cries of the poor innocent victims called aloud to us to plead for them with Him Who alone can help them. I wrote a short prayer and asked friends to join me in using it, so that we might offer a United Prayer. They so heartily responded that soon an amended prayer had to be printed. Thus our Society commenced, and it has been blessed far beyond our most sanguine hopes." When, after a lingering illness, Miss Joy was called to her rest in July, 1885, she left the charge of the Society to one of its earliest clerical members, the Rev. R. Augustine Chudleigh, rector of West Parley, near Wimborne, Dorset, with a bequest of £1,000 for the purpose of carrying on the work. This bequest unhappily led to a Chancery suit in which the money was lost owing to the Society's Roll Book having mysteriously disappeared, either during Miss Joy's long illness or shortly after her death, a disappearance which led the Judge to conclude that the Society had no real existence. After the disheartening experience of the lost Chancery suit the Society was allowed to lapse, no Secretary being appointed to succeed Miss Joy, though we know that many of the members continued faithfully to recite the prayer, and were very anxious for the resuscitation of the Society. This did not occur until the summer of 1891, when it was reorganized on a firmer basis, and the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles became our first President, and gave us revised rules and prayer. The Society now numbers 6,000 members, about 1,000 of whom are clergy and ministers of all denominations, and has branches in all parts of the world. Last year there was affiliated to it the Church Anti-Vivisection League, a society which was founded in 1889 by the Rev. J. P. Wright, M.A., Rector of Oldbury, in Shropshire, at that time one of the lecturers of the Victoria Street Society. The League has at present a roll of nearly 300 members, about half of whom are clergy. Its sphere is necessarily more circumscribed, as it is limited to members of the Anglican Church, whereas the Prayer Union welcomes all Christians and all nationalities. It is the special aim and object of the Church League to rouse the sympathies of Church people, and more especially of the Clergy, on behalf of the Anti-vivisection Crusade, and also to combat the unhappily prevalent opinion that the Church is apathetic in the Cause of mercy to animals.

MISS JOY.

MISS WOODWARD.

(MISS) A. L. WOODWARD,
Hon. Sec.

158, Lancaster Road, Notting Hill, London, W.

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Reforms Urgently Needed.

Pig-Slaughtering.

MR. EDWIN MILLARD writes from Costock Rectory, Loughborough, pointing out the cruelty of slaughtering pigs in full sight of their companions. "So often two pigs are kept, and one killed some weeks before the other. It would in most cases be quite as easy to have the revolting deed done a little way off from the sty, if clear orders were given." Miss A. L. Woodward (of the Society for United Prayer against Cruelty to Animals) called attention, at the International Humanitarian Conference in London last year, to the cruelty involved in the slaughtering of pigs, and there seems no reason to doubt that the method at present employed in no way errs on the side of merciful consideration.

———

Miss Boyle Meyer, of Upper Sydenham, S.E., writes :—

"I am more convinced of the value of the *Animals' Friend* every month. I trust some definite work of reform will soon be done *re* 'slaughter-houses.' I think the Parish Councils are competent to deal with them, are they not? Can we do anything to wake them up? I am trying to work up here an Anti-Bearing Rein Association. I think lovers of humanity to animals must *do* something, or their reason might go. I am often sad and crushed at the horrors of cruelty for '*table*' purposes."

———

Cattle-Worrying by Children.

"M. H." recently wrote in the *Whitby Gazette* :—

"To every one the sight must be more or less distressing of poor animals being driven along on their last journey to satisfy the so-called needs of civilization; but when, as on Tuesday evenings in this town, the poor terrified cattle are harried and worried by a tribe of screaming children, it is positively sickening. To the young folks in their ignorance it is 'fun' and excitement, but in the highest degree demoralizing. If parents and others in authority were once to get the children to think what that sorrowful procession meant to the poor innocent, harmless beasts, namely, that their happy lives in the sunshine and green fields are come to an end for ever, and that they are on their way to a death always more or less cruel and painful—the children would listen with pitying sadness, and the seeds of kind feeling, always predominant in their young hearts, would bear fruit. The reciprocation of kind feeling between man and the animal is a very pure delight, and universal to children. Christendom is still called by Orientals 'The Hell of Animals.' Let teachers and ministers of religion arouse themselves and do their best to remove that terrible imputation, at any rate from our land. That is a beautiful verse in Isaiah: 'They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.'"

This letter applies with equal force to the whole country.

———

The Licensing of Drovers.

We are glad to know that the Newton Abbot (Devon) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have presented a representative memorial, largely and influentially signed, to the Devon County Council, to enforce the licensing of drovers in order to ensure, as far as possible, kindness to the animals committed to their charge. The Council, however, having declared themselves powerless to deal with the petition, it was sent, after the necessary alterations, to the House of Commons, and presented by the Right Hon. C. Seale-Hayne, M.P., soon after the assembling of Parliament. Our excellent friend, Capt. H. Quintanilha, Hon. Secretary of the Newton Abbot Society, was responsible for the effort.

Some day our thousands of friends scattered over the country, by bringing the matter before their Members of Parliament, will succeed in moving "the powers that be," and thereby obtaining a much-needed reform in this direction. Don't let our friends rely too much on us. Our purpose is educational; but our friends are the levers, and by persistency we can move mountains, and some day, may be, even Parliament itself.

———

The Royal Buckhounds.

The following correspondence relating to this hunt has been forwarded to us for publication :—

To the Most Honourable the Marquis of Salisbury.

MY LORD MARQUIS,—As it has recently been stated by Sir Arthur Bigge that the question of discontinuing the Royal Buckhounds is one "which Her Majesty can only deal with on the advice of Her Ministers," I venture, on behalf of the

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Humanitarian League (Sports' Department) to express to you, as the head of Her Majesty's Government, our earnest hope that this hunt will not be permitted to enter upon another season's sport. I cannot suppose that any circumstances exist which would render it impossible to abolish the pack at once, or to suspend its operations, with a view to winding-up its affairs a little later on. As a justification of our solicitude on the subject of park-deer hunting, I may observe that, in this kind of sport, it is not only the quarry which suffers; horses suffer also, as one or more of the hunt-staff are frequently compelled to ride their steeds in a most barbarous manner, in order to save the stag from being mangled by the hounds. This permanent and objectionable feature of the carted-deer chase has not received in the past the attention which it deserves. We trust that your lordship will sympathise with the news contained in this letter, and that you will be able and willing to devise some means of bringing to a close an establishment which, in the name of the humane Sovereign of these realms, and at the national expense, carries on the unworthy pastime of chasing animals which are well-known to be practically tame.—I am, my Lord, your obedient servant,

J. STRATTON,
Chaplain of Lucas' Hospital, Wokingham.
June 8th, 1896.

Foreign Office, June 10th, 1896.

SIR,—I am directed by the Marquis of Salisbury to acknowledge the receipt of your letter expressing a hope that the maintenance of Her Majesty's Royal Buckhounds will be discontinued. — I remain, your obedient servant,

The Rev. J. Stratton. EVELYN CECIL.

The Clergy and Fox Hunting.

Mr. H. Worledge-Green writes from Gloucester :—I see by a Leamington paper that—

"How to enjoy Hunting" is the title of an article in the *Badminton* (March), by the Hon. and Rev. W. R. Verney (Rector of Lighthorne), which is illustrated by G. H. Jalland, and G. D. Gibbs, etc.

Imagine one of our Church of England clergymen—the authorized teachers of the Christian (!) religion in this land—openly advocating the cruel and debasing practice of fox-hunting, mistaking, surely, the teaching of the Founder of the Christian Faith, who taught the world—*not* to take *pleasure* in chasing an unfortunate animal to death—but in causing happiness, and not misery!

Unfit and Over-laden Animals.

In the House of Commons on May 11th :—

Mr. FELL PEASE (Cleveland Division of Yorkshire) asked the Home Secretary whether any of the Metropolitan Police are specially detailed to prevent cruelty to animals ; and, if so, whether they have power to prevent owners of omnibuses and other public or private conveyances from using horses unfit from size and strength to draw heavy vehicles.

Sir M. W. RIDLEY : No constables are specially detailed for this purpose. It is part of the regular duty of the police to take action in any case of cruelty that comes under their notice. The police have no powers in regard to animals generally other than those conferred by the Cruelty to Animals Act, 1849. In the case, however, of horses employed in public carriages they can act also under the Stage and Hackney Carriages Act, and special instructions are given to the whole of the police, and in particular to the inspectors of public carriages, to observe the horses used in omnibuses and tramcars, and report all cases in which the horse appears too small or weak for the purpose.

Mr. Swift MacNeill, M.P. (South Donegal), had, earlier in the Session, asked the Home Secretary whether he would suggest to the Commissioner of Police the necessity of issuing more precise and stringent instructions, urging the police by their personal authority to put an end to the common practice of overloading and ill-using horses in London. The reply was certainly not satisfactory. Where the element of personal profit enters so very largely into the possession and use of horses it is very difficult to persuade the owners to treat their animals with fair consideration, notwithstanding that, in the long run, the proper treatment of horses pays in less sickness and longer life.

At Eastbourne we know of two carriage horses which are veritable equine wonders. One is over thirty years of age, and the other is nearly as old. Their mistress has never permitted them to be driven too fast or too far ; they have never been worked, while in her possession, on Sundays; they have been properly fed and cared for and regularly exercised, and, in fact, have scarcely ever been "sick or sorry," as the saying is. Two more gentle, honest-looking, or happier creatures it would not be possible to meet. They are driven without check or bearing-rein, are perfectly tractable, and could be led by a child. This is as it ought to be, and would be in the vast majority of cases, but for the stupidity of the superior (?) creature *man*.

When we compare the happy and useful lives of these horses with that of others the contrast is pitiable. London 'bus and tram horses (those which are the property of companies) are well fed and looked after, but in the case of the latter (the trams) the terrific strain on the poor creatures is so great that their life, as tram horses, rarely extends to more than five years, and four years is the total in many cases. They have then to be sold out of the service. Most of these horses are Canadian bred, useful, hardy, honest sort of beasts. If our friends only recognized how much they might do by pressing this and other similar matters on the attention of their members of Parliament, great service might be rendered to our equine friends. We earnestly commend this matter to their attention. We believe the Humanitarian League, of 79A, Great Queen Street, London, W.C., was partly responsible for the above action in Parliament.

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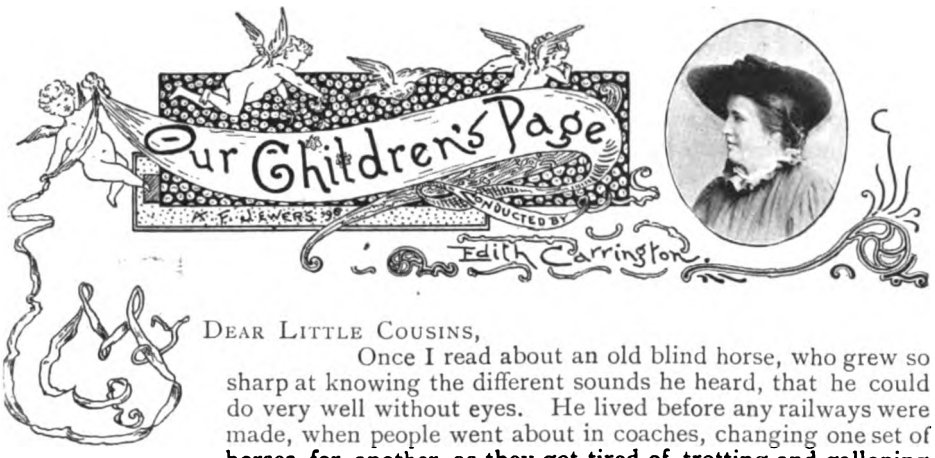

DEAR LITTLE COUSINS,

Once I read about an old blind horse, who grew so sharp at knowing the different sounds he heard, that he could do very well without eyes. He lived before any railways were made, when people went about in coaches, changing one set of horses for another as they got tired of trotting and galloping along the roads. This fine old fellow would always hear the coach which he was to draw coming along the road long before anybody else could catch the least noise, and he would come out of the stable of his own accord so as to be ready. There were a great many coaches going by, one almost every hour, and yet he knew the sound of his own coach from all the rest! For nine years he did this, and never made a mistake or came out at the wrong time. Did you ever see a blind horse? So long as he is guided by a kind driver he does not seem to be much afraid of walking, or even running along, but it is sad to see him when he has just been put into a strange field where he has never been before. He feels frightened at taking a single step, and starts at every sound. It is lonely and dreadful all alone in the dark, not knowing where he is.

You will be glad, I am sure, to hear how kindly some horses in a field near here behave to a poor old comrade of theirs who is blind, and how sensibly the blind horse trusts himself to their kindness. At Whitsuntide, when everybody was having a holiday, these hard-working things were allowed to stop dragging heavy carts of bricks up the steep hill, and to have a rest too. How happy they all looked, rubbing their sore, tired shoulders as they rolled on the soft green grass, kicking their weary stiff legs up in the air, instead of grinding their hoofs into the hard road! There was plenty of sweet hay growing in the meadows for them to eat, and a great wooden tub, big enough for children to sail boats in, was placed for them full of clean nice water to drink.

They enjoyed themselves very much indeed, all but one, who stood still with drooping head and sad dull eyes, scarcely daring to move. The others walked to the big tub when they were thirsty, and had a good drink, but this one horse, though he seemed to be groping about for something he wanted, did not know how to find it. In a slow, weary way he went on turning round and round in circles, but he never got any nearer to the tub. He stretched out his neck and fumbled in the ground for a pond, but none was there. This looked so piteous that I went to find a man, who at once fetched him a bucket of water and held it to him. Gladly he plunged his parched mouth into it and sucked the cool drink all up! "You see, he has lost his sight," said the good-natured farmer to me, "and in this field he feels strange-like." But next day I was much surprised to see a change. First I noticed that instead of staying by himself, he kept close at the heels of the other horses, walking where they walked and listening in a nervous way for the least movement they made. And he had made great friends with one of them, whose neck he kept on nibbling, while the other would nibble his neck in return. When one of them nibbled a little too hard by mistake the other gave a shrill squeal to tell him so.

When the horses changed from one of the fields to another, for there were several with open gates between them, they always took the blind horse with them. It was almost as if they began to understand his trouble, and wished to help him. When the second evening came and it was time to have a drink before going to sleep, the blind horse no longer felt about for water in vain. One after another in a long string the creatures all strolled quietly towards the tub, their poor companion

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in the middle, as if to show him the way. When they all dipped their noses into the big tub I noticed a little rough play and some horse jokes going on, but not one of them even *pretended* to bite the blind horse, or to push him away, or to try any tricks upon him. In two days more—you will hardly believe this—*he knew his way to the water tub as well as if he could see it.* And now that the others have taught him where it is he can walk in a straight line to the water from the far end of the long field, as well as you or I could do, quite by himself!

That is a thing which the wisest man ever born could not do if he shut his eyes and tried. Just shut your own and try to walk straight to some place only a little way off, and you will find how difficult it is. So you see how foolish it is to despise animals, for in their way they can do things quite as clever—yes, and quite as kind, too—as any of us.

Your loving Cousin,

EDITH CARRINGTON.

Appeals to the Benevolent.

We have received the following appeals, to which we call attention with great pleasure :—

THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, CORK.

Bow! wow! wow! I was so pleased to make your acquaintance at the Holland Park Dog Show at Kensington last week. I should have liked to tell you about my work (for I am a dog with a mission!) But I had so many admiring friends round me, or perhaps it might be, that, being introduced to the Prince and Princess of Wales, turned my canine brain a little! And I did not get talking to you as I should have wished. You will see from my story that I am collector for the Women and Children's Hospital in Cork. I have undertaken to collect £3,000, but as yet have only succeeded in getting £1,200. I am told that highly-bred dogs like me don't live long, so as I am now nearly seven years old I feel I must be up and bark vigorously to finish my work before I die. I devise all sorts of schemes to get in funds. I attend entertainments and sometimes get up entertainments, too. On my fifth birthday I gave an "At Home." I know it is not usual for dogs to give "At Homes," but, you see, associating with human beings as I do, I naturally fall into some of their little ways. Many distinguished visitors did me the honour of attending my "At Home." The Royal Hussars sent their string band to play, one of the officers (Lord Shaftesbury) sang at it, and of course I walked about in full uniform (with my collecting barrel). My birthday presents amounted to £110, not a bad afternoon's gleaning for a poor dog, was it? And now I shall ask you to insert the enclosed "Urgent Bow wow!" in your journal. Surely if I keep on barking in it for a year, I shall have cleared off my debt by

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that time. My mistress says I should say something about my hospital, having said so much about myself. Well, the hospital is unsectarian, it relieves all creeds; it has no endowment or grant, and it is the only hospital of its kind in the south of Dublin.

There are no Vivisectors on its Staff. I am a very intelligent dog, and, living in the hospital as I do, am in a position to testify to the useful work this hospital is doing, but it's work is dreadfully crippled for lack of funds. I earnestly appeal to all animal lovers to respond to the appeal of the Irish canine philanthropist. LEO.

County and City of Cork Hospital for Women and Children,
Infirmary Road, Cork, June 15th, 1896.

T.E.—(This is what you call a postscript, I believe, but I call it the Tail End.)—Enclosed is a photo of myself, taken with one of the hospital nurses and a little sick baby, the baby of one of the men in the 10th Royal Hussars. The children are so fond of me, and delight in being photographed with me; and of course, I'm very fond of the children, having none of my own.

A PLEA FOR OUR CATS.

May I venture to beg for a space in your valuable paper on behalf of the poor starving, homeless cat. I have built a small Cats' Home at the back of my own house, where all stray and starving cats are taken in free, sick or well, and either have homes found, or in default of a home, are sent in batches, three times a week, to be mercifully destroyed in the lethal chamber of the Battersea Dogs' Home—a painless death—death in sleep. I have already received the enormous number of five hundred cats since the 22nd January of this year, and now they average thirty-five to forty weekly. Anyone intending to desert, turn adrift, or leave in a empty house their cat, or who know of a homeless one, are earnestly entreated to send it to "The London Home for Lost Cats," 80, Park Road, Hampstead, N.W.; or if a postcard is sent, a servant in livery will call for it without charge. This charity is entirely kept up by voluntary contributions. Expenses are very heavy, and we pay 6d. for each cat admitted at Battersea, by contract, and not one person out of six gives anything with a stray. Visitors are invited to inspect both the Home and the books. All animal lovers must approve of my work, and those who dislike cats cannot fail to see the advantage to the public in general, of having their streets and squares cleared of wretched diseased cats, suffering from distemper and mange, and crawling into empty houses and areas to die. Since the sanitary dust-bins have come into such general use, thousands and tens of thousands of homeless cats, who before could eke out a miserable existence from the scraps out of the old-fashioned wooden dust-bins, now starve to death. If the animal-loving public would but help, a permanent Home for cats, equal to the Battersea Dogs' Home, and worked on the same principle, could be built, and would be of equal benefit in reducing the terrible number of cats, starving and homeless, a disgrace to our great metropolis. I earnestly hope for a generous support from those who love animals and pity their needless suffering, and entreat for even the smallest donation, which will be gratefully received and acknowledged. W. C. WILLIAM, Manageress.

"The London Home for Lost Cats," 80, Park Road, Hampstead, N.W.
May 27th, 1896.

A HARD CASE.

Allow me to bring before your readers the case of W. Johnston, late a tram conductor, in South-East London, who has been dismissed from his situation under circumstances which are a credit to himself and which secure for him the respect of humanitarians. The tram on which he was conductor will carry twenty people, and is drawn by one horse, except when going up Dulwich Rise, when a second horse is added. The two are expected to run up the incline, and when on a recent occasion a passenger wished to alight on the way up this incline, the conductor very properly refused to stop the tram on account of the horses. For this the passenger reported him to the Company, and he has in consequence been dismissed from his situation. He is a married man and anxiously looking for work, and it appears to me that any one who has work to give cannot do better than employ him; the cause of animals and of man will both be served in this way. I may add that while Johnston is out of work, a little temporary help would be most encouraging, and I cannot but think it is merited. I shall be happy to receive and forward any money that may be sent me for him. ELEANOR M. BEEBY.

Walden House, Worplesdon, Guildford.

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Selections from the Post Bag.

THE ETON COLLEGE BEAGLES.

IN the *Animals' Friend*, which reached me an hour or so ago, I note a letter from my friend Mr. Stratton, and I hope you will kindly allow me, an Old Etonian, to cordially endorse every word thereof. I must apologize for the length of this letter, and at the same time must inform you that I note the words "selections from the post bag" above Mr. Stratton's letter, which makes it more than doubtful whether my letter will be amongst the favoured "selections." Still, I pen it in the hope that I may be allowed to inform your readers of the sort of education (?) Eton boys get at the hands of their "spiritual pastors and masters," as also at the hands of those "betters" before whom they are to "order themselves lowly and reverently."

The substance of this letter has already been kindly brought before the notice of a London audience by Mr. Munro and the Rev. Joseph Stratton. Still, for the sakes of those of your readers who were unable to hear it, I venture now to reproduce it so as to vividly bring Eton life before them. To begin with, what most struck me when a boy at Eton—some sixteen years ago—was the total absence of humane teaching that prevailed there. To say that a certain institution entitled the "Eton Society" did its best to put down bullying, bad language, etc., seems to me to be conveying a very false notion of the real state of things to your readers. What really did take place was a tremendous lot of straining at gnats and swallowing of camels by those grandees who made up the precious "Eton Society," generally termed "Pop," from its being composed of the most *pop*ular boys, whilst the masters passively looked on.

On Sundays and at other times it is true we got moral essays read to us by our most estimable tutor, Mr. "Gamaliel," and Messrs. Chadband, Stiggins and Co. were not remiss in the chapels in pouring into our ears lengthy discourses. I am also happy to say that I find, on referring to a R.S.P.C.A. list, many of these gentlemen contribute to that society's funds; but then I contend that that is not sufficient when one of their duties, and methinks the chiefest of their duties, is the cultivation of boys' minds in other matters besides arts and sciences. True it is that we got plenty of encouragement in the shape of kicks and blows from the bigger boys if we did not play football and cricket, or look after stray balls in the lawn tennis courts; true it is that we got a certain amount of encouragement to row and play fives, to join the volunteers, and lastly (and by no means leastly) to give our reverend head master a cheque when we took leave of him previous to our departing from Eton for the University; but what did this all mean? It meant to my mind (and unless some very great changes have occurred since I left Eton, it means so still) that (according to the Eton *régime* and received ideas generally) if you want to make a boy a man by sending him to Eton it will make a man (?) of him by teaching him to have no regard whatever for the weak and defenceless, and also to feel that the greatest pleasure in life consists in tormenting persons and animals who are unable to retaliate in the very smallest way whatever. Small wonder then that the Eton College beagles get the warm approval and support of the Eton College authorities, though their purpose could just as easily be answered by the use, say, of draghounds or—at less expense still—of hounds such as are known at Oxford under the name of the "Hare and Hounds" Club, where pursuers and pursued alike are bipeds. Mr. Brinsley Richards wrote in his "Seven Years at Eton," that the Christian gentlemen (?) who thought it a fine pastime to support the Eton beagles, cut a fox's leg off so as to have less trouble in pursuing the animal! How far this may be true I am unable to say, not having taken part in the pastime that seems to commend itself so highly to both boys and masters at Eton, but I venture to say that Mr. Richards would never have published the statement unless he actually knew it to be true or had the amplest reasons for believing it to be so.

I have dealt in this letter chiefly with the question of cruelty practised on animals at Eton and warmly upheld by both boys and masters there; I have purposely omitted to deal fully with the question of brutality, crime, etc., which are well known to go on at Eton with little or no check, as I felt that that would be unsuited to your columns, besides adding to the already considerable length of this letter.—Yours faithfully,

HENRY JAMES ST. BENNO CUNLIFFE.

2, Pump Court, London, E.C., May 7th, 1896.

LET PUSS ALONE.

IF people would take the trouble to notice, they would see the extreme terror which cats exhibit, got into that state by the silly habit of boys and even adults making a feint at these inoffensive animals as if to annihilate them. Coming along a street at times I have watched the effects where there has been a cat lying upon a doorstep, or wihtin the railings of some area. First, poor grimalkin looks at my hands (in fear of sticks or stones), next at my feet (expecting kicks), and failing to find anything happen to her detriment, she looks up at my face for signs of friendliness, which I never deny any animal. Why should I? I *cannot* see the sense of this prejudice existing against "the harmless, necessary cat." I have heard so many say, "Oh, I don't like cats!" That puss is carnivorous ought to be her recommendation to ordinary mortals, seeing that a "fellow feeling" is said to make people "wondrous kind." That she is useful and ornamental (having a sleek, comfortable *tout ensemble*) is certainly in her favour. Then, I ask, why is this thus, and what is the cause of this thusness?—Yours sympathetically,

Finsbury, E.C. P. H. ECHLIN.

A SUGGESTION.

MIGHT I suggest to your readers who may be inclined to help in pushing the circulation of the *Animals' Friend*, that it would be a good thing to send copies to friends staying in foreign hotels, asking them to give them to the hotel library, and to write the name of the hotel in them. I have done this in the case of two hotels in Cannes and one at Mentone, and now am sending others to Nice. As there are so many English there, with little to occupy them, it may be an opportunity of introducing the magazine and its objects to their notice.

S. D. C. PAISLEY.

*** Mrs. Paisley's suggestion we hope will be adopted. This splendid lady worker has, in the two years of our existence, secured at least 130 subscribers for us.—ED. *Animals' Friend*.

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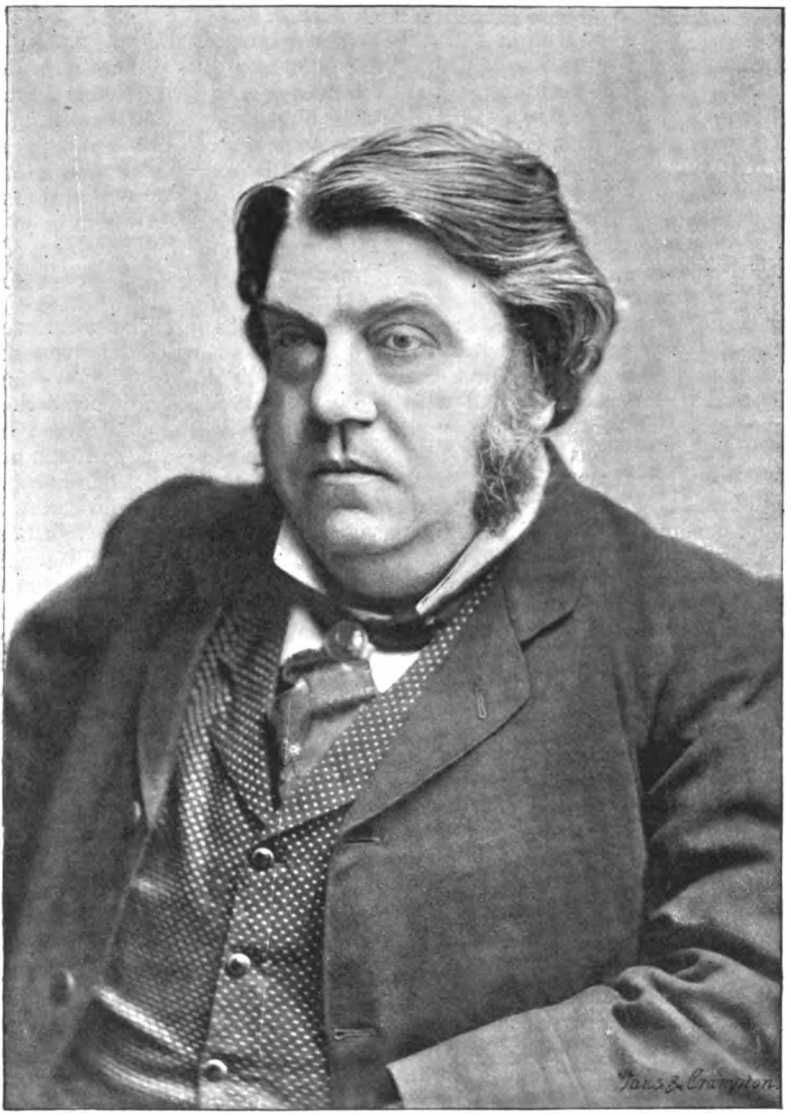

MR. LAWSON TAIT, F.R.C.S.

(EX-PROFESSOR OF GYNÆCOLOGY, QUEEN'S COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM.)

"Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all other liberties."—MILTON.

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WHY I OPPOSE VIVISECTION.

No. XIII.—By LAWSON TAIT, F.R.C.S., Eng. and Ed., M.D. and LL.D. Honoris Causa, etc., etc., Consulting Surgeon to the Birmingham Hospital for Women, etc., etc.

IT is now nearly a quarter of a century since I was startled into a review of my own work on the surgery of the arteries, and led to the humiliating recognition of the fact that the conclusions obtained from a series of experiments on animals could not be applied to man, and that our efforts to adapt them were leading us into serious surgical blunders. An extended investigation into which I was further attracted by the rising discussion of this question forced upon me the opinion that Syme and Fergusson were right when they stoutly asserted that surgery had in no way been advanced by experiments on animals.

I knew these two men intimately, and all who knew them at all must have recognized the fact that they would not by choice agree on an opinion which placed them outside the boundaries of general professional belief. They differed wherever they could, and very heartily expressed their differences. They were the two greatest surgeons I have ever known.

The opinions first enunciated by them, and entirely shared by me, have since their time slowly percolated through the profession, and will some day soon be completely recognized by the whole body officially. This is quite evident from casual conversations I have had with many members of my profession who have given the matter serious thought, and who are not influenced merely by professional traditions and by the assertions of the small band of their brethren whose positions drive them into the belief that "there is nothing like leather." Let it be borne in mind that for years back the favourite method of gaining the coveted letters "F.R.S." for use after a medical name has been the "physiological research," and that the governing influence in the Royal Society has been the biological school. These letters formerly had a distinct commercial value in the medical profession and were much sought after, but circumstances have fortunately altered, and now they are not so anxiously desired by assistant physicians and assistant surgeons to metropolitan hospitals, whilst in the provinces they have absolutely ceased to be noteworthy. This has, however, still to be said, as it might have been said any time this last twenty years, that any one holding the views I do on the subject of experiments on animals might as well stand for the Presidentship of the United States as for the Fellowship of the Royal Society—and of this no secret is made.

Further evidence of change in the attitude of the great body of the medical profession is to be seen in a leading article in the foremost medical journal, from which I take the following sentences:—

Lancet, November 26th, 1892:—"It is daily becoming more and more evident that the question to be determined is—how much good has been done, and how much information has been obtained by experiments on living animals. Of course even anti-vivisectionists disagree on this matter, but to Mr. Lawson Tait's credit must be placed the fact that he has accepted this as being the real point at issue. He maintains that no great advance in medicine or surgery has been made which could not have been gained by clinical observation. It is quite conceivable that there may be a grain of truth in this statement. . . .

"The questions to be discussed are:—I. Are experiments on animals justified by the results obtained? II. Are such experiments carried on under proper restrictions and by qualified and humane investigators in this country?

". . . Mr. Tait is a keen, we might almost say an obstinate controversialist, but an able surgeon, and we hope ere long we may hear that he has re-read his evidence, and has been convinced that there is some good in vivisection."

I take the following sentences from a letter in the *Lancet* of December 3rd, 1892, commenting on the leading article quoted above:—

"Your article deserves thanks, not contention. You are kind enough to say that I am a keen, perhaps an obstinate controversialist, and that you hope I

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may be ere long convinced that there is some good in vivisection. Would you be surprised to hear that I have admitted as much long ago, and who could doubt it after the masterly (no word is too good for it) unravelling of the sardine poisoning case the other day by Dr. Stevenson? This prince of toxicologists 'vivisected' some mice and guinea-pigs, and proved his case; but with it all there is a suspicion in my mind that if modern chemistry would give itself up to such work seriously, that splendid science could prove the presence of these mysterious poisons in a way far better than that of trusting to the random mediæval method of poisoning mice and guinea-pigs. The spectroscope solved in a trice, the other day, the mystery of the 'winking' star for the astronomer. Is not the possibility of sardine poisoning, open to all and any of us, a far more important matter than the size and shape of the orbit of Algol? It seems to me a rank discredit that we have to plead a necessity for vivisection in *any case*. It is so transparently *unscientific*, that is *inexact*. Let my brethren bear in mind that this method of research after knowledge, be it useful or be it useless, stands absolutely alone in being objectionable to every one. Not the astronomer, nor the chemist, nor the physicist, nor any one else among scientific men has had to defend or excuse any one of his methods of research. Is it not time that we began to at least apologise for this *bête noire* of ours? Not to defend it, but to express sorrow that our methods are so primitive, our science so crude, that it is still necessary—if it really is so. Further, should we not say that we regret it; should we not undertake to restrict it as far as possible, and keep it out of the horrors of the past as much as we can? And then should we not religiously and zealously move to replace it by better methods, and exhaust all other methods first?

"Even these protestations—and the bulk of us would be honest in them—would go a long way to keep moderate minded men on our side, but to make an all-round defence of everything that has been done is mere folly.

"LAWSON TAIT."

In an address delivered to the students of St. Thomas's Hospital by Sir Edwin Arnold, that distinguished authority on matters of humanity attacked the Vivisection question and, *inter alia*, spoke thus:—

"But as regards my own sentiments, that which chiefly led me to write the *Light of Asia* was the boundless and beautiful tenderness of the Buddhist religion towards the lower animals, whose lives are so mysteriously related to our own, whose lot is so largely at our disposal, and who are to us much as we human beings are to that invisible almighty power, at the feet of which we have sometimes too little cause to wonder if we ask in vain for pity and clemency. Therefore I will be bold enough to-day to put in this humble plea for the dumb martyrs of vivisection, that they may be as few as possible, as mercifully dealt with as possible, and that it be held by the inner *religio medici* which every true doctor cannot but possess and profess, that the meanest living thing thus sentenced to suffer and to perish for mankind derives from its very doom a certain enhanced regard and a special consideration to which the conscience of him, who is a gentleman as well as a doctor, will never be insensible."—*British Medical Journal*, October 12th, 1895.

The Editor of this journal is a Mr. Ernest Abraham Hart, a Hebrew with a past, and his rancour on the subject of the anti-vivisection movement in all its various phases, and his animosity towards those who support the movement in any way, has been most remarkable, even amongst those of his race who are noted, as Miss Cobbe has pointed out, for their support and their practice of vivisectional research. His present views indicate a most satisfactory modification of his past, so far as they go.

Commenting on Sir Edwin Arnold's address, the Editor of the *British Medical Journal* characterizes his utterances as "wise and eloquent," and concedes to the full one of our most strenuous contentions in the following passage (*ib.* p. 915):—

"Next as regards experiments on animals, we agree with him (Sir Edwin Arnold) that these should be as few as possible; that every possible precaution should be taken to avoid the inflicting of pain; and that the use of such experiments should be allowed to those alone who are thoroughly qualified to make them. . . . We agree, also, with Sir Edwin Arnold that any experiment on animals should be made with a grave sense of responsibility, and, as it were,

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under compulsion ; we believe that in England this is the spirit in which they are made."

So far as it goes, we may be satisfied with this conversion of Mr. Ernest Abraham Hart, and I for one shall persistently endeavour to win all such over to a full acceptance of the truth.

For the sake of him, and such as him, let me give two more illustrations of the uselessness and the positive danger of experiments on animals for the purpose of applying conclusions for the treatment of human diseases.

Some few years ago I began to deal with one of the most dreadful calamities to which humanity is subject, by means of an operation which had been scientifically proposed nearly two hundred years ago, but had never been carried out—I allude to the accident of ectopic gestation. The *rationale* of the proposed operation was fully explained about fifty years ago, but the whole physiology of the normal process and the pathology of the perverted one were obscured and misrepresented by a French physiologist's experiments on rabbits and dogs. Nothing was done, and at least 95 per cent. of the victims of this catastrophe had to die.

I went outside the experimentalists' conclusions, went back to the true science of the old pathologist and of the surgeon of 1701, and performed the operation in scores of cases with almost uniform success. My example was immediately followed throughout the world, and during the last five or six years hundreds if not thousands of women's lives have been saved, whilst for nearly forty years the simple road to this gigantic success was closed by the folly of a vivisector.

But that is not all. One of the conclusions of my operations was a physiological one, as simple as possible, and following from my facts as certainly as night follows day. It was that the peritoneal cavity was capable of digesting the soft gelatinous tissue of an early fetus. But this did not satisfy our German men of science, one of whom immediately set to work and, removing the immature babies from the wombs of a number of animals, he planted them in the cavity of the peritoneum of the same animals. Thus he assumed that he "confirmed" my statements.

I shall not harrow your readers by a description of what the sufferings of these poor little animals must have been, because I do not take up (though I feel very keenly) what is called the mere sentiment of this question; but I proclaim that the whole of this objectionable proceeding was useless and ridiculous in its purport, for ectopic gestation is unknown in the lower animals, and therefore no conclusion derived from this German kind of science could have been of the least value. But, on the other hand, suppose that the peritoneum of these lower and fur-clothed animals had not been capable of digesting the fetus, for animals differ vastly from man in these processes, these experiments might have created doubts as to the value of my operations on women, and the whole of this immense advance of surgery might have been stopped—a possible result really too awful to contemplate.

The establishment of anæsthesia by Simpson in 1847-8 let loose a flood of surgical advances, from which we have not even yet derived the full benefit. The great realm of abdominal surgery has grown out of it immediately. The first and greatest apostle, Isaac Baker Brown, started his work in 1851, and brought about the great improvement in the operations of ovariotomy of what is known as the intraperitoneal treatment of the pedicle. This he did by cooking the pedicle, by means of a clamp and hot irons till he stopped the bleeding. Years after, and after he had successfully dealt with scores of cases in this way, his treatment and methods were adopted in their entirety by Thomas Keith, of Edinburgh, who used them without alteration of any kind up to the time of his retirement from practice —a period of nearly thirty years. After Keith's death a claim was made by his son, Dr. Skene Keith, that his father had discovered the explanation of his success by some experiments on animals (*Lancet*, June 21st, 1896), and to that claim I made the following reply:—

THOMAS KEITH AND THE CAUTERY.

To the Editors of the "Lancet."

SIRS,—There is only one intelligible statement in Dr. Skene Keith's letter, to the effect that his father made some experiments on animals to prove something

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or other about the cautery. This is the first we have heard of the circumstances. Keith took the cautery from Baker Brown first, as the latter had used it for years before Keith operated. Keith used it in the same way for over thirty years without ever suggesting modification or improvement. It therefore follows that whatever Keith may have proved by experiments on animals had been already completely proved by Baker Brown on the human body. Keith's experiments on animals were, therefore, absolutely useless and unnecessary. If the facts are as Dr. Skene Keith states it would have been better for his father's memory if he had said nothing about them, as nobody ever suspected Thomas Keith of such egregious folly.

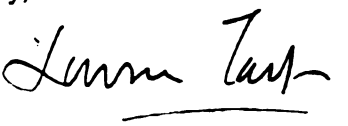
I am, sir, yours faithfully,

The Crescent, Birmingham, *June 22nd*, 1896. Lawson Tait.*

Here, then, ends the last, up to date, of claims made for the advancement of surgery by experiments on animals. The concluding illustration is a grim *fiasco*, for it leaves Dr. Skene Keith on the horns of a terrible dilemma—either his father concealed from his profession for thirty years knowledge which he was bound to impart to them, a professional crime of the most serious kind, or Dr. Skene Keith's statement is a mere invention. Which horn does he choose?

The fundamental objection on my own part to experiments on animals was derived at that time when, my eyes being opened, I adopted views such as are here enthroned as my *apologia*. Like Sir Edwin Arnold, I have been greatly influenced by the teaching of Buddha, and in the particular question of the rights of the lower animals and our duties to them I decide altogether against Vivisection, because it is inherently objectionable from my religious point of view, because it is clumsy and inexact, and because it has very frequently, if indeed it has not always, been found altogether misleading.

Birmingham, *July 14th*, 1896.



LAWSON TAIT—AN APPRECIATION.

By Alex. Bowie, M.D., C.M., L.R.C.P., etc.

(Editor of "Harvey on the Circulation of the Blood;" Fellow of the British Gynæcological Society; late Physician and Lecturer on Dermatology, St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, etc., etc.)

DEATH is generally the clarifying medium through which we discover the hero, and it is most often reserved for posterity to appreciate true greatness. In the case of our subject we hope that both have been, to some extent, stripped of their privilege by the timely recognition by his contemporaries of the qualities which constitute so commanding a personality. Neither historic name nor powerful connections have smiled upon this son of science to facilitate his ascent. His has been a career of hard work and patient thought, evolved from a singularly lucid brain. The perfected state to which he has brought the branch of scientific surgery with which his name must for all time be associated, when compared with what existed when he entered the field, makes it difficult to realise that any one man could accomplish so much. He found abdominal surgery chaos; he has made it almost precision. He set the flood of common sense flowing primarily on abdominal diseases, but there is no branch of modern surgery which has not felt the wave of his influence.

Born and educated beyond Tweed's northern strand, he possesses, in concentrated form, many of the qualities characteristic of the race from which he sprang. But in him the qualities of the man and philosopher are so merged or interwoven with those of the surgeon that it is difficult to speak in detail of them apart. Frank, versatile, a man of strong will and keenly alive to his surroundings, he is a persistent seeker after truth, and an uncompromising enemy of what he believes to be false in method or in principle. He has a wholesome contempt for the diplomatic art of concealing his meaning under fine-sounding phrases. He speaks as he writes, with the object of conveying his meaning, and, if possible, convincing; and both in speech and writing he has at all times inspired respect and occasionally dread. He studied medicine and surgery at Edinburgh at a period when giants taught in its schools, and came much under the influence of

* This letter remains unanswered, July 23rd, 1896.—L. T.

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Sir James V. Simpson, the discoverer of the anæsthetic action and use of chloroform, and Mr. Syme, a prince among operators—two of the most commanding personalities of modern medicine. Even in those early days he attracted attention, and scarcely had he obtained his licence to practise when he proceeded to develop his faculty for initiating new methods of operation. For the last twenty-five years he has been a prominent figure in the surgical world. By his daring enunciation of new principles, both in the science and art of surgery, and by his unique dexterity as an operator in his special branch, he has attracted world-wide attention. He has beaten all records both in the extent of his practice and in the low mortality resulting from his operations. Such success was not allowed to triumph without much opposition, especially among the older surgeons, many of whose reputations were seriously impugned by the exposure of the false or imperfect methods with which their names were identified. The displeasure of one distinguished surgeon was grossly unseemly in a scientific man, and a scandal in the law courts was with difficulty averted.

On the treatment of the pedicle in ovarian operations, the late Dr. Thomas Keith, in the *British Medical Journal*, July, 1880, wrote: "Simple experience with the clamp alone did little to diminish this mortality, for Mr. Wells published eight hundred cases where the death-rate in the last three hundred was greater than in the preceding three hundred. His results by the dropped ligature were even worse—38 per cent. All over the frightful mortality of one in four still continued." Baker Brown, by substituting the cautery for the clamp, reduced the mortality to one-half what it was under the clamp. Brown died; the lesson he taught was forgotten; men blundered on in experiment, and sought to prove from living rabbits, under painful and abnormal conditions, needless to say unsuccessfully, what had been demonstrated and lay before them. Keith in despair turned to Baker Brown's teaching, and at once reduced his mortality from 25 to 8 per cent. Here Lawson Tait comes on the scene, and, by the introduction of the ligature tied by the Stafford knot, settles the question of the treatment of the pedicle so far as present practice is concerned. He has all along frankly admitted the superiority, from theoretical consideration, of the cautery over his ligature, but the improved results from the latter method make it the best yet devised. In 1886 he was able to publish details of one hundred and thirty-nine consecutive cases without a death—the surgical marvel of the time—and since then his rare mastery of detail, and dexterity as an operator, have made a successful issue of any operation a foregone conclusion, if we allow for certain complications and accidents, the latter fortunately most rare.

When all the surgical world went mad over Listerism, and the craze was nothing short of an insanity, almost alone* he opposed the application of Pasteur's observations by Lister's system to the treatment of surgical wounds. He maintained that germs were to be combated in the wounds and opened cavities where success was possible, and not in the air by chemical means, which were futile. His assertions in those days were ridiculed, his facts were denied by Lister and his disciples, but time and the logic of facts have proved too strong even for self-interest, and the Taitism of 1870—1890 has become the Listerism of the present time. In days when the peritoneal cavity was a surgical *noli me tangere* to be gently sprayed with poison-laden solutions, he boldly washed it out with plain warm water at the end of his operations, a practice universally followed now, and a most important advance it has proved.

He devised a new operation by flap in ruptured peritonæum, a most distressing accident, and thus brought within the category of cure cases formerly doomed to a painful existence.

It is not so very long ago that the expediency of removing ovarian cyst was doubted on account of the mortality following the operation, as high as 50 per cent.,† but in more recent times operations upon the abdominal organs, other

* It is but fair to add that in the front rank of opponents of Listerism were to be found Drs. P. Heron-Watson, Granville Bantock, MacVail, the late Dr. Thomas Keith, Sir W. S. Savory, Mr. Callender and Professor James Spence, but the pioneer work of actively exposing its absurdity, and oftentimes worse than that, was chiefly done by Mr. Tait.

† Dr. J. Matthews Duncan, in 1857, in the *British Medical Journal*, condemned ovariotomy, and up to his death, in 1890, could scarcely be brought to give his consent to the operation.

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than the ovaries, were considered quite unjustifiable. The success of ovariotomy in his hands emboldened Lawson Tait to devise a new branch of surgery—that of the liver, all of which is due to his initiative, and much of that of the kidneys. The prevention and cure of peritonitis after operation, by means of purgatives, is also due to him.

It was he who established the doctrine of radical cure by early and complete operation, in acute and chronic inflammatory diseases in the pelvis. He was the first to propose, and by his practice to prove, that early operation in ovarian tumours gave the best results. He has abolished the use of tapping except in cases which were hopelessly malignant, and where it could be used as a palliative. He has secured the adoption of the principle that exploration is indicated in all serious abdominal diseases, where the life of the patient is in jeopardy, and no matter what difficulties are present, on the ground that it completes the diagnosis and forms the first step towards cure. The modern early and radical cure of inflammatory diseases affecting the cæcum and its appendages is due to him, and, what many may consider his greatest achievement, he has established the complete elucidation of the pathology of ectopic pregnancy and the method of its cure.

Photo by Jerrard, [107, *Regent St., W.*

Dr. Alex. Bowie.

His energy would almost appear to be ceaseless. He is the author of "Diseases of Women: A Text Book for Students and Practitioners," which has run through two editions; "Hospital Mortality: A Statistical Examination of the Returns of the Hospitals of Great Britain for Fifteen Years"; "Pathology and Treatment of Diseases of the Ovaries," now in its fourth edition; "One Thousand Cases of Abdominal Section" (1884); "One Hundred and Thirty-nine Consecutive Cases of Ovariotomy without a Death" (1886); "Lectures on Ectopic Pregnancy and Pelvic Hæmatocele"; "Diseases of Women and Abdominal Surgery" (1889); "General Summary of Conclusions from Three Thousand Consecutive Cases of Abdominal Section" (1892); and "Anatomy of the Umbilical Cord." This surely is a record worthy of many lives, yet it is but a brief and bald description of some of the results of one life, which has barely reached middle age.

Nor has he been unhonoured, as he went his useful way so full of life and work. A Fellow of the Royal Colleges of England and Edinburgh, New York and Albany bestowed Honorary M.D.'s upon him in 1886, St. Louis the same title in 1889, and the Union University of New York LL.D. in 1888. He was Hastings Gold Medallist in 1873; Cullen and Liston Triennial Prizeman in 1890. He has been President of the Hereford and Worcestershire Branch of the British Medical Association, Birmingham Medical Institute, the Midland Medical Society, and the British Gynæcological Society. He is Consulting-Surgeon to the Birmingham and Midland Hospital for Women, the Samaritan Hospital for Women, Nottingham, West Bromwich Hospital, and the Southampton Hospital for Women.

A philosophical Radical in politics, he contested unsuccessfully his adopted

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city of Birmingham. In 1886 he was approached on behalf of the Government of the day as to whether the honour of knighthood would be acceptable. With rare consistency he declined to have his name submitted, and again in 1892, when a baronetcy was in the same way proffered. While admiring his adherence to his professions in regard to titles, it cannot but be a source of regret to his numerous friends and admirers that his views did not permit of his accepting either honour.

He has told the story of his conversion to the principles of Anti-Vivisection elsewhere, and how he found the results of experiments upon animals totally misleading when applied to the human subject. In "The Uselessness of Vivisection as a Method of Scientific Research" he has examined the question historically and practically. The conclusions he arrives at are :—

> "That it has proved useless and misleading, and that in the interests of true science its employment should be stopped, so that the energy and skill of scientific investigators should be directed into better and safer channels. I hail with satisfaction the rousing which is evident in the public mind upon this question, and I feel confident that before long the alteration of opinion which I have had to confess in my own case, will spread widely amongst the members of my useful profession."

A lover of animals, sentiment played no part in his conversion. He attacked that subject as he has approached all the others mentioned, by examining their claims in the light of history and practice, and with a mind free from bias. The method must be accepted by opponents and advocates alike as eminently just and scientific. In reading either "The Uselessness of Vivisection" before mentioned, or his later "A Wrong Method," it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that sentiment is, after all, most practical, and science, true and holy science, most spirituelle. The results to men and women from the labours of this man, true and great as the present and the future must proclaim him, are quite incalculable. That he has been "more than armies to the public weal" who can question? By his exposure of the false and elucidation of true and new principles in surgery, he has saved countless men and women from untimely deaths, and even the animals, our humbler brethren, he has not forgotten.

[We congratulate our readers on having the advantage of reading this month the two foregoing articles, contributed by acknowledged authorities on the questions with which they deal. Mr. Lawson Tait's eminence as a surgeon is a matter of common knowledge the wide world over; Dr. Bowie is rapidly attaining the highest eminence as a physician in the West End of London, the home of many prominent medical men. Like Mr. Tait, Dr. Bowie, whilst always a consistent opponent of painful experiments on animals, has had sentimental, as well as scientific, scruples to so truly hideous a method of research. The reflecting public will require a careful answer to Mr. Lawson Tait's arguments, for he is, as Canon Wilberforce once so aptly remarked, "the *Athanasius contra mundum* in our great battle on behalf of a groaning and travailing creation." He is also so in his especial branch of his profession.—ED. *A. F.*]

MORALITY *versus* UTILITARIANISM.

". . . You represent the greatest force of all, because you represent . . . that continuity of moral policy which Great Britain cannot afford at any time or in any dispensation to disregard. That continuity of moral policy is a moral force by which, in my opinion, this country has to be judged. It is the salt which savours our history; it is a spirit which has exalted it; and it is by that, when we have passed away, that, in my belief, we shall come to be judged."—LORD ROSEBERY.

Will the lady who sent 3s. 3d. for 100 copies of "Murderous Millinery" also send her name and address?

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Miss Helen Gladstone and Vivisection.

A Protest: By Miss Betham-Edwards.

(Author of "France of To-Day," "Kitty," "Dr. Jacob," etc., and Officer of the Legion of Honour.)

To many, I dare aver, to most members of the Women's Liberal Association, a recent occurrence caused the deepest pain. I allude to the championship of vivisection by a woman bearing the honoured name of Gladstone. The pretext of such an apology, was, I believe, that of expediency, in other words, the possible benefit thereby accruing to the human race. It

Photo by Elliott & Fry.]

is to this point I intend to confine my few remarks, which I will preface with a quotation from one of the greatest moral teachers the world has ever seen.

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Nowhere has the case of the anti-vivisectionists been better put than by a *pagan* philosopher several thousand years ago. I emphasize the word pagan, as the apologists of vivisection are Christians, disciples of Him who said: "Be ye also merciful, that ye may obtain mercy."

In Plato's "Republic," Book VI., cap. 509, occurs the following passage (I use the admirable translation of Davies and Vaughan):—"Now this power which supplies the objects of real knowledge with the truth that is in them, and which renders to him who knows them the faculty of knowing them, you must consider to be the essential form of good, and you must regard it as the origin of science and of truth, so far as the latter comes within the range of knowledge; *and though knowledge and truth are both very beautiful things you will be right in looking upon good as something distinct from them and even more beautiful.* And just as in the analagous case it is right to regard light and vision as resembling the sun, but wrong to identify them with the sun, so in the case of science and truth, it is right to regard both of them as resembling good, *but wrong to identify either of them with good*, because, on the contrary, the quality of the good ought to have a still higher value set upon it!"

Can any one approving of experiments upon living animals, and at the same time calling himself a Christian, read this passage without a qualm of conscience? As I said just now, I wish only to say a few words on the stock argument of vivisectors, namely, that of benefit to the human race, in other words, of expediency. Now, if we think for a moment, there is not a single system of oppression, cruelty, or lawlessness that might not be apologised for on similar grounds.

Take slavery, for example. We have been shamed into an outward abhorrence of slavery. On the grounds of expediency how easy to defend it! In these days, when domestic service is gradually becoming irksome to women of the working classes, when "new women," and others of the more educated ranks, are competing in literature, arts, and the professions, the restoration of slavery would be an inestimable boon. No more squabbles over wages and privileges, no more difficulties about "characters" and followers, instead a nice little troop of slaves under absolute control. Why, the very notion is that of a fireside millennium!

Again, lying, wholesale mendacity, is every whit as defensible on the grounds of expediency as vivisection. A dozen nasty or uncomfortable little dilemmas could be got over every day as easily as possible but for the unpleasant conviction that we ought to speak the truth. Here, again, we have been shamed into the higher morality. Not to multiply instances in point, let us glance at history—past and contemporary. Why did the most Christian king, Louis XIV., order that wretched galley slaves should, *wherever it was possible*, be condemned to the galleys, not for a term, but for life? Because, being turned into mere machines by despair, they rowed better, and became more callous to brutal treatment (see Michelet and A. Rambaud). Here expediency got the better of even elemental humanity. Why is every Russian forced to adhere to the orthodox religion? Simply because religious unity is an easier system to manage, and more in harmony with autocratic institutions. Public opinion put down the galleys in France, future generations may witness the dawn of Russian freedom. We may confidently hope that ere long public opinion will abolish crimes more monstrous still—the infliction, in cold blood, of agonies indescribable upon tame, intelligent, ever affectionate creatures, for the sake of what?—some saving of pain to our poltroon selves. The maladies from which humanity suffers are, for the most part, of its own making. Let the coming race be made better by our own wholesome living and unselfish regard for the welfare of those as yet unborn, not by processes as unnatural as they are revolting, as contrary to the spirit of Christianity and true Liberalism as any of the abuses Christ's teaching and Liberalism have yet laid low.

THE *Ibis* (Berlin) calls attention once more to the decrease in the number of swallows, and states that it is not due, as is supposed, to the dangers of the sea journey, but to the murderous reception which meets the birds when they reach the *terra firma* of Italy and the South of France. It is high time that the Governments concerned should be induced to take stringent measures to prevent the ever-increasing danger of extermination which threatens these, our most beautiful and highly useful, summer visitors.

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Young Foxes—Unconscious of their Probable Ultimate Fate.

THE RIGHTS OF ANIMALS.

By Mrs. Lawson Tait.

"Though animals may vary in disposition, and have a good or a bad temper, they are not called upon to conform to a moral rule of right and wrong. They are not capable of virtue or vice in the proper sense. They are never meritorious or guilty. The wild beast which tears to pieces an unoffending traveller is not a murderer. The cat which tortures a mouse is not cruel. Therefore, also, if we punish them it is to teach them by the power of association, but it would be absurd and cruel to inflict a retributive punishment upon them in virtue of justice. When God inflicts pain it is always in the exercise of justice."—*From an article by the Catholic Bishop of Nottingham.*

IT is now many years since I first visited Nottingham; I think it was in 1877 that I went there with my husband on one of his numerous professional journeys. We stayed for two or three days and of course saw all the sights. Amongst these, and perhaps that which interested me most of all, was the Roman Catholic Cathedral, for there I found a chapel (on the right of the High Altar and dedicated, I think, to "the husband of Mary") which made a deep impression on me. There was a sense of peace and rest caused by its calm, religious beauty which sank deeply into my mind, and I felt that if ever I were in great trouble and in need of comfort it was there I should like to go and sit quietly meditating; and my thoughts have often gone back to it. Since then I have made many Catholic friends, and my sympathy towards their Church has been increased by association with them, and seeing their many acts of mercy and charity, the apparent tenderness of their religion most especially attracting me. But now I am disturbed and do not know what to think since the strange and, to me, repulsive attitude taken by some of its leaders and teachers regarding the rights of animals. It came to me as a positive shock when I read the declaration of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham. The charm both of his Cathedral and his Church was entirely broken.

Until I reached mature years I lived quietly on in the creed in which I was brought up—the Church of England, not troubling about anything outside it; but when I married a devoted follower of Charles Darwin, inevitably, and almost unconsciously, I inhaled the doctrine of the assimilation of what are usually known as the lower animals to ourselves. I attended many of my husband's lectures and could not help sympathizing with the new creed, in the face of the startling facts he displayed and from which he argued,—and twenty-five years ago it was neither easy nor safe to be drawn into that line of thought.

From the time I was a little child and left the country for the town, we never kept domestic pets; we sometimes had a dog who lived outside, but cats, to whom I am now devoted, were entire strangers. My first experience with these animals was a most sad one, and its results were so remarkable that I should like to put

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them on record, hoping to interest even the Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham thereby. The poor animal was a little tabby female cat belonging to a merchant's warehouse next door to where I then lived, ill-cared for at the best of times, and left to forage for herself from Saturday forenoons till Monday mornings. She soon learnt to visit our window-sill, where she sat begging until she excited our pity and had food given to her in return for a friendship which she speedily extended to us. Signs of approaching maternity increased our interest in the poor creature. This interest became intense when, on her visit one Sunday morning, she was evidently suffering great pain and distress. My husband examined her and found that she must have been in labour for a long time; but, owing to a deformity, only by surgical assistance could her kittens be born. She submitted to the necessary examination without any resistance, but when operative interference had to take place my husband put her under chloroform. His efforts to relieve her failed, and, therefore, the anæsthetic was prolonged into euthanasia. On *post-mortem* investigation it was found that the bones (pelvis) were distorted in precisely the same manner (and probably from the same causes) as occurs in women. My husband deemed this case so interesting that the specimen is kept at the Hunterian Museum. Nor is this a solitary case, for about two years afterwards we had given to us, also from a warehouse, another cat suffering from a similar distortion, who died, or rather had to be killed by chloroform, for the same reason as the former. Her pelvis was also sent to the national collection.

These two cases made a marked impression on my mind, especially as my husband tells me that the causes of the deaths of both were identical with those for which he has had to perform Cæsarian section on a large number of women. He did not perform this operation on the cats, as he could not have secured their own assistance for a successful after-treatment, and this was essential. The first cat seemed almost to know that he had some way of relieving her, for, after he had made one or two efforts to help her, before he finally put her under chloroform, she followed him about the house, and, even when suffering intensely, sat and begged to him in a most piteous manner as if fully expecting complete deliverance from her anguish.

One of the most attractive incidents in all that concerns the Roman Catholic Church is the prominence given to the maternity of Mary, which enters intimately, everywhere alike, into its doctrine, its ritual and its art. It is unnecessary to say that the finest artistic efforts in the world are representations of the "Mother and Child." This seems the key-note of the Roman Catholic Church, which blends with and suffuses everything connected with it. No device could be more beautiful to the mind of a human sufferer than the idea of appealing to the tender sympathy of the Mother to intercede with the Father and the Son.

Motherhood is in itself so sacred that its elevation into the central idea of a religious worship can be no matter of wonder, its suffering and the complete abnegation of self involved in its exercise must impress every one, for maternity changes the aspect and habit of all animals just as it changes those of every woman, and there is in the face of a mother cat the same maternal expression as in the face of the mother Mary as represented long ago by Andrea del Sarto, and in modern times by Holman Hunt and others. This peculiar look impressed by maternity upon the female of all animals is markedly shown even in cold marble in a statue of the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, at Florence, near the Porta Romana.

If this special expression is common to us and to the lower animals, and if they suffer as we do with diseases which extend to them the curse of Eve, where can the judgment of Bishop Bagshaw find support? He, like myself, stands apart as it were from thorough understanding of this divine emotion, for he is a priest and I am childless. But I take my stand from Nature's own book, for as I watched my favourite cat "Peepy" in her frequent confinements, I could not help believing that her nature, mental as well as physical, was akin to my own. On ordinary occasions there was nothing remarkable about her, she was timid and distrustful of almost everybody in the house but myself, so that she was not a favourite, and it was only in her times of need that her thorough trust in me exhibited itself. When her motherhood was near at hand, she would never leave me. I had to prepare her nest and stay with her; when she was suffering she

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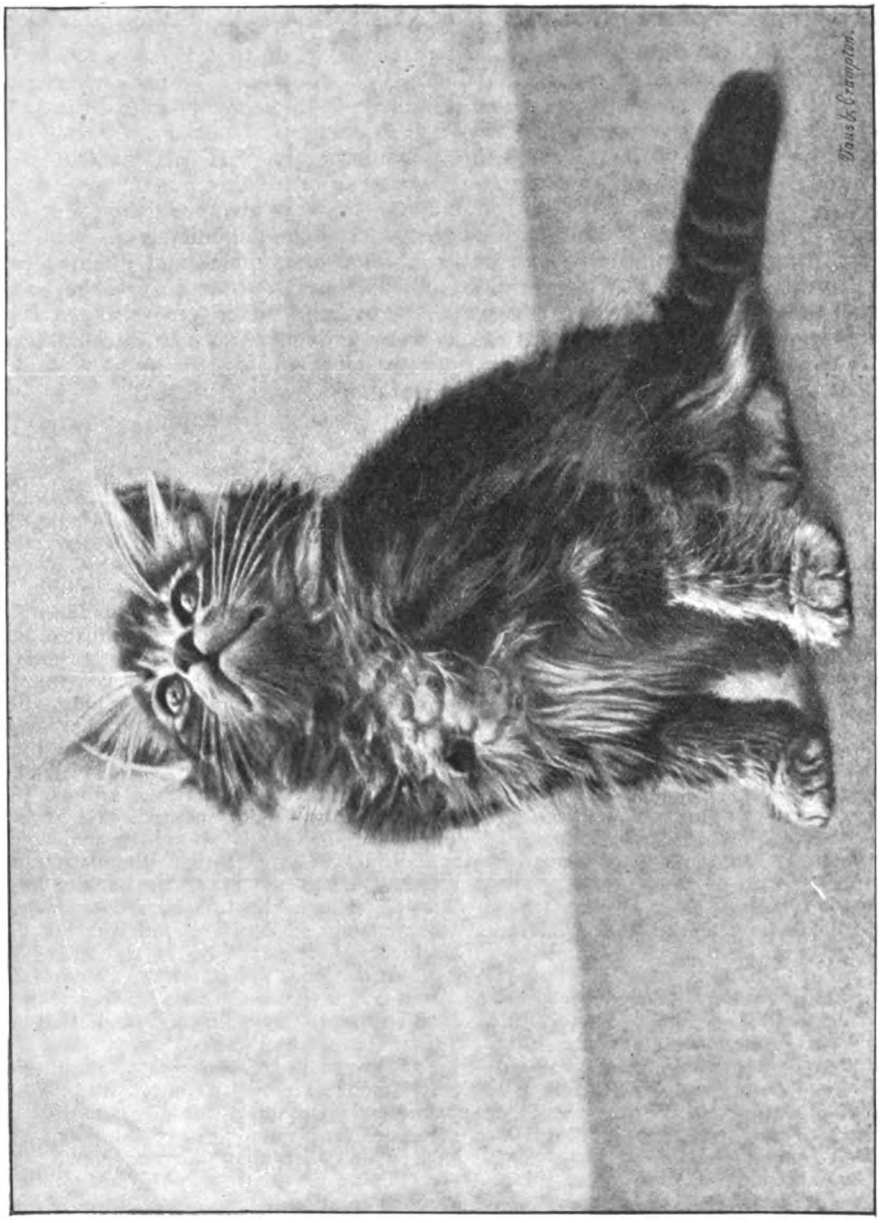

"And Sorrow Written Plainly on Her Face."

We are enabled to reproduce this beautiful photographic study only by the kind permission of the Artist, Mr. Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.

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placed her little head in my hand and bore her pangs without a murmur; indeed, she purred all the while when her breath permitted it, and for every little help her gratitude was marked, and her confidence in me unbounded. She generally recovered well, but on one occasion she was very ill and lost her kittens. She, too, suffered the curse of Eve—she had suppurating breasts. She was a devoted mother and would nurse guinea-pigs or chickens or anything that could be mothered. At such times her face was lighted up by the divine expression of maternity in a way that made her almost beautiful.

From this simple statement of facts it becomes evident that there is a sisterhood between the females of all animals, including women, as part of one great scheme, differing in degree only but not in kind, combining their physical, mental and moral faculties. Their sufferings may be the result of a special curse, but in that case it cannot have been bestowed on women only. If this suffering is inflicted by the Divine Being outside the consideration of this curse, how can Bishop Bagshaw assert that "When God inflicts pain it is always in the exercise of justice." The simpler, as well as the higher view of the difficulty is the answer to the old question, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?" Surely, if God has considered them thus, they, as well as all the other animals, must have their rights and suffer wrongs as we do. It is quite consistent with all the doctrines as well as the spirit of true Christianity for us to regard their rights. It is our duty to do them justice, and to show tenderness and pity to them as parts of one great family.

Story of a Pair of Cats.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—I suppose we lovers of animals have all heard at some time or other the law laid down that "animals have not souls." A person will listen to our remarks on the different forms of cruelty, look very horrified and sympathetic, and say, "Yes, it is all very terrible. But then these wretched people, no doubt, argue that animals have no souls. Of course it does not make them *feel* any the less, but then it is not so bad as being cruel to a human being!" If we remark that vivisection on animals leads up to vivisection on human beings, our friend looks terribly shocked, and says, "How dreadful." We may happen to answer "Certainly, but so is vivisection." The answer invariably comes, "Yes, but then you see animals have no souls!" Oh! the poor animals, are they to have no recompense for this life of torture? Why are they to have no souls? They are living, loving, pulsating beings like ourselves!

For my part I am sure—quite sure—that I could never be happy in a heaven without animals, and I should never *wish* to be in a heaven without animals. We have all heard of, and seen, the "woman with a soul in her face," have we not seen also some favourite animal looking at us with a "soul in his face"? I am sure we have, and the people who have not seen it have not *cared* to see it.

I have just lately been told the story of a cat, or I ought to say the story of a pair of cats. Here it is (I may mention that the truth of it can be vouched for by many witnesses): A lady possessed a beautiful female cat named Vimpus. She was faithful for two years to one particular husband; they were not merely lovers, but friends. Whenever Vimpus had kittens Tom used every morning to come to the window of the room in which Vimpus's basket was placed, ask to be let in, and then sit by the side of the basket and "talk" to his friend. Vimpus would show him her kittens, in which he took a great interest. He never missed coming, and for two years they loved and were happy; then Vimpus fell ill. She had a bad abscess at the back of her ear, and though she was nursed tenderly, nothing could save her. While she lay ill her lover came every morning and sat with her. At last poor Vimpus died. Tom found it out. A few weeks later he was found dead on the window-sill. He was buried in the same grave as Vimpus.

Few lovers in this world are so faithful, even amongst human beings. And Tom *had no soul!* Oh, no, it was only "instinct," that word that people are so fond of falling back upon when they hear of something extra loving or extra faithful amongst the brute (!) creation.

I am, Sir, truly yours,

MAUDE HADDEN.

Walton-on-Thames.

YOUNG FASTKIND—I thought you told me this horse was without fault?
STABLEMAN—So I did, sir.
YOUNG FASTKIND—Well, I notice that one of his eyes is blind.
STABLEMAN—That's not his fault, sir; it's his misfortune.—*Reformatory Record.*

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Our Miscellany.

Feathers in Ladies' Hats.

Sir W. H. Flower, K.C.B., D.Sc., etc., Director of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, London, writes in reference to the cruelty involved in the fashion of ladies wearing feathers in their hats:—"Especially has it been pointed out that the lovely, delicate plumes of the small white herons, or egrets, can only be procured by the destruction of the birds during the season in which they have their nests and young, as then only are these feathers developed. In the trade, for some unknown reason, they are called 'osprey,' though the real bird of that name, a kind of fishing hawk, produces no ornamental plumes. Notwithstanding all that has been said, the garden-party season now beginning (June 23rd) shows that the fashion is as prevalent as ever. I have recently noticed many of the gentlest and most kind-hearted among my lady friends, including some who are members of the Society for the Protection of Birds, and who, I am sure, would never knowingly do any injury to living creatures, adorned with these very plumes. Why is this? Simply because, in order to keep up their trade and dispose of their stock, the purveyors of female raiment, to salve the consciences of their customers, have *invented and widely propagated a monstrous fiction*, and are everywhere selling the real feathers *warranted as artificial!* Within the last few days I have examined numbers of plumes, the wearers of which were priding themselves on their humanity, relying upon the assurance of the milliner that they were not real egret's feathers, but manufactured. In every case it did not take a very close scrutiny to ascertain that they were unquestionably genuine. The only 'manufacture' consisted in cutting the plume in two, and fixing the upper and lower half side by side, so that a single feather does duty for two in the 'brush.' Thus one of the most beautiful of birds is being swept off the face of the earth, under circumstances of peculiar cruelty, to minister to a passing fashion, bolstered up by a glaring falsehood."

In Finland, eleven thousand ladies have joined a society, the members of which undertake to wear no feathers of singing birds in their hats.—*Ibis.*

How a Beautiful Hymn was Written.

One day Charles Wesley, the founder of the Wesleyan body, was sitting by an open window, looking out over the bright and beautiful fields. Presently a little bird, flitting about in the sunshine, attracted his attention. Just then a hawk came sweeping down towards the little bird. The poor thing, very much frightened, was darting here and there, trying to find some place of refuge. In the bright sunny air, in the leafy trees of the green fields, there was no hiding place from the fierce grasp of the hawk. But seeing an open window and a man sitting by it, the bird flew, in its extremity, towards it, and, with a beating heart and quivering wing, found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom. He sheltered it from the threatening danger and saved it from a cruel death.

Mr. Wesley was at that time suffering from severe trials, and was feeling the need of refuge in his own time of trouble, as much as did the trembling little bird that nestled so safely in his bosom. So he took up his pen and wrote that sweet hymn—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high."

That prayer grew into one of the most beautiful hymns in our language, and multitudes of people, when in sorrow and danger, have found comfort while they have said or sung the last lines of that hymn.

"Bristles."

From "The Daily Telegraph," London.

Sir,—Wandering recently through the ever-interesting grounds of the India and Ceylon Exhibition, my attention was arrested by an extraordinary notice. The skin of a wild boar was suspended before a stall devoted to brushes and brooms, and above the skin was affixed a printed notice bearing the heading which I have given to this letter. It told us that we were beholding the hide of a wild boar killed in its twelfth year, whose bristles during its life had been probably worth the sum of £97 sterling. And then it added, in the most cold-blooded style, that the custom is, in the country where these skins and bristles come from, to drive the wild boars once a year into a brick enclosure, heated to such an extreme temperature that the hides of the poor beasts blister and the bristles come out and are collected. The animals are then returned to their native forests until Nature has healed their injuries and produced a fresh crop of bristles, when the operation is repeated. Such was the gist of the notice which was calmly exhibited for public instruction, and, I suppose, amusement; but if such devilish practices exist anywhere, it seems to me that the bristle trade is one of the most cruel and nefarious that can be. Will not the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals make some inquiry into the matter?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
A Friend of Animals.

South Kensington, June 29th.

[We put it to our readers, after reading the above—Is there any limit to cold-blooded calculating human infamy?—Ed. *A. F.*]

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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION.

JULY AWARDS.

FIRST PRIZE, 10s. 6d.—Eveline C. Copeman, Henstridge, Blandford, Dorset.

SECOND PRIZE, 7s. 6d.—H. T. Mayell, 60, Belvoir Road, Montpelier, Bristol.

The Slaughter at Bull Fights.

According to the journal of the S.P.C.A. of Paris, 821 bull fights took place in France, Spain and Portugal last year, in the course of which 3,657 bulls and about 6,000 horses were slain.—*Ibis.*

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Third Prize, 5s.—Rev. T. Perkins, Turnworth, Blandford.

We submitted this question to the vote last month—shall we continue to have the judging done by an expert, awarding the prizes to the entries which possess the greatest technical excellence, or shall the Editor walk the thorny path and award the prizes to those photographs which present the most picturesque study of living animals. The vote is largely for the latter. Some competitors, of course, do not care who judges, so long as they are successful; others who have attained a meritorious proficiency in the technique of the art prefer a professional judge, to one who, admittedly, knows nothing, or next to nothing, of that matter; others again who strive to obtain a picture, and not merely excellence in technical detail, and who have largely failed in former competitions, now pin their faith to the Editor, who has judged the competition which closed on July 12th. Several bromides and platinotypes sent in were too dull and cloudy to permit of clear reproduction; silver prints are better for the purpose. The curious feature about this competition is that nearly every competitor seems to have wandered into the pastures to take snap-shots at the harmless but necessary cow. The competition which closes on August 12th is for Miss Cobbe's special prize of a guinea, with second and third money prizes offered by ourselves.

A Country Muse.

I am content to know that God is great,
And Lord of fish and fowl, of air and sea—
Some little points are misty. Let them wait.

I well can wait when upland, wood and dell
Are full of speckled thrushes great with song,
And foxgloves chime each purple velvet bell.

* * *

Ah, let me live among the birds and bloom
Of hazel copses and enchanted woods
Till death shall toll me to the common tomb.

* * *

My song is all of birds and pleasant homes,
For on such themes my heart delights to dwell,
And sing in sunshine till the shadow comes.

I sing of daisies and the coloured plot
Where dandelions climb the thistle's knee—
I take what is, nor pine for what is not.

I am for finches and the rosy lass
Who leads me where the moss is thick and where
Sweet strawberry-balls of scarlet gleam in grass.

And this I know that when I leave my birds,
The lichened walls, the heartsease, and the heath,
I shall not wholly fail of kindly words.

And while I journey to the distant Day
That first shall dawn upon the eastern hills,
Perchance some thrush will sing me on my way.

Norman Gale.

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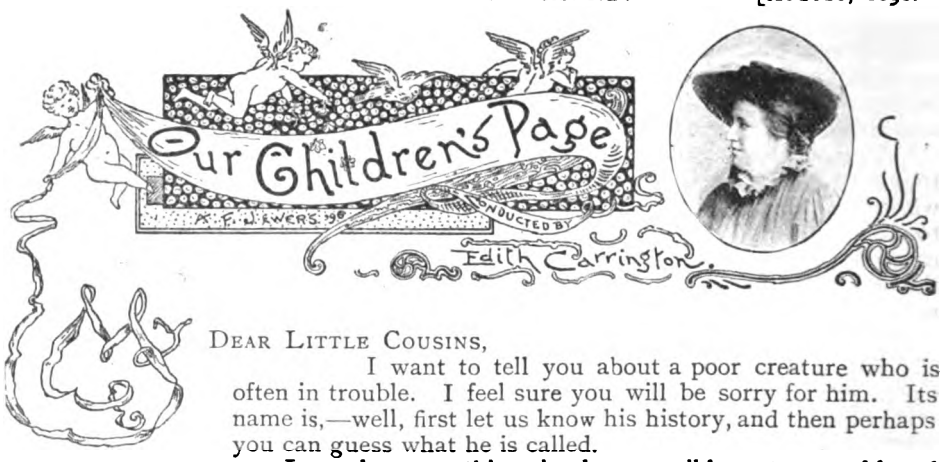

DEAR LITTLE COUSINS,

I want to tell you about a poor creature who is often in trouble. I feel sure you will be sorry for him. Its name is,—well, first let us know his history, and then perhaps you can guess what he is called.

Long, long ago this animal was a wild creature, and loved to wander about in the woods with his friends, digging with his tusks and grubbing in the ground with his long nose to find sweet roots or insects, cropping green herbs, and sometimes crunching up acorns or fruits which fell from the trees. They bathed in the clear brooks, or sometimes wallowed in marshy places to cool their skins, and they made their beds out of nice dry, fragrant grass. They always had plenty of the freshest food and never knew what it was to be ill or unhappy. But these merry days were soon over. Men caught these free creatures and shut them up in a narrow sty, where there was scarcely room to turn round, away from their playfellows, and here each one was forced to live, sometimes all by himself. And now, of course, you know that I am talking about poor piggy.

Ages ago his great grandfathers and grandmothers were wild pigs, and ran about where they liked. You would be surprised to know how kindly and cleverly they behaved to each other, though they were fierce, wild beasts. At that time hungry wolves were in the forests too, and often they would try to carry off a baby wild pig from his parent, and gobble him up. But as soon as the grown-up pigs saw him coming, they all ran together and stood in a circle, heads outwards, with all the little ones in the middle, so that the wolf could not reach one of their children. He was met by the sharp tusks and jaws of the brave old pigs, and it was lucky for him if he could slink off without being killed himself.

When the wild boars have no young ones to defend, a lot of them still go about together in some parts of the world, for no pig likes to be lonely. Even now, if two pigs have lived together in the same sty ever since they were born, one will sometimes die of grief if the other is taken away. This affectionate feeling in the pig's nature makes them keep together when they are in a wild state. If a wolf comes near a lot of wild boars, when no young ones are there, they all march slowly to meet their enemy, sticking up their bristles and grunting. The biggest and bravest wild boar walks at their head. He is the captain, so he goes in front. They are sure to gain the victory because they help one another.

Now, though we have taken the wild pigs prisoners and turned them into gentle tame pigs, they still keep many of their old feelings and habits. They still like to be clean and hate nasty sour, stale food that smells bad. They don't like to be always shut up alone, and often get ill if they are kept in this way. Somebody once caught a little wild boar and brought him home. This little piggy grew so fond of a young lady in the house that he trotted about after her everywhere and always slept under her bed. One night he grew very angry with a new maid, who began to undress his mistress. He flew at her and tried to bite, though he had not yet cut his teeth and tusks. He was afraid that this girl was a sort of wolf, and was going to hurt his dear friend. Little tame piggies get just as fond of those who are kind to them. Two brothers once owned a fine pig called Slut, and one day as the men were talking together she went strolling by, for she was not unkindly kept in jail. Richard (for that was one brother's name) tossed a bit of oatcake to her, and Slut was so pleased that she came up to say "thank you" as well as she could. As her master was patting her sleek sides the thought came into his head that he would teach Slut to follow him like a dog, and

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to fetch and carry as his dogs did. Slut's lessons began at once, and she was so good, and so quick at learning, that in a fortnight she knew what was said to her, and was wiser than any dog in the place. The dogs were a little vexed at this, and did not like to hear the pig praised.

Though the brothers lived in two houses nine miles apart, Slut would go first to one and then to the other, to ask one of her friends to take her out for a walk with him. It is hard on poor piggy to be shut into his dirty sty always. He longs to stretch his legs. If we must confine him it should be in as large a place as we can. To choose his food out of doors is a great treat, and he may be let out to do this now and then. You see from these tales that pigs are not at all stupid by nature, nor are they greedy, dirty or selfish.

A pig once showed how fond he was of a clean bed in a very funny way. He was let out one day while his sty was being swept, and instead of going to feed on the grass he walked straight to a barn close by, where some bundles of fresh straw lay. One by one he took the bundles in his mouth and carried them to his sty where he began to make his bed with them. When they were taken away he did

Photo by R. Cofeman.] [*Henstridge, Dorset.*

it again, till at last his master was touched at the poor pig's strong wish for clean bedding and let him keep them. It is plain that pigs would be very different from what they are if people would allow them. Whose fault is it when piggy's house smells horrid and looks filthy? Not his, for he has no hands or brush to sweep it out. He would be glad enough to get out of it if he could, and when a mother pig has little ones she always tries hard to find a clean corner for them to lie in. Nor would the pig eat nasty food if he could get nice food. He is hungry and a captive so he must eat what men give him. If a boy or a girl were shut up alone, and treated as some pigs are he or she must grow stupid, dirty, and perhaps greedy too.

I hope that the boys and girls who are now growing up will understand the nature of animals better. If any of you ever have pigs of your own to keep I hope you will not force them to lead such sad, unhealthy lives, and then lay the blame on the wrong shoulders. If we cannot keep pigs always loose, at least they ought to have roomy, airy, clean houses. Men and women who keep their own homes, or those of their animals, in an unclean state, are far worse than poor piggy, who cannot help himself. An old woman who lived near Bath used to rear

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the finest pigs that ever were seen. All the farmers round thought that she must have some wonderful secret by which she made the creatures so fine, healthy, and handsome. But by-and-by, when this grand secret was found out, it was nothing but soap, water, and a scrubbing brush, by which she kept them and their dwelling *clean*.

Your loving cousin,
EDITH CARRINGTON.

Humane Plays for Children.

RESULTS OF THE £10 COMPETITION.

MR. HENRY S. SALT, Hon. Secretary of the Humanitarian League, author of "Animals' Rights," and Mr. ERNEST BELL, of the well-known publishing firm of George Bell and Sons, kindly consented to act as judges in this competition, the conditions of which were announced in the advertising pages of the *Animals' Friend* as follows:—A prize of £10 is offered for the best acting play for children. Conditions: The play shall have for its object the inculcation of kind treatment of animals, or the denunciation of any of the many forms of cruelty that exist. It shall take about half an hour to act. There shall be not fewer than five characters, some male and some female. An additional prize of £2 will be given to any unsuccessful competitor whose play may be sufficiently good to print.

In all, thirty-seven plays were received from competitors of both sexes and very various ages. The subjects chosen ranged from "Vivisection" to the treatment of Newts, including the care of horses, donkeys, dogs, and cats, murderous millinery, bird-caging, the iniquities of the game laws, the horrors of the steel trap, etc. The majority were in prose, but some were in verse, and one ambitious competitor sent in a complete operetta in verse with original music—an attempt which deserved much praise, though it was not wholly successful.

The difficulty of treating such subjects as the above in a dramatic form was foreseen, and it was indeed this difficulty which first suggested the idea of the competition. As was to be expected, especially amongst amateur playwrights, the point in which the majority failed was in the absence of the dramatic element. While in all cases the sentiments expressed were wholly commendable and encouraging as a sign of the grasp of humane feeling in the minds of the writers, with few exceptions the plays were too didactic and devoid of action. If some of the unsuccessful competitors will look again at their work from this point of view and picture the children having to deliver their speeches and carry on their somewhat lengthy dialogues with little change of scene and less opportunity for acting, the critics think they will realize how, when performed, they would be apt to prove monotonous and to fall flat, however interesting they may be when read.

The first prize has been awarded to *The Tables Turned*, a midsummer comedietta, by Miss M. V. Vernon, Cassencary, Creetown, N.B. *That Horrible Thing*, by S. L. Mosley, Natural History Museum, Huddersfield; *The Weasel's Escape*, by Mrs. A. G. Bell; and *Peter and Gretchen*, by M. M. Crawford, have also been considered worthy to be printed, and prizes of £2 have been sent to the three authors.

The four selected plays will be printed by the Humanitarian League and issued in the autumn, price sixpence each. MSS. not returned will be sent on receipt of stamps for the postage.

To the Bird-Wearing Woman.—BY CARL HAWKS.

Have you ne'er heard
"A still small voice"
Plead for the bird?
Are no cries borne
To your dull ears
From mates that mourn?
From young in nest
Made parentless
At your behest?

"Sweet woman's" work,
Fit but to rank
With that of Turk!
And yet you dare,
For mercy pray
Who do not spare?
Christ did not bless
The cruel and
The merciless.—*Christian Register.*

A COPY of our bound volume has been presented to the Parish Library, Little Munden, Hertfordshire, by Miss S. S. Monro; and to the Free Library, Southampton, by Mrs. Holloway.

NOTICE TO READERS.—Several pages of matter have been unavoidably held over until September, when we hope to work off all arrears. Nothing can, therefore, be accepted for our next issue. Matter for ensuing numbers cannot be accepted after the 12th of the month.

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Shakespeare and Sentiment.

By M. Surtees Townesend.*

THERE is a notion abroad that the form of thought which has for its outward and visible signs such institutions as the "Home of Rest for Horses," the "Home for Lost Dogs" at Battersea, and such agencies as the "Victoria Street Anti-Vivisection Society," and kindred bodies, is entirely the outcome of a modern sickly sentimentality that cannot bear to look upon pain in any form, and of an imagination which invests the so-called "lower creation" with fine feelings and nervous sensibilities that it utterly lacks. Such foolish notions were unknown, say some, in the good old days of dog-pits and dog-maiming, and when the baiting of bears, bulls, lions, and even of asses, was the fashionable amusement. It is true that in times gone by there were inhuman brutalities committed on man and beast that are not to be met with now, but there are some of us who think that there is a refinement of cruelty in these days, when the horrors of vivisection are openly perpetrated, day by day, by highly civilized and cultivated men, in the name of science and under licence of the law of the land, which cannot be matched in the past centuries. Then, the horrors were wrought by the ignorant, the superstitious, the half-civilized, the unthinking. Now, it is the highly trained and cultured man of science who, in cold blood, cuts up living animals, physically as highly sensitive, and with as high moral qualities as himself, to prove what has been already proved over and over again, and could be even more intelligibly demonstrated by means of diagram. The scientist gives a cold and deprecating smile at the modern sentimental folly that would baulk him of his prey. He forgets that the noble-hearted of every age have been on the side of mercy.

Mabel Surtees Townesend.

No one can accuse Shakespeare (that much be-praised but too seldom studied dramatist and poet) of a sickly sentimentality, or of a lack of robustness; and yet his writings teem with allusions which show him not only to be a keen observer of the animal world, its manner of life and nature, but also to be full of that impartial put-yourself-in-his-place sentiment, that tender-hearted pity of the strong for the weak, which is the characteristic of the true animal lover. Did ever gentle spirit show more truly that shrinking from causing unnecessary suffering and death than the writer of the passage in *As You Like It* about the wounded stag?

* We are glad to welcome Miss Townesend into the ranks of our contributors. Readers may be interested to know that this lady is the sister of Dr. Stephen Townesend, the writer of the brilliant article which appeared in our April issue on the Vivisection Controversy.

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"Come, shall we go and kill us venison?" asked the Duke, in the Forest of Arden. And though it was for food that the Duke would kill the deer and not for the "sport" of hunting gasping creatures in search of "valuable and health-giving exercise and recreation," albeit he adds the tender comment:

"And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines, with forkèd heads
Have their round haunches gor'd;"

1 *Lord.* "Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim hath ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
'*Poor deer*,' quoth he, '*thou mak'st a testament*
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much;' then, being alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends;
'*'Tis right*,' quoth he; '*thus misery doth part*
The flux of company:' anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; '*Ay*,' quoth Jaques,
"*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;*
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assigned and native dwelling-place."

In many passages the same tendency to look on things from the animals' point of view may be traced; though the many-sided poet, the student of human nature, fails not also to portray the joy of the chase, and the sportsman's love for his dogs. We see how ardently Theseus praises his Spartan breed of hounds, whose heads were hung with ears that swept away the morning dew, "crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls," and how earnestly the Lord in the *Taming of the Shrew* charges his huntsmen to tender well his hounds, his loved Brach Merriman, Clowder, Silver, Bellman, and Echo, all brave dogs at picking out the coldest scent.

It may be said that Shakespeare, writing as dramatist, had no didactic purpose, and did not make his characters mouthpieces for his own views of things, but that he merely put into the mouths of each personality the words suited to the character he would represent. This is very true, but at the same time it is impossible in reading his plays to doubt on which side his own personal sympathies lie. Like all great souls he needs must love the highest when he sees it, and it is evident the gentle spirit of a Duke Senior and a Jaques, and the pleadings for mercy of a Portia, are more acceptable to his heart than the cruelties of an Aaron, who boasts with his last breath,

"Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me, heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more."

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Shakespeare's plays are not a treatise on natural history, but from a sentence thrown in as it were by chance here and there we gather, were it only by the number of animals mentioned, that Shakespeare's knowledge of zoology was extensive. We notice how the true artist, with one graphic touch, creates a picture to the mind's eye, or tells the story of the animal's nature or habits. For instance:

"A red-hipped humble bee on the top of a thistle,"

and

"The snake that throws her enamell'd skin,"

and

"As twinned lambs that did frisk i' the sun,"

and

"The temple-haunting martlet doth approve
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle;
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate."

In the speech put into the mouth of the much tormented Dromio of Ephesus we see the ill-usage of some poor beast, observed long ago at Stratford-on-Avon by the poet's keen eye: "I am an ass indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity until this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold he heats me with beating; when I am warm he cools me with beating; I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return; nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door." Such words might fitly describe the long-suffering life of many a sea-side hack donkey, or of many a poor brute which, well treated, would prove itself to be a faithful strong servant, but which ill-usage makes dull, obstinate, and even vicious.

Helena can find no better type of utter devotion than the love of a dog to his master. She says to Demetrius:

"I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you use your dog."

The faithful service of the dog is alluded to by old Adam in *As you Like it*. Oliver says scornfully to him, "Get you with him, you old dog." "Is 'old dog' my reward?" Adam answers. "Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service."

The friendly relations between dog and master are quaintly given in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, where Launce, though he describes his dog Crab to be "the sourest-natured dog that lives," nevertheless declares that he allows himself to be punished for the dog's misdeeds. "How many masters would do this for their servants?" asked Launce. "Nay, I'll be sworn I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he would have been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for it. Thou thinkest not of this now," said he to old Crab, who no doubt wagged his tail in reply, and was reputed wise for saying nothing.

What a pathetic touch is that when mad Lear, as the climax to all his ill-usage, cries aloud, "The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me!" Only an animal lover could have imagined the words of "Timon" when he cries out in his misanthropic rage, "I do wish thou wast a dog, that I might love thee, something."

It is curious to notice the traces of what might be called mythological

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zoology in Shakespeare, the traditionary lore of old times. For instance, the supposed jewel to be found in the head of the toad, the song of the "pale, faint swan, who chants a hymn to his own death," and the lapwing that runs away with its shell on its head in its haste to be hatched. At the same time the very modern and practical researches of Mr. Cornish, and his experiments at the Zoological Gardens as to the effect of sounds on animals, seem to be foreshadowed in the words—

"For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music; therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature."

"Nature teaches beasts to know their friends," and among the best of them we may surely reckon the man who wrote: "There is a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow," and "He that doth the ravens feed, yea providently caters for the sparrow, be comfort to my age."

The Jews of old were treated cruelly, and spurned from Christian thresholds like any stranger cur. "Thou call'dst me a dog before thou had'st a cause," said Shylock, "but since I am a dog, beware my fangs." And surely his plea for the ill-used Jew might with justice be pleaded for the poor dumb creatures committed to our care. "Hath not a 'dog' eyes? hath not a 'dog' hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die?" Differing but in one point—"shall we not revenge?"—in which sometimes the lower animal proves itself the higher, for seldom does an animal revenge itself, though it remembers an injury.

Would that a finger of fire would write on the walls of every laboratory and vivisection room in letters of flame, "How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?" and that "Portia's" golden words were pressed home to every heart—

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed,
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
* * * * *
"It is an attribute of God Himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice."
* * * * *
"We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."

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By EDITH CARRINGTON.

(Author of "Animal Life Readers," "Workers Without Wage," etc.)

"The merciless is doubly cursed,
As mercy is twice blessed."

"THE HUMANE EDUCATOR."

THE notion of feeding upon the scavengers of the sea is not a fascinating one, besides which, at no time does the flesh of crabs and lobsters form a particularly wholesome food, while it occasionally contains rank poison. The advice offered to individuals about to partake of them is *Don't*. It would seem that a certain degree of recklessness for the morrow must infatuate that misguided person who feasts upon crabs overnight, or indulges in lobster salad. Is it that the dismal doom of these poor crustaceans, slowly boiled to death, is avenged by the indigestible nature of their remains when swallowed by the human subject? Those who insist on rushing upon their fate, regardless of nightmares, indigestion, and possible blood-poisoning, ought at any rate to make sure that they are not purchasing their pleasures at the cost of any creature's prolonged torment. Crabs and lobsters possess a well-developed nervous system, and consequently feel pain.

Now, as the capacity for suffering is in proportion to the development of the brain, which is shown by varying degrees of intelligence, clever animals being more sensitive than stupid ones, it will be but fair, before treating any animal recklessly, to ascertain of what grade the victim is as regards sense. The life of a crab, unlike as he is to a butterfly, consists of changes almost as astonishing as the transformation scenes passed through by those children of the sunshine. Crabs do not begin life as they mean to finish it, for the infant creeps from his egg-shell looking like a tiny helmet, with a long curved spike at the top. Eight slender legs hang down from this, two goggle eyes, and a spike resembling a nose adorn the front, and the rest consists of a long tail. By jerking this the queer thing gets along, and every minute he turns "head over heels" in the water, like a tumbler pigeon in the sky. At this stage of his life he is no bigger than a pin's head, and he is a lucky youngster if he lives to the size of a pea, for hungry jaws and claws surround his path, including those of his own grandfathers and grandmothers, who do not recognize their young relation, and have not souls above cannibalism.

Life is not smooth for him even should he survive babyhood, for he must constantly be bothered by his clothes. He is always growing too big for his skin, and, being in a very weak and defenceless state while changing it, often loses his life or becomes a prey at this crisis. In his first new suit of clothes the young crab bears a strong family likeness to his cousin the lobster, with his long tail and pincer claws. But soon he assumes the correct shape, and becomes a crawling, and not a swimming, animal. And now the renewal of his wardrobe is a worse business than ever. A coat of mail has grown over his body, and he finds it a most awkward job to get rid of this when it gets too tight for him. But as he cannot grow inside this unyielding armour he must get outside it somehow. Retiring to some cranny, he begins to try. The jointed limbs are his chief difficulty; fancy drawing four pairs of legs out of stockings fitting like the skin all

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at once! He is able to contract his flesh, and so at last he comes forth free, though leaving behind the linings of his ears, and the bones of his chest, as well as the bony coverings of his lungs. Then he begins to grow fast, but his life is in great danger; till the new crust, already hardening over him, is finished, he can neither feed nor defend himself. Some naturalists have asserted that crabs take great care of each other when moulting, and Dr. Erasmus Darwin says that while guarding a shell-less crab, his protector is a great deal fiercer than while he has himself only to consider. Gosse once saw a male crab standing sentry over the hole in which his mate was in a state of "deshabille," and he showed fight when touched. This redounds greatly to the credit of an animal whose instincts would prompt him to show his fondness for his fellow-creatures by eating them, regardless of age, sex, or condition.

Lobsters evince their forethought by sometimes hiding a piece of fish which they cannot eat, and afterwards mounting guard over the spot where their treasure is buried. To the above testimonies of intelligence may be added one by Darwin, who, speaking of the sensible behaviour of a shore-crab, says: "It would, I think, be difficult to distinguish this act from one performed by man by the aid of reason." The crab in question was seen digging a burrow in the sand, and some shells were tossed towards the hole by an observer. One of the shells rolled in, and three others stopped short within a few inches of the mouth. In about five minutes the crab brought out the shell which had fallen in, and carried it away to a distance of some feet. He then saw the three other shells lying near, and began to think, "If that shell fell in, the others are most likely to fall in too. I may as well put them all out of the way while I am about it." And so this wise crab took the others, one by one, and placed them by the first.

The power which crabs and lobsters possess of casting away an injured limb and replacing it by a new one is well known, and is one of the many points which the two animals have in common. Though lobsters, like crabs, do not disdain to consume the foulest garbage and filth of the worst description, by getting rid of which they are valuable servants to the world, they will often attack living shellfish. Borlase watched a lobster engaged in a conflict with an oyster which he coveted for a meal. As often as the oyster opened his shell to dredge the water or obtain his dinner, the lobster tried to insinuate a claw. Of course the oyster instantly closed his shutters as it approached. After being baffled many times, the wits of the lobster proved equal to the occasion. Taking a small stone, he placed it between the oyster's doors so that he could not close them, and soon dragged out the hermit and demolished him.

Enough has been said to show that in dealing with crabs and lobsters humane people must take into consideration a certain degree of capacity to feel pain, no slight degree either, since considerable development of the brain and corresponding sagacity is proved. It is horrible to *torment*, however justifiable it may be to *kill*. And there is no excuse whatever for inflicting the long-drawn anguish of gradual boiling alive when we have power to make sure that death is painless, or at least instantaneous. When Shakespeare said that the poor beetle when trodden upon found his anguish as hard to bear as any giant would find the pangs of dissolution, he doubtless meant that the creeping creature suffered as much as he was able, just as a man shattered by an accident endures the uttermost. A cup cannot be more than full, though cups vary in size. We have no right to torture a lobster because he is not an elephant, nor fill his little brain as full of woe as it will hold, because it is not a man's and cannot feel despair like his.

It is satisfactory to learn from the best authorities that all lobsters turned out from Billingsgate have been killed in the most merciful way possible. The R.S.P.C.A. publishes, in the form of a valuable leaflet, an account of a visit by one of its inspectors to the boiling-room underneath that market, where he was satisfied that every precaution was taken to prevent needless suffering. The lobsters are carefully packed in iron baskets with covers, which are rapidly lowered into absolutely boiling water, of a sufficient depth. The baskets are weighed down with large stones. Death is instantaneous. When the process is repeated at home on a smaller scale, care should be taken that an ample quantity of water should be allowed in the pot, and that it should boil, not merely steam, before the lobster is put in. The creature should be weighted down. If several

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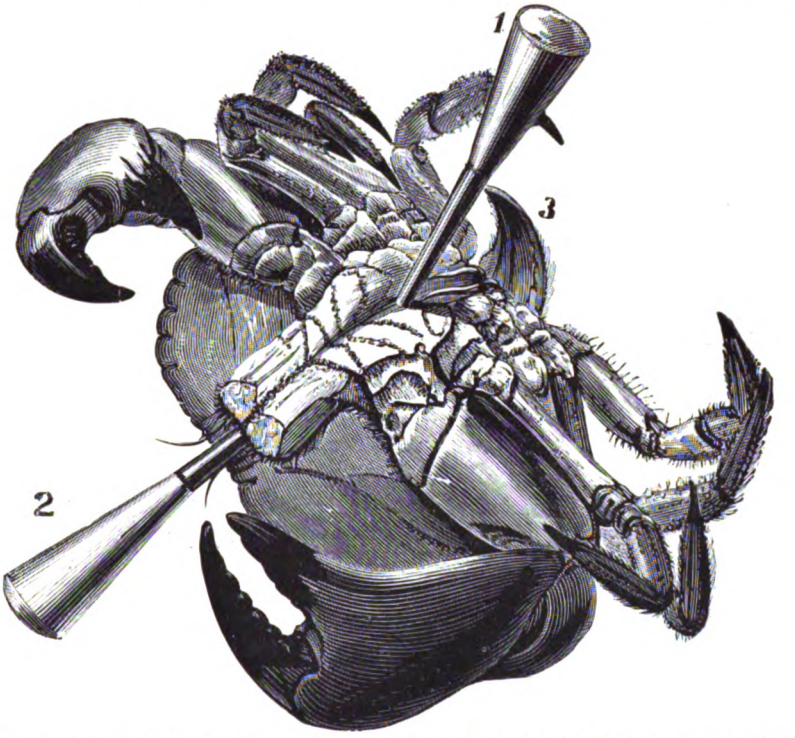
lobsters are to be cooked at once they should be firmly tied together, and secured in the pot by a flat disc of wood and a weight of some kind. If the boiling water is poured on them it should be done quickly.

With crabs the mode of execution is different, as the previously quoted account proceeds to tell. Armed with a sharp stiletto in one hand, the operator picks up one live crab after another, and places it back downwards on the palm of his left hand by a dexterous jerk. The stiletto is then inserted into its mouth and forced to the extreme end of the body, where the weapon is moved backwards and forwards a few times, causing instant death. The illustration shows two methods of "pithing" crabs or killing them by destroying the brain. This may be done from above, perpendicularly (1), or from the side of the shell horizontally (2). It should be done quickly, and the stiletto should be wriggled about so as to destroy the brain matter. The claws may be kept from pinching, meanwhile, by wedging



a two-pronged fork across them, should the amateur desire it—the professional killer is too skilful to need this precaution. If the insertion marked 1 be made, the little crown-lap (3) should first be drawn back.

When the crab is first caught he will try to save his life by carefully pretending to be dead, which would ensure his rejection by many of the species who feed on him, and who touch living prey only. Should his human captor remain obdurate in spite of this mute appeal for life, this is the right moment in which to kill him, for he may now be "pithed" without resistance. Those who wish to feed on crustaceans should at least insist on the use of these methods by their fishmongers, who are usually averse to wanton cruelty, though reluctant to accept new views. Those who cannot be reached through their hearts may be touched through their more susceptible pockets, and taught humanity by a temporary suspension of custom. "*Caution papers*" on this subject can be had from the Secretary R.S.P.C.A., 104, Jermyn Street, London, through whose well-known kindness the above modes of killing painlessly are described.

"We don't want bear stories," said the editor. "Our readers demand something spicy." "Well," said the man with the manuscript, "this story is about a cinnamon bear."—*New York Observer.*

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"Give us a Chance."

By Charles Bell Taylor, M.D., F.R.C.S.E.

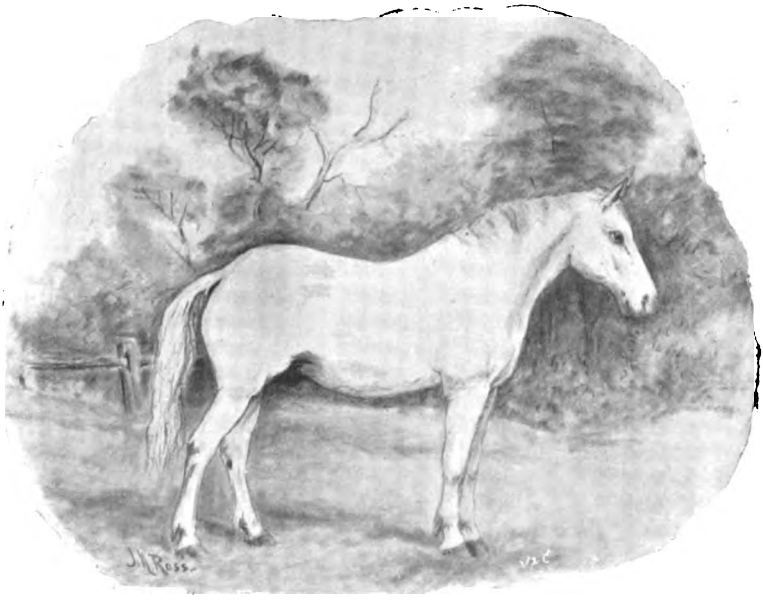
HOW many broken-down horses would "come again" if they only had a chance. Ouida has spoken more eloquently than any one for those who, although temporarily incapacitated, are still worked on as though there was nothing the matter, and I would fain endorse her pleadings. "What made you buy that wretched tumble-down beast?" said a friend of mine when "Smolenski" found his way to my stable. "Well, I bought him for a reason you would hardly appreciate!"

"What is that?" asked my friend.

"He looked so miserable!" I replied. The reader may like to see him, so here he is. With a little care and attention he "came again," as so many would. See him now as happy as a king.

Sketched by] Smolenski—As He Was. [*J. H. Ross.*

"Sunk in the world's regard,
Wretched and low."



Drawn from] As He Is. [*a Photo.*

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Mr. Bastin, in his excellent work on the horse, tells us that "in a small stud of six horses belonging to William Miles, Esq., of Dix Fields, Exeter, there were three aged forty-two, thirty-five, and twenty-nine respectively." They were taken good care of, and at these ages looked well and did their work in good style, for "Mr. Miles was very particular about having his horses and carriages turned out properly." There is a revelation! In fact horses are killed

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by the slow torture of overwork, and work when they ought to be resting or on the sick list, for we don't know what a horse feels, and, alas! he cannot tell us. Two of my carriage horses are white with age, yet so full of go and fire are they that a few days ago they all but dashed through a plate glass window, the groom at the mare's head and the coachman on the box being scarcely able to control them, as they would not "face the music" of a passing band, although it was far away at the end of the street. Here they are:—

"Lady Jane" and "The Silver King."

Wanted! A Mutual Horse Loan Agency.

THERE is an excellent pamphlet on "The Horse," by Colonel W. Lisle B. Coulson, J.P., published by The Humanitarian League, 79A, Great Queen Street, London, W.C., which contains a vast amount of valuable information on the ill-treatment of horses. That horses will "come again" we were given to understand some time ago by a very intelligent policeman in south-west London. Like the vast majority of the Metropolitan police he was from the country and had had a great deal to do with horses. The tramway horses, he informed us, were principally Canadian bred, and were four or five years of age when brought into tram work. So wearing was the labour, that though in the traces only three hours out of every twenty-four, the majority of these hardy animals gave out in three or four years, and had to be disposed of.

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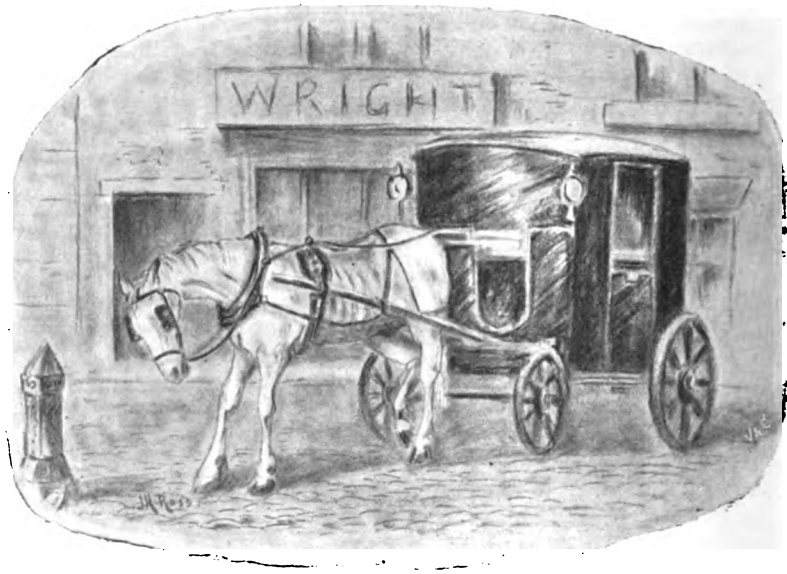

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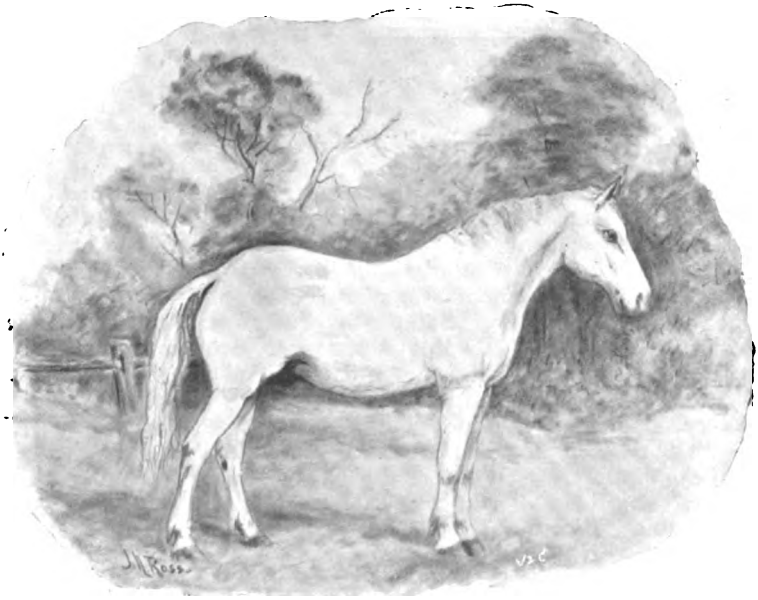

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The buyer was generally a horse dealer, who took the prematurely broken-down creature into the country, where a few months' complete rest in the meadows got rid of the leg troubles and weaknesses brought on by the hard travelling over the paved streets of London, and so improved the general appearance of the animal that it was fit to be sold for light cart work, a handsome profit being realised as the result. If all horse owners, particularly business men and tradesmen, would but send their horses "to grass," as the saying is, for two, or three, or even four weeks every summer, they would be amply rewarded by the better health, greater strength and activity, and longer *working* life of their animals. Of course, the question arises—What are they to do meanwhile? Surely in every town there could be instituted amongst owners a Horse Loan Agency on co-operative principles, for the purchase of a few horses, for the benefit of its members, who, by a weekly or monthly contribution, on the system of the insurance companies, could supply a horse, without charge, while the borrower's horse was out to grass or laid aside by illness, or even present him with a new one in case of death. Why not? We believe such a system would be a most beneficent measure for the animals and a real economy to the owners.—THE EDITOR, *A. F.*

The Buda Pesth Congress.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe has issued the following letter to members of the R.S.P.C.A.:—

Hengwrt, Dolgelly, August 8th.

FELLOW-ZOOPHILISTS,

An event of great interest to us all has just taken place at Buda-Pesth. As many of the newspapers have failed to announce it, I venture to take this method of making it known to you.

The Twelfth International Congress of *Societies for Protection of Animals* was held in the capital of Hungary on the 19th July and the three subsequent days. Two hundred delegates attended, as representatives of very numerous Societies in Austria, Germany, Russia, Scandinavia, Holland, England, France, Italy, and the United States. The most important subject of debate, to which paramount attention was given, and on which much feeling was exhibited, was—*the proper attitude of such Societies towards Vivisection.* A few speakers,—notably Dr. Schlenk of Frankfurt, Herr Behringer, and Herr Ohlsen—defended the practice under restriction; but Dr. Paul Förster (Member of the Reichstag) having made a most powerful speech against it, followed by Herr Warnus, Monsignor Landsteiner, Dr. Berdoe (London), Mr. P. G. Peabody (U.S.), Miss Woodward, Dr. Baird, Mrs. Mallet, and others, a division took place on Dr. Förster's Resolution—*that Vivisection ought to be forbidden by law*—and the votes were as follows:—

For the Total Prohibition of Vivisection	160
Against...	27
Majority	133

Seven Delegates abstained from recording their votes.

After twenty years of efforts, impeded by the indifference or opposition of Societies professedly founded to protect animals from cruelty, but, in some cases actually directed by vivisectors and supporters of Vivisection—we, Anti-vivisectionists, view this conversion of opinion with profound joy and thankfulness. We now venture confidently to hope that all Zoophilist Societies, English and Foreign, will henceforth join hand and heart with us in striving to abolish a practice which is beyond doubt or question the most atrocious of all cruelties—the "sum of all villainies"—towards the brute creation.

Respectfully yours,

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

MOTTO FOR A.V's.—"Mere intellect," says Julius Hare, "is as hard-hearted and heart-hardening as mere sense; and the union of the two, when uncontrolled by the conscience and without the softening, purifying influences of the moral affections, is all that is requisite to produce the diabolical ideal of our nature."—*From* "Guesses at Truth," sent by M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

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WHY I OPPOSE VIVISECTION.

NO. XIV. BY REV. WILFRID LESCHER.

AM opposed to vivisection because it is wrong. It is wrong because it is cruel, and because it educates people in cruelty and teaches them to be cruel without seeming to be cruel, which I call the extreme of cruelty. Cruelty to animals is not so bad as cruelty to man, nor is vivisection done to animals wrong as if done to man. Nevertheless it is wrong. No one has ever said it was right, except as a bare necessity.

Because I cannot fix the exact amount and degree of wrongness in it, am I therefore prevented from opposing vivisection? Am I to pause and turn aside and utter no protest against atrocities because I cannot define what sin there is in them? My common sense tells me that this is the tyranny of pedants. My experience tells me that it is a subterfuge to gain time and hide what is going on. Vivisectionists throw dust in our eyes by raising theological discussions.

Vivisection is wrong by the English law. The Act against Cruelty to Animals included vivisection, which was only allowed afterwards by licence, that is, as an exception to the law. The English law says that it is wrong to cut up animals alive. It allows no excuse from the butcher, from the fishmonger, from the farmer. It reluctantly allows it to, perhaps, a hundred or so of the thirty millions of the population, and under stringent conditions and anæsthetics.

This is the theory of the law. In that theory vivisection is clearly wrong, considered as an established practice. Are we then to be abused because we follow this theory of the law? A right law is a rule of conscience. If anyone asks me if vivisection is wrong I am content to answer, Yes, because the law says it. Why should I separate myself from the humane voice of my countrymen? Why should I seek to excuse a practice which they fear and detest in itself and for its influence upon their homes? I will only say that if I am attacked the nation is attacked. When fully roused as to what goes on, the nation will know how to vindicate their humane and tender feelings which have ever been the glory of England, however obscured they may have been from time to time. I am satisfied then with this theory of the law. I say theory. The carrying out of the law is another matter. Every citizen is formed by the laws, as Aristotle remarks. I submit myself to my country's laws and to be taught by them as every citizen should. In these latter days we know that in some things law and religion are opposed, to the injury of States and persons. All the more then when the law is sound should we respect it as the form of duty. I have no sympathy with those who withdraw from the common air and universal opinion to form theories of their own, idle and fantastic, in favour of a miserable minority, for these private theories are no improvement on the common feeling. On the contrary they amaze and repel the average man, and would if successful, form a despotism dreadful to imagine. We then cannot be stigmatized as a party, for we are, and we are with, the great majority.

Vivisection then is the exception. I might argue on that point and ask should there be even an exception? But as my aim is practical and I want something *done*, I prefer to put aside or postpone that discussion. Let it be granted that there may be an exception in theory, I say that it must be for a time only, or else it becomes more than an exception, for a perpetual exception is impossible; only law is perpetual. Time then and a period being essential to exception, I say that the time for it to cease has come. The exception should be abolished. Vivisection has been tried and it must go. Then the theory of the law will regain its completeness. Then vivisectors will be subject to the law like everybody else. If they wish to vivisect let them do so to their hearts' content, at their own peril. Why should a butcher be prevented from a cruelty subservient to human appetite and strength, allowed to a scientific investigator on grounds of medical research? Let them stand on the same ground, equal before the law. It is hardly possible to avoid discussion of the abstract points. We have gained much ground. Vivisectionists are not so "cocksure" as they were. They have been forced to listen and to discuss. Certainly a good argument on our side is

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indispensable, but it should be carefully framed. I will add a few remarks that occur to my mind.

It is strange that in all the discussions our opponents call animals anything but what they are. They are "mere things"; they are "not men," "not Christians," etc. But what are they? They are *animals*. An animal is not a thing, meaning wood or a plant. It is a conscious living being. It has a distinct place of its own marked out by the great Creator's hand. It is not the place of men; it is not the place of trees. It is the world of animals. Surely if the worlds of astronomy, of mathematics, of botany, etc., have their laws, it is right to think out and follow animal laws. Abstract discussion about sin, etc., is irrelevant. It is right to follow the right law, and wrong to follow the wrong. If the wrong is only a mistake, well a mistake in Numbers may bring ruin. He who violates etiquette does wrong, without question of sin. Granted that the mere etiquette of nature is violated by vivisection, will anyone deny its importance on such a point? Not being trees, or herbs, or wood, or stone, animals have a treatment of their own, recognized in every country under the sun, and enforced in some codes under penalty with the consent of all. In the English law animals have legal rights corresponding to a reality embraced by every sound mind. They have rights therefore—animal rights. And they have duties too—animal duties. We train them and punish them, and they recognize their accountability to man by evident signs. The power of life and death over animals does not annul their rights and duties. Man has power even over his fellow man who has unquestioned rights in the highest sphere.

I hope these few remarks may help on the cause. I embraced it many years ago, and every day I rejoice at the opportunity of a word on the side of mercy in this cruel world.

Humane Work in Ceylon.

OUR good friend and earnest correspondent at Colombo, Mr. Peter de Abrew, sends us some photographs of a very interesting character, one of which we reproduce. It is here, through his kindness, that we have what is practically a permanent agency, and travelling friends and readers may be glad to know that they can always see the latest issues of our own and other humane publications at this seaport junction, which is a great shipping centre. So, be it known, that our Ceylon agency and headquarters are at the Musaens School and Orphanage for Buddhist Girls at Colombo, situate in Brownrigg Street, in the charming Cinnamon Gardens. There, at this quiet corner of the earth, is to be found a small band of workers, devoting their lives to the cause of humanity. Mrs. Marie M. Higgins is at the head of the

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Institution. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph. It shows only the newly-built rooms. On the right-hand side (not in the illustration) a few yards off, is a large temporary "bungalow" made of mud walls, mud floor, and with a roof thatched with the leaves of the cocoanut palm. Here the pupils cook, dine, and receive their schooling, and they use the new rooms as dormitories only. The luxuriant trees and the foliage are the home of beautiful birds and squirrels. They remain unmolested in this peaceful harbour of refuge. The pretty blackbird ushers in the morn with a sweet lay of praise, and it is followed by the chirp and twitter of other lovely feathered friends, hopping from one tree to the other, either sipping the dew or sucking honey from sweet fragrant flowers. The striped squirrels dart from their quiet corners and glide merrily along on their nimble feet to the nearest cocoanut blossom, mango, or plantain, to have an early breakfast. Half-a-dozen cunning crows may also be seen sailing round a "ripe Jak," attracted by its strong odour; the lovely "chameleon" or blood-sucker (misnomers) in friendly rivalry taking a bath in a flood of sunlight on the graceful branch of a palm, winking and blinking, as if meditating on "sweet patience," is also waiting for a feast. They thus live happily from day to day in the beautiful grounds of the Musaens School and Orphanage. The little Singhalese girls love them. The cunning crow does, however, abuse their kindness. It would sometimes make a sweep through a window into the pantry and help itself unasked to some nice dishes, and thus incur the displeasure of good Miss Allison, the presiding genius of that department of the Institution.

FROM THE POST BAG.

The Humane Tram Conductor.

ONE line to express my thanks to those who have so kindly sent me money for W. Johnston, the tram conductor. He himself is most grateful. May I also here acknowledge two sums most kindly contributed by "E. T." and "Animals' Friend," and for which I have been unable to thank the donors.

I am still extremely anxious to hear of work for Johnston. May I urge upon your readers to bear this in mind, as the funds in hand will not last out many weeks. He is used to factory work or machinery, and does not care whether he is employed in town or country.

E. M. BEEBY.

Worplesdon, Guildford.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Animals' Friend*.

SIR,—Will you kindly grant me a short space in your excellent journal, to thank the many kind friends of all classes and ages, on behalf of my wife and children, for the several sums of money sent to Miss Beeby for my benefit. It has been a source of great thankfulness and help to me.

Yours truly,

August 11th. W. JOHNSTON.

[Johnston was discharged on the complaint of "a lady" (!) for refusing to stop the tram on a steep hill in South London.—ED. *A. F.*]

Canine Labour in Belgium.

HAVING recently returned from a three weeks' sojourn in Belgium, I was delighted to learn from your article, under the above heading, that the cause of the draught dog had been taken up by the Belgian Royal Society for the Protection of Animals.

The pleasure derived from rambles in quaint, picturesque Bruges was greatly lessened by sight of thin, badly-harnessed dogs, with hind legs partially* paralysed, wearily dragging along in several instances heavily-laden small carts and barrows, a labour apparently too great for their feeble powers to accomplish with anything like comfort.

The daily round of task allotted to these indefatigable workers was not infrequently rendered yet heavier by the added weight of their lazy, selfish owners of either sex, who evidently lacked the knowledge, if not the humanity, requisite for the proper treatment of the animals committed to our care by a beneficent Creator for our use, but not for our abuse.

We have most of us read that the worm will turn. At Dinant, happily, it was dogs which turned. The mute eloquence of appealing backward glances having failed to effect the dislodgment of their hard taskmaster, they at once made a rush on to the pavement, thereby tilting the cart and obliging the man to jump hastily out to avoid a well-merited fall. Surely this prompt proceeding on the part of the dogs evinced a knowledge of the laws of cause and effect which it would have puzzled Bishop Bagshawe to account for had he, like myself, been an eye-witness of this amusing and delightfully successful administration of retributive justice.

OBSERVER.

Bark Place, Orme Square, W.

The Troubles of Performing Animals.

A FEW months ago we bought a little Maltese cross-breed dog from a German, who advertised it as a clever dog which had been taught to *walk*,

* In Antwerp one poor animal driven by a boy was strapped so tightly round the body that its back formed an arch.

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jump through a hoop, and other tricks; the dog was said to be fourteen months old. When he arrived here the poor little fellow was in wretched condition, and very surly; he flew at people and seemed always to be suspicious that we meant to hurt him or deprive him of his food. The tricks he did beautifully, but in a truly "dogged" way, and, when once he failed, he crouched down in a way which spoke volumes of the treatment to which he had been subjected when he did not reach a high jump. Six months of kind treatment has worked a wonderful change in this little dog—he is now the happiest, most sweet-tempered and affectionate of pets, he does all his old tricks and some new ones, including one of which we are all proudest—he has learnt to wag his tail. Of course, physically, he has improved immensely in health and beauty, and by the number of teeth he has cut and is still cutting, and his playful puppy ways, we feel sure that we were much deceived as to his age. One other change is worthy of note,—when the dog first came to us, the severest caning did not bring even a whine from him, and when stepped upon he turned savagely and put his teeth in the offending foot. Of course we gave up beating him and tried nothing but kindness, and now a word is enough when he misbehaves himself, and he has learnt to cry out when accidentally stepped upon, and to lick the hand of the one who did it, instead of snapping.

You can imagine we were ready to endorse every word of this paper, feeling thankful at the same time that we had been able to rescue one poor little dog from a life of, if not *torture*, at least of misery.

Miss H. M. K.

Humane Slaughtering.

I MUST write to tell you how thankful I am that a really good sensible paper about animals is now brought out such as your *Animals' Friend* is. I see there is something about killing pigs in this month's paper. We have for many years always had our pigs chloroformed; it is quite wonderful the difference there is in the amount of screaming. You just hear the pig scream as it is caught and put on the bench, but none of that horrible wailing. We have just tried the experiment of shooting a pig. We turned it out of the stye and a good marksman shot it dead in a moment. There was no sound whatever; the pig was eating and dropped dead in an instant. The head was a little blackened, but really humane people would readily sacrifice the head. In chloroforming, the pig is perfectly good all through. I saw in a paper that a Birmingham dealer says that the flesh of cattle is very often found when killed and dressed, to be nothing but a jelly from the blows they have received. How people who believe in Justice and Mercy can doubt that animals will go to heaven I cannot understand. We, I think, deserve to go to hell for the way we treat them. Excuse me writing in this strong way, but when a person's eyes are really opened to the amount of misery there is all round us and the utter indifference and ignorance of people, it is very maddening. M. L.

Malvern, July 4th.

AS a medical student, and just now studying "Public Health" in Edinburgh, may I write a few words concerning "Abattoirs." Along with the fellow-students of my class and our lecturer we have lately been paying visits to the public slaughterhouses of this town. I have seen the whole process of preparing meat for human consumption from the entrance of the animal into the "yard" till the time when it is ready for market. Nobody can deny the advantage of a public abattoir or slaughterhouse in all our towns and cities, both from the point of view of the consumer, and for the sake of the unfortunate animals. In such a slaughterhouse, all animals are killed in the most rapid and humane manner possible, and everything in the shape of wanton cruelty is prevented. Superintendants are constantly supervising this disagreeable work; and in this manner all brutal treatment of animals is suppressed. The beasts are fed and carefully watered if they have to be detained in the abattoir any length of time, before their *coup de grace* comes, and all overcrowding in the "pens" is prevented.

I think we may safely say that to be struck down and stunned as the ox is, and then to have the spinal cord and brain destroyed by passing a switch down the vertebræ column, is an almost instantaneous and painless form of death. The ox leads a perfectly serene and easy life until it is ready for the butcher, and knows nothing of its impending fate, even when led to the slaughter, when it is killed painlessly and instantaneously. This is a life and death that need not be pitied. It is the same with sheep and pigs, who seem quite unaware of what is about to happen to them, and they die in an unconscious state from loss of blood. In all well conducted abattoirs the slaughtering-house consists of three divisions, first, a "pen" where the animals are kept, then a "lair" into which a few animals are driven immediately prior to their slaughter, and finally the slaughtering booth itself. In this way they may be killed completely out of the sight of the other animals; it is in the private slaughter-houses, that things are apt to be badly managed, and where the butcher can kill his animals how he pleases. It is to be hoped that the day is not far off when no such thing as a private slaughterhouse will exist in towns and populous centres.

Edinburgh, July 5th. PH. E. M.

[These letters are very encouraging. We are glad to know that in Edinburgh slaughtering is so satisfactorily conducted.—ED. *Animals' Friend.*]

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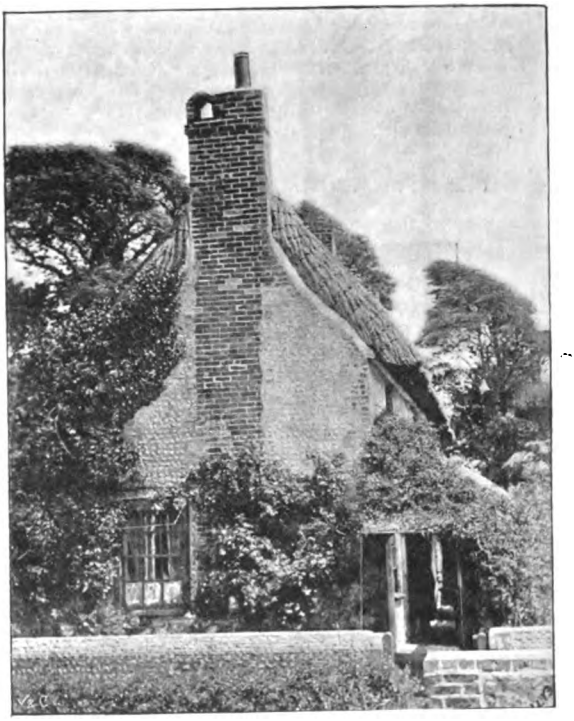
Auguries of Innocence.

"A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage;
A dove-house filled with doves and pigeons
Shudders hell through all its regions.
A dog starved at his master's gate
Predicts the ruin of the State;
A game-cock clipped and armed for fight
Doth the rising sun affright;
A horse misused upon the road
Calls to Heaven for human blood.
Every wolf's and lion's howl
Raises from hell a human soul;
Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fibre from the brain doth tear;
A skylark wounded on the wing
Doth make a cherub cease to sing.
He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be beloved of men;
He who the ox to wrath has moved
Shall never be by woman loved.
He who shall train the horse to war
Shall never pass the Polar Bar.
The wanton boy that kills the fly
Shall feel the spider's enmity;
He who torments the 'chafer's sprite
Weaves a bower in endless night."



From Photo by] [*Miss E. M. Beeby.*

BLAKE'S COTTAGE AT BOGNOR, SUSSEX.

These quaint lines from a poem by William Blake, show how odious to the poet-artist was the thought of cruelty. At the death of this sweet-natured man, by whom children and animals were alike beloved, the nurse who sat with him afterwards declared "I have been at the death not of a man but of a blessed angel."

The illustration shows a cottage near Bognor, occupied by Blake and his wife at the latter part of his life.—E. M. BEEBY.

Humane Gatherings.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF CATS (London) held its first annual meeting at the house of Mrs. Gordon, 7, Nevern Square, Earl's Court, W., on Monday afternoon, the 29th of June. Mr. J. Swift MacNeill, M.P., presided, and opened the proceedings with a charming speech extolling the many virtues of the cat, and pleading for the considerate treatment of the animal, particularly in London. Miss E. Elcum Rees, the hon. sec., Mrs. Gordon (treasurer), and other ladies and gentlemen addressed the gathering. The report and accounts were adopted, and funds were asked for to provide a permanent home and lethal chamber for the northern side of the Thames.

CHURCH ANTI-VIVISECTION LEAGUE.—On Tuesday afternoon, June 30th, was held the first public service in the London district of the Church Anti-vivisection League at St. Mary's, Barnes, by the kind invitation of the Rector, the Rev. B. M. Kitson, who himself read the prayers and conducted the service. Two hymns were sung expressly composed for the League. An extremely powerful and impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. T. P. Ring, M.A., Rector of Rawmarsh, Yorkshire, After dwelling much on the duty of all Christians to oppose with all their power the practice of vivisection for the sake not only of the tortured victims but also for the sake of those who practised it, because it was fraught with deadly peril to their faith and morality, he bade his hearers take courage, for already there was a most marked change in public opinion on the subject of cruelty to animals in all its forms. The very fact that a congregation met for such a service as that was proof of the advance which had been made in acknowledging the right of the helpless to mercy and justice from human beings.—On leaving the church the members and friends of the League were invited into the Rectory garden, where afternoon tea awaited them. The gathering concluded by a vote of thanks to the Rector for his kindness and hospitality.

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AUGUST AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION.

THE results of this competition we give below. We are afraid the extreme beauty of the photograph which takes Miss Frances Power Cobbe's special prize of one guinea is but inadequately reproduced, good as the block is; but sufficient is discernible to show what the original is. Mr. Copeman has an eye for artistic effects, and if some other competitors would but take equal trouble in searching for studies from Nature—Nature, that is, unspoiled by the hand of man—we should get a greater and a better variety than we at present do. There was a tie for third prize, so we have awarded two. There will be no competition for September, but one closing on October 12th. Genuine photographs by amateurs are eligible from any part of the world.

FIRST PRIZE, £1 1s. (Offered by Miss Frances Power Cobbe)—R. W. Copeman, Henstridge, Dorset.

FLOATING DOWN STREAM.

CONSOLATION PRIZES.—Second, 5s.—H. T. Mayell, 60, Belvoir Road, Bristol.

HARVESTING.

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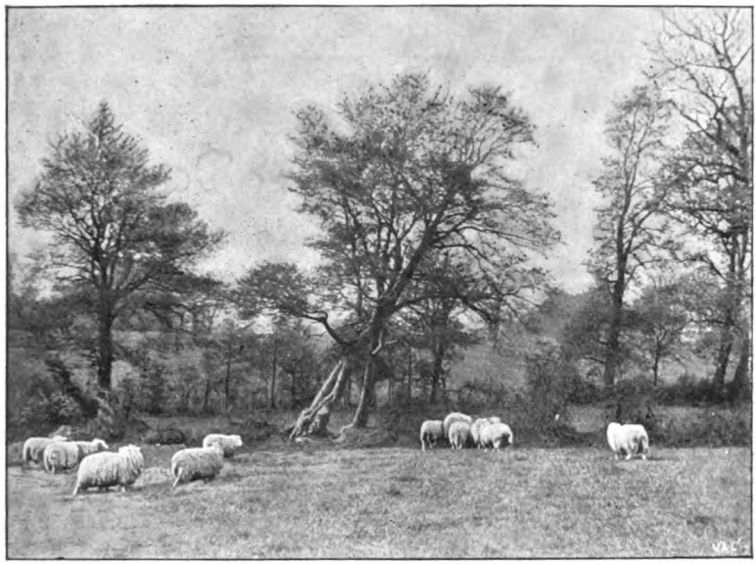
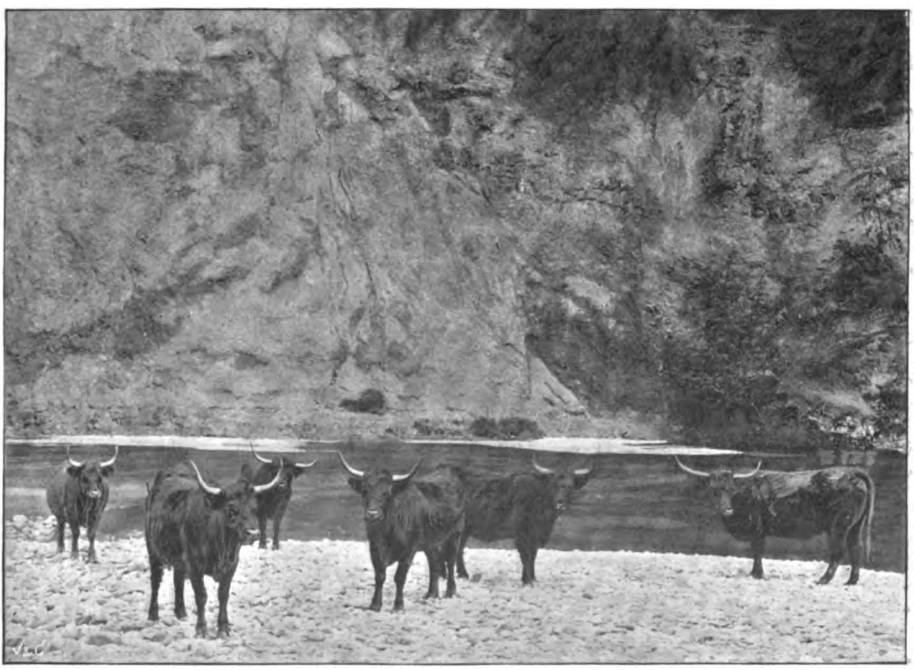
THIRD PRIZE, 2s. 6d.—W. R. Brightman, 61, Redland Road, Bristol.



FOLLOW THE LEADER.

THIRD PRIZE, 2s. 6d.—W. Fisher, 141, Oxford Road, Burnley.



SCOTCH CATTLE IN BOLTON WOODS, YORKS.

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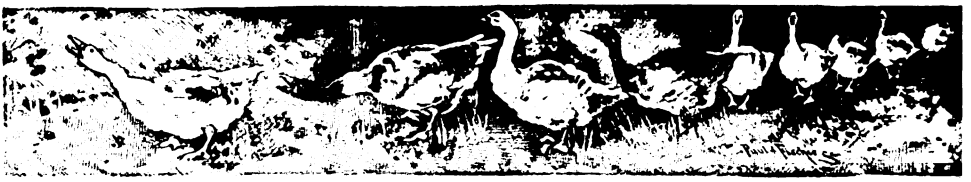

Our Children's Page.

CONDUCTED BY MISS EDITH CARRINGTON.

MY DEAR LITTLE COUSINS,—

Last month we talked of how untrue it is to say "the dirty pig." Now I want to show you how foolish it is to call a stupid person a "*goose*." If you could have seen the mother goose I saw a little while ago, I am sure you would have called her kind and clever too.

She was sitting on her eggs inside a little wooden house, the door of which stood open. Close by it was the dairy, and each time that the farmer's wife went in and out, the nice old bird saw her pass, and made a gentle sound inside her throat, not unlike the purring of a cat. This was because she wanted her to stop and just say a word. It was rather dull, you see, sitting still all by herself for a whole month, while the eggs hatched, and so she was glad of a little conversation. The kind woman always stepped in to stroke the long soft neck of the goose when she could, and the pretty creature arched it proudly under her hand. When the woman had not time to stop, she said something cheerful to the goose in a loud pleasant voice, and called her "a good girl."

This pleased the goose almost as much as a pat. But if any stranger went by, the goose acted very differently. She would stretch out her neck like a serpent, and hiss, as if to say "Go away, please. I am busy, and want to be left in peace. I feel sure you want to get my eggs, but you sha'n't have them." Once a day her husband, the gander, came strutting up to pay her a visit, and to ask how she was getting on. After a little chat he went off again looking very vain of himself and of her.

Once or twice a day the mother got up to stretch her stiff legs by a little walk. She was far too prudent to go into the water though, much as she longed for a swim. She was afraid of chilling the eggs when she went back. Before leaving her treasures the wise mother took care to cover them well up with hay, that they might be kept warm. Geese are so careful of their eggs that they will carry them away from a place of danger. If rats come near the spot where she is sitting and try to steal them the mother goose will move house. Nobody knows how she contrives to do it, but people are sure that she does so, because they have found the eggs moved to a new place when nobody else has touched them. She and her mate take still more care of their pretty little yellow goslings, and the gander is a good father to them. He gives them lessons in swimming and will fight to defend them from harm.

An old goose once wished to take her brood into a meadow where she saw some good food for them. But the gate was shut, and she was too fat to squeeze under it or hop over it, and she did not wish her goslings to go in alone. What did she do? Why, she had plenty of sense and a good memory. She had often seen a man go in and out after he had lifted up a hook which fastened the gate to a loop in the post. She thought she would try the same plan. Making a rush at the gate she bounced up and hit the point of the hook very hard with her beak. At first this made no difference, but very soon the hook sprang out of the loop, the gate fell open, and in she marched with her children, making a soft chuckle of triumph and delight.

When geese are feeding in a flock in the fields they always come home at the proper hour. The gander keeps no watch in his pocket, yet he tells his wives the right time and brings them safely back to their shelter for the night. In a small town the corn market used to be held in the street, and the millers used to scatter a good deal of corn from their sample bags in the road. The geese kept by the cottagers round found this out, and they always came at the right day and at the right hour, to pick up the grain. On other days they never came, but went to feed on the common.

The goose is a very loving as well as a very clever bird. An old blind woman used to be led about by a gander instead of a dog. He took hold of her skirt with his beak and led her to church, and always took the greatest care of her wherever she went. And often these birds will become very fond of other animals, as well as of men, women and children.

In a farm yard there once lived a gander who made great friends with an old blind horse. In winter this old horse always lived in his stable. Jack the gander used to visit Tally-ho, the horse, when he was shut up and no longer shared the paddock where, in summer, they fed together. With great dignity Jack would waddle along in front of Tally-ho, towards a pond six hundred yards off. All the way there, Jack kept

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up a little murmuring sound, for he knew that poor Tally-ho could not find his way. When the pond was reached he changed this note for another sort of noise, which meant, "here we are." This was perfectly understood by Tally-ho, who knew that he was now to stop and drink his fill. Many strangers came to see the gander lead the horse to water. But I am sorry to say that this beautiful friendship was cut short by a sad accident. One morning the groom found poor Jack lying dead on the straw, and he had died a violent death. Had the horse, not being able to see where he was going, trodden on the gander or kicked him? No one could tell. Tally-ho made a low moan to the man, and stooped his head down to the dead body of his friend. From that hour he refused his food and never again went to the pond to drink. He pined away, and when taken out of the stable would not go back to it, choosing to stay in the paddock where once the gander was to be found. The faithful pair were buried in the same grave.

Now, dear little ones, I think you will say that if we all do our duty as well as the goose and her mate, show as much wisdom and feel as much love, we shall do very well. And in the meanwhile let us leave off talking about "silly geese." To scorn any creature often leads people to treat it badly. Your loving,

EDITH CARRINGTON.

Library Table.

The Cat: Her Place in Society, and Treatment. By Edith Carrington. With twenty-five illustrations, by Harrison Weir.

Published by George Bell & Sons, York Street, Covent Garden, London; 53, Esplanade Road, Bombay; 66, Fifth Avenue, New York; Deighton, Bell & Co., Cambridge.

This is a most interesting little book, published by Messrs. Bell & Sons, for the Humanitarian League. It is especially interesting to cat lovers, and vastly informing to people whose total sum of knowledge of the cat is—well, that it is a cat. The title of the volume thoroughly indicates its character, and we hope its circulation may be very extensive. Here are some passages to which the attention of heads of families may be well directed:—

"*Kittens ought never to be given to children as toys.* . . . Without meaning to be cruel, children often worry and torment kittens to the uttermost. . . . It is easy to play a kitten into fits; they need rest and sleep as much as babies do, and at intervals as brief, or briefer. . . . The fate of these living toys is indeed pitiful; it is high time that we taught the children to discriminate between *playthings* and *playmates*; and, until they are able to do so, their toys should be made of something that cannot feel."

We need scarcely add how heartily we endorse this.

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Our Insect Helpers: Bees, Wasps, etc.
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The Cat.
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Our Feathered Allies: "Warblers."
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By Florence Horatio Suckling, Editor of "The Humane Educator." With illustrations in line, by J. R. Warren-Warren, and others.

London: Humanitarian League Office, 79A, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C. Price 4d. each, nett.

Mrs. Suckling scarcely needs an introduction to many of our readers, but those who are not acquainted with the Band of Mercy movement may be informed that this lady is one of its most indomitable workers, and these *Lectures for Children*, for such they really are, are the fruits of illimitable work and experience. They are a mine of wealth for all those who contemplate or can undertake to teach children the blessedness of mercy. To them the labour can never be what it has been to Mrs. Suckling, for she has spent unnumbered hours in searching for and compiling information to give forth to the children she has assembled in schoolrooms and other places. Those who come after in the work may now reap the result of her labours. Mrs. Suckling and the Humanitarian League each possess slides with which these lectures may be illustrated, and at various points in the address the lecturer is advised as to the number of the slide which may be appropriately introduced. This is a splendid educational work, particularly for the dark evenings, and the bringing of the children into contact with humane thought and sentiment is one which can but bear most necessary and acceptable fruit. All that is needed is the will to attempt it, discretion in organizing, a good voice for speaking, and two or three helpers. Mrs. Suckling's labours extending over many years have saved labour for other people. Now, who is ready to profit by it, and carry on in other places the work which our authoress has so courageously and untiringly carried out in the neighbourhood of her beautiful Hampshire home? The children cannot fail to be deeply interested, for the lectures are free from pedantry, and interspersed with charming anecdotes. Many a little man and woman will get new and right ideas about his or her humbler fellow-creatures after a course of these capital *Lectures for Children*.

A page entitled *Digressions*, mainly dealing with humane matters, appears now in *Church Bells* (12, Southampton Street, Strand), contributed by "Dayrell Trelawney." Very interesting they are, too, and valuable adjuncts to our work.

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Dog Muzzling and Persecution.

AN honoured correspondent writes :—"I am greatly distressed to hear that the Board of Agriculture is being urged by a land-owning gentleman to have the dog tax raised to one guinea, which, if carried out, will mean the cruel destruction of thousands of faithful animals, which the poorer classes will not be able any longer to afford to keep. Often I have had poor women come with tears in their eyes to ask help towards paying the tax, as 7s. 6d. was too much, and they could not bear to destroy their pets, oftentime a sorely-needed guardian and protection to many a lone woman or feeble person. The gentleman responsible for this suggestion urges in support that he has had sheep worried by sheep-dogs. Would it not be more equitable to have a larger tax on sheep dogs, and not fine the whole dog-owning community throughout the country!"

We quite agree with our correspondent. It will never do to place the ownership of a canine friend out of the reach of many poor people, to whom an honest dog represents their total asset in loyal earthly friendship.

Finis.

WE have reached the end of our second volume with the fall of the leaves. But the simile holds good no further, for, unlike Nature, we have, and we desire, no period of winter rest. Next month we commence our third year, and many new features are in contemplation. Meanwhile we have to thank our friends for their constant support, and to beg for its continuance. It is a very great satisfaction to us to record, month by month, an increase of circulation and, therefore, increased adherence to our platform. Very few readers drop away, though loss is at times inevitable. Just as we are going to press come two or three kindly notes of encouragement, sent with renewal of subscriptions. For instance, the Very Rev. the Dean of Durham writes from Winchester, 25th August, enclosing a donation to our Sustentation Fund :—"I wish I could do more for you. It is a charming journal, and I look at it every month with great pleasure.—Yours sincerely, G. W. KITCHIN." And yet another subscriber, writing from far-off Northumberland, also cordially renewing his subscription, adds :—"Long may it (the *Animals' Friend*) speak beatitudes of mercy." To which we heartily say "Amen!" and long after we, who at present conduct it, have passed over the Silent Sea, may it continue to voice the sorrows and the sufferings of the dumb. It is an uphill struggle, as we are frequently reminded, but we are piling up the bricks, though to others may fall the task of fixing the coping stone and putting on the roof. And so, "let us not be fearful or afraid." Someone has finely said, "Actions are ours—results are God's." So let us keep piling on the bricks, for, as Matthew Arnold wrote—

> " . . tasks in hours of insight will'd,
> Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd."
>
> " With aching hands and bleeding feet,
> We dig and heap, lay stone on stone ;
> We bear the burden and the heat
> Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
> Not till the hours of light return,
> All we have built do we discern."

And, despite all discouragements, we *are* building.

NOTICE.—*Other reviews will appear in our next issue.*

Contributors are requested to be as brief as is consistent with intelligible statement. Space is becoming increasingly valuable.

Signed letters are given preference over those of an anonymous character.

This is not a Children's Magazine ; it is for adults. We include a Children's Page by request, though we sadly need the space so spared.

Don't forget that the new volume (the third) commences with our next (October) issue, when sundry improvements will be observable.

Remember that our second bound volume will be ready this month, price 2s. 6d. nett., a special reduction for quantities. Order early. For three shillings we can send one post-free to foreign parts. For the special information of American friends we may add that they can receive it on remitting 74 cents.

END OF VOL. II.

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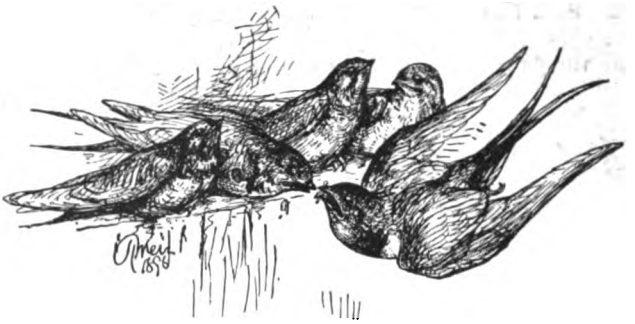

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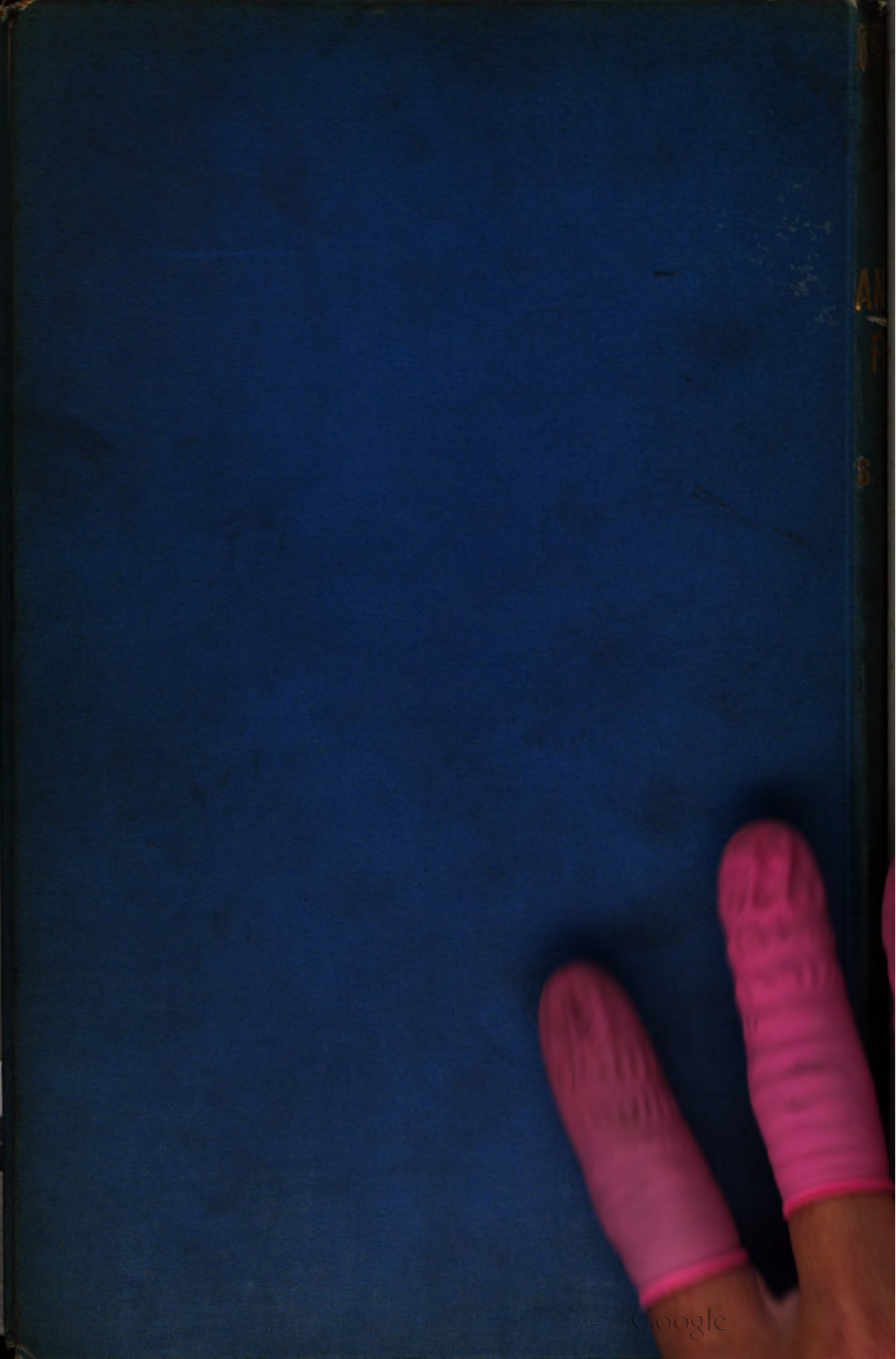
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